

The Weasley Pack

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The Weasley Pack

by [Mrsmarauders01](#)

Summary

In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the death eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge.
Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Notes

Beta: historygirl1863

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Chapter 1: Prologue

Hermione gasped in pain, tears running down her red cheeks. The pain was unbearable. Everything felt, even more painful because of her lack of senses. Tears blurred her vision; a hand was pressed against the side of her face to hold her in place, cutting out the noise. Another scream tore from her throat as she felt more digging into her forearm. Her body was in agony.

The hand on her face released her, and the sound of the room filled her ears. Bellatrix was cackling her wicked laugh as she carved the word 'mudblood' into Hermione's arm. Her husband, Rodolphus, was kneeled at Hermione's side, his hand going to her throat to keep her down and in place.

All of this happened over the mere use of the word 'Voldemort'. Harry hadn't meant to say it. He shouted it in anger while they were arguing. Not a moment later, snatchers were around their tent. They didn't stand a chance. The golden trio had run, but it didn't take the snatchers long to catch three tired, underfed teens. They caught them and brought them to Malfoy Manor. A place had never felt of such pure evil before. The Manor had dark and horrible memories in its walls. They could feel the hatred and evil from the moment the three stepped into the place.

"You think you're so smart, girly?" Bellatrix taunted, kneeling further down towards the blood drawn arm. She smiled up at Hermione, a mad wicked smile. Hermione watched in horror as the witch cut her right hand, with the knife she'd just used on Hermione. Blood dripped from the wound. Slowly, the witch brought the hand down to cover Hermione's arm. Their blood mixed and Hermione felt even more panic arise within her. She didn't know what they were doing, but it was evil. Dark magic had a lot of blood elements to it. To cast a dark spell, you needed to draw blood or sacrifice someone, or something.

"Rodolphus, you're next," Bellatrix called, moving around to take her husband's place holding Hermione. A new wave of panic came over the muggleborn, and she started to thrash on the floor, determined to get away from whatever they were doing to her. Bellatrix kept a firm grip on her, though, as Rodolphus moved to Hermione's front. He did the same thing as his wife, cutting his palm and sharing his blood with Hermione's.

"This will work?" Rodolphus asked, standing up and stepping back. He glanced over at his brother, giving the man a nod of the head. Without any word between them, Rabastan Lestrangle moved in front of Hermione. He repeated the process.

"Yes," Bellatrix hissed. "You think the wolf could trick me? You believe I'm lax with my tortures? Of course, this will work you stupid fouls. She'll be spilling every secret by the morning. Our Lord will be so proud. Now shut up and get Greyback."

Hermione whimpered in horror. Her eyes were locked on Rabastan as she took in Bellatrix's words. The man wiped his bloodied hand on Hermione's bleeding arm, and then unlike the other two, he reached up to stroke her cheek.

"Still think it's unfair that wolf gets to have her," Rabastan stated, his finger trailing down her face, her neck and heading towards her exposed cleavage. "It shouldn't matter what order we go in."

"Touch her Rab and I'll cut your balls off myself. I've told you what will happen. Fenrir will have her first, he'll bring her into the pack. After that you and your idiot of a brother can do whatever you like with her, once we get the information," Bellatrix told the man. Her eyes gleamed with anger.

"What kind of information do we need? We have Potter?"

"We need the rest of the Order! Do you question me? Do you question our Lord?" Bellatrix shouted.

Fresh tears fell down Hermione's face. She had no way out of it, Harry and Ron were trapped in the basement. There was no way left to escape. They were going to kill her best friends and force her to give up the identity of the rest of the Order. Her only hope was the pack bond wasn't as powerful as they suspected.

Boots stomped the ground as Fenrir and Rodolphus walked back into the room. Hermione had been so distracted she hadn't even seen the LeStrange brother leave.

Fenrir had his gaze locked on hers, a hungry look in his eyes as he pushed Rabastan out the way and knelt over Hermione. He reached down, and Hermione felt the awful feeling of the man tasting her blood. He made grunting noises as he nuzzled her arm, like a dog smelling its favourite treat.

"Get on with it," Bellatrix demanded. She looked just as disgusted with his actions, but Hermione had feeling it had more to do with her Muggle-born status than Bellatrix actually feeling disgusted.

Fenrir pulled back slightly, his face towards Bellatrix as he pulled his bottom lip into his mouth. A moment later he released it, a small cut on the lip as he once again lowered his mouth to Hermione's blood.

"Fuck," Rabastan muttered shuffling further back with a look of disgust on his face. "We couldn't have found a better-trained dog, Bella?"

Fenrir growled, his eyes glancing up and narrowing on Rabastan. "Remember who will be the alpha in this pack, pup. I'm bringing her into this, you need to watch your tone around me from now on."

Bellatrix stood up, her wand pointed towards Fenrir just as a loud bang came from the other end of the room. No one else was in the room, just the five of them crowded around the same spot. The Malfoy's had been ordered to leave, after locking Ron and Harry in the basement.

More fear filled Hermione. The only person that could be was their Dark Lord.

However, to the surprise of everyone Ron Weasley and Harry Potter crashed into the room, both of them holding a wand and their eyes locked on the scene in front of them.

Pure chaos broke out in the room. The death eaters around her jumped to their feet and started firing spells at the duo. Harry and Ron were fairing pretty well, giving back as good as they were getting. They were outnumbered, but Fenrir wasn't very good with his wand and didn't seem keen on getting too far away from Hermione.

When the werewolf turned his back on Hermione to fire a spell at Ron, she kicked both feet out at him and knocked him off balance. Ron's spell went flying over her head, but a second later another shot at the wolf and he lay still on the floor.

Things were getting more and more intense until Dobby appeared. He swung on the chandelier, knocking Bellatrix and the Lestranger brothers to the ground. Hermione used the last of her strength to scramble forward to Harry and Ron, who pulled her to her feet. She clung to them as Dobby grabbed her hand and apparated them away.

Hermione fell unconscious during their apparition to Shell Cottage. She was too exhausted and her body finally gave out to the strain of the day. Ron clung to her fiercely, walking to Shell Cottage with Hermione safely in his arms. Harry remained behind, thanking Dobby before the elf clicked his fingers and disappeared away.

The three walked up to Bill's house and walked in without bothering to knock. They had already sent Luna, a Gringotts goblin and Ollivander first, before their rescue mission for Hermione. It was no surprise to see them all in the kitchen, along with Bill who looked furious. He quickly moved towards Ron, his eyes assessing the two boys before his gaze fell on Hermione.

"Christ, what happened to her? All the blood is making my nose itch," Bill stated. He offered his arms, taking Hermione from Ron's protesting ones. Bill ignored him, moving through the house and up the stairs with her. Ron and Harry followed behind, chasing after the part wolf.

"Where is Fleur?" Harry asked, missing the warning look Ron sent his way.

"Gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes," Bill stated, giving no more information. He gently laid Hermione down on the bed, his hand picking up her arm and looking over the carved word. "I can smell them all over her. Did they touch her?" Bill turned his face to the boys, alarmed as he waited for an answer.

"I don't think so," Ron replied, "Not like that at least."

"I can't smell sex on her, but they might have washed her. How long were you there?" Bill questioned.

"A few hours," Harry answered.

"Good," Bill said, finally relaxing. "Ron, go and fire call Charlie, tell him we need his first aid skills. Potter, go and grab Luna. She needs to wash the blood and smell of those Death Eaters off Granger, or I'm going to end up biting her." He dropped Hermione's hand and moved across and out the room.

"He seems..." Harry started, watching the opened door where Bill had left.

"Cold? Bitter?" Ron offered. "The twins called him a lot of things when they visited when I was here. I don't know what happened with Fleur. Bill won't tell anyone. He's been a bit more... intense since she left."

"He's not really going to bite her, right?"

Ron looked grim. "It's a wolf thing, I think. He can smell other males on her, now she's under his care, and he can get kind of... weird about some things. Remus said it's because he doesn't have a pack."

"He's got a sister and five brothers."

"I've got no idea how it works, he won't tell me anything. We're not his pack, though, he said that."

Both boys glanced around at Hermione, giving her one last glance before they went off to the do the jobs Bill had ordered them to do.

Chapter 2: Chapter Two

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the death eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

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CHAPTER TWO

Hermione awoke the next morning to prodding to her left side, followed by a murmur of voices in the room. She moaned, swatting at the thing with her hand as her eyes fluttered open.

"Morning sunshine," Charlie Weasley grinned, he sat up on the bed next to her. He had a bag of potions at his side. Bill was at the door, leaning against it as he watched her. Hermione's gaze shifted back to Charlie, who was pressing his hand against her hip. She pulled back, giving him a glare and moved away from his prodding hands.

"Easy," Charlie joked, putting up both hands in surrender. "I'm just here to make sure you aren't broken, then Mr. Grumpy by the door will kick me straight back out. We couldn't exactly take you to St. Mungo's for a check over, could we?" Charlie turned to his bag, picking up a potion and holding it out towards Hermione. "It's healing potion, it's only going to do so much good. I don't think it'll heal much on your arm, but it's worth a try."

Hermione followed his gaze to her arm, which was wrapped up in bandages, but there was a small blood stain on the outside where the wound had oozed through. It was then the memory of the night before came back and she took in Charlie's words. Bellatrix had carved the word 'mudblood' into her skin. According to Charlie, they wouldn't be able to remove the word. Overall, it wasn't the worst thing that had happened to her, but it was still awful to have on her arm. It was a slur, an abusive word she would carry with her forever.

Hermione glanced up at Charlie, who was sat on the bed grinning at her. His arms were covered in faint cuts and she imagined he had a lot more scars from the dragons under his clothing. She could remember Mrs. Weasley commenting on it at Bill's wedding, using his scars to try and convince him it was time to quit his job and move back closer to home. It had

never seemed to bother Charlie, who carried his scars with pride over what he had managed to survive.

And then there was Bill. He had a scar running down his face from the werewolf Fenrir, the same wizard that had been lapping at Hermione's arm the previous night. Both boys were still handsome, despite the scars they carried on their bodies. No one judged them differently and they had managed to overcome them. Perhaps that was the reason why it was those two boys sat in the room with Hermione when she had awoken.

"You okay?" Charlie asked, pulling Hermione's gaze from Bill and back to him. "I know it's a lot to take in and it's going to be hard to face at first, but you'll be okay Granger. Besides, no matter what you'll never be as ugly as Percy. Just think of his ugly mug to get you through your bad days."

Despite herself, Hermione laughed at Charlie's comment. He reminded her so much of the twins, funny and easy going. Perhaps that was where they got all their trouble making from. "Thank you, Charlie," Hermione finally spoke and her gaze flickered up to Bill. "Thanks to both of you. Is everyone okay? Harry? Ron?"

"Yeah," Bill said his voice rough. "They're talking to Ollivander and they told me to make sure you spend the day in bed resting. What happened?"

"I think it's pretty obvious what happened," Hermione said, lowering her gaze from his. She didn't want to talk about it, her head was hurting and she still felt the horrible shame of those Death Eaters using her to try and kill the Order, all her friends. She had come so close to losing them all. "I don't really want to talk about it."

"Did he bite you?" Bill asked, not seeming fazed by her refusal to talk.

"Who?"

"You know exactly who I'm talking about."

Charlie turned, shooting his brother a warning look. He turned back towards Hermione, giving her a look of sympathy "Ignore him, love, he's getting close to his time of the month. He gets kind of grumpy now he doesn't get his leg over close to the moon. He's forgotten what the word tact means." Charlie paused, "We just want to make sure we don't need to lock you in the basement in a few days' time, that's all. Luna never mentioned any bites when she cleaned you up, but after a ten-second conversation with her, I can't really trust her to spot a bite mark."

"I won't turn at the full moon," Hermione informed them. "Thank you for checking on me, but I'm fine, honestly. I just need to get some sleep and in a few days' time, I'll be ready to leave with the boys. We're going to finish what we started."

Charlie stood up from the bed and collected his bottles, putting them back in his bag. He left the red bottle and moved over to her bedside table to leave it on the top for her. He gave her a wink and then headed towards Bill, who stepped forward to let him out the door. Bill lingered for a few more moments, and Hermione saw him take in a deep breath, his nostrils flaring as

he inhaled. His eyes narrowed over whatever he had smelt, but without a word he turned and exited.

Hermione laid back down, settling into the warm bed and closed her eyes. Whatever was going on with Bill didn't matter; she'd be out the house and back on the mission with the boys in a few days' time.

Hermione woke up sixteen hours later, to her amazement. It was the longest she'd ever slept, even during her summer holidays. Her body was healing though and she had needed the rest. The rumble of her hungry stomach woke her though and she climbed out of bed. Someone had found her red purse and left it at the end of her bed while she'd been asleep. Hermione was grateful because it was the only clothing she had and she didn't really fancy walking around in any of the boys' things. She quickly got changed, using the small ensuite bathroom and cleaned up a bit before she made an appearance downstairs. She felt a lot better than she looked, but her hunger overrode any thoughts Hermione gave about her appearance.

She made her way downstairs, taking in the beauty of the house. It was obvious Fleur had spent a lot of time doing over the house. It was totally feminine throughout. There were a lot of empty spaces in photo frames, where Hermione guessed Fleur's pictures had been. Whatever had happened between the once happy couple hadn't been an amicable ending.

"Morning!" Charlie called, the first to greet her as she stepped into the kitchen. Bill, Ron, Charlie, Harry, and Luna sat around the small kitchen table, tucking into what looked like lunch. There was an empty space between Bill and Ron, near the other end with food laid out for the missing space.

"You've been sleeping ages!" Ron said, and then he pattered the seat beside him offering it to her. "We had started to think Charlie had messed up the potion he'd given to you. Feeling any better?"

"There's nothing wrong with my potions!" Charlie called, "William smelt them before I even gave them to her, didn't you bro?"

Bill rolled his eyes, "Yes, she was just tired. Leave her alone and let her eat." The words came out more of an order than a request and the whole table fell silent as Hermione made her way across the room. She took a seat, pulling her chair in before she turned to the sandwich on her plate.

"Don't eat too much at once," Bill told her as if an explanation why she only had one sandwich while everyone else had more. "You've all been eating less than you normally would, if you eat too much, you'll get sick. The three of you need to take better care of yourselves."

"Well, it's hard getting food on the run, Bill." Ron defended. "Can't exactly owl a shopping list like mom does. Plus, Hermione's the only decent hunter amongst us. Who would have thought?"

Charlie snorted at that, almost choking on his food. "So, Potter can take out dark wizards but not a bunny rabbit?"

"It's a lot harder than it looks!"

"No," Bill interrupted, "It's really not."

After a couple of days everything settled down, Hermione recovered, although her arm still continued to bleed through her constantly refreshed bandages. The boys were on the trail for a new Horcrux after interviewing the Goblin and Ollivander several times. Charlie had gone back home the previous night, leaving Hermione a few potions promising to see her soon. His exact words were 'When snakey finally gets his balls handed to him, wouldn't dare miss that'.

It was the night of the full moon and the golden trio was preparing to leave for Gringotts bank. They needed to get into Bellatrix's vault. That had to be one of the remaining Horcruxes. Bellatrix was a loyal servant to the Dark Lord, so it made perfect sense. Hermione was packing her bag when the door to her room opened and quickly slammed shut. She jumped, turning to see an angry looking Bill at the door. His eyes were golden, the only physical change that happened to him on the full moon, except for his slightly lengthened teeth. His senses were stronger, he was physically stronger and had a heightened sex drive. Apart from that, he was just like his normal self, well, as normal as he had been since his attack.

Bill watched Hermione, his hands crossed over his front as he stared at her and seemed to wait for something. His eyes narrowed when she never spoke and once again, like he seemed to do every time they were in a room together, his nostrils flared as he breathed in her scent.

"You've been lying to me little girl. I really really don't like liars," Bill growled out, his golden eyes flashing with anger. He looked scary, so unlike the Bill she had met every year at the end of summer at the Burrow. He took a threatening step towards Hermione. In reaction, she stepped back and away from him. It was instinct. He was the predator and at that moment, Hermione very much felt like the prey.

"Bill, I honestly have no idea what you're talking about!" Hermione defended, her eyes wide as he came even closer.

"I can smell them on you," Bill spat out. "My blood has been on fire since you stepped into this house and I've waited for you to ask for help, to tell us what really happened. I thought the Granger I knew, my brother's best friend would be on the right side, our side. You're their pet now, aren't you? Did they honestly manage to turn you in just a few hours? That's real skill."

With wide eyes, Hermione moved around the bed and away from him. She had no idea what was going on, but it had to be the full moon. Maybe he had more wolf in him during that night than anyone else realized. "Bill I swear, I've not done anything. We're on the same side."

Bill's lips pressed together as he tried to contain his anger. "I can smell them in your blood Granger, every time that bandage leaks a drop of blood, it pollutes my air. I can smell them."

"Smell what?"

"Your pack," Bill spat the words out like it left a dirty taste in his mouth. Maybe it wasn't helping that it was such a sore subject for him, but having another alpha's bitch in the house sent his wolf manic. He'd been furious from the moment Ron stepped in the house with her. At first, he thought it had been forced and expected Hermione to explain what had really happened in the manor. That had been the only reason he'd taken care of her and asked Charlie to help. He wanted to kill her or take her for himself. He kept himself in control for Ron's sake, though.

"You mean..." Hermione started, freezing up slightly at the words he spoke. "You can smell them? In my blood? Oh god!" She turned away, her mind racing as she tried to figure out exactly what they had done to her.

"You mean they never explained when they sent you here?"

Hermione turned back to face him, a look of horror on her face. "You think I'm here because of them? That I'm what? Waiting for my chance to kill you all? Don't be so ridiculous, Bill!"

Bill didn't seem convinced and marched up to her, grabbing her arm as she tried to move back and away from him. He pulled her against him, his nose going to her neck as he inhaled. One of his hands went to her jaw, turning her head away from him in submission. He took in a few more breaths before he rumbled with a growl. "Relax," Bill ordered, tasting her fear. "I won't hurt you."

He pulled his face from her neck, using his hand to turn her face towards him. "You really have no clue what they did to you? Don't lie to me Granger. It's a full moon and I've been getting more and more pissed each day with you."

Hermione nervously licked her lips and turned to step back from his hold but Bill refused, keeping her close to him. "They held me down and Bellatrix carved mudblood into my arm. The Lestrage brothers were there. They had sent everyone else away after locking Harry and Ron away. Then they started..." She paused and Bill's eyes narrowed, his eyebrow raised. He never said anything so she continued. "Bella did it first, she cut her hand and dropped some of her blood into my arm. She made the Lestrage brothers' do it too. After that, they brought in Fenrir and he got excited, started licking my arm. Bellatrix told him to get on with it, so he bit his lip and started licking my blood again. He never bit me, I know the books said that they can infect us but it never felt anything like that Bill. They weren't trying to turn me. I think it was a spell or something. I've been researching since we came home but I haven't been able to find anything."

Bill dropped his hold on her and moved back, his eyes wide with shock. He looked like he believed her, though. Running a hand over his face, he moved back towards Hermione and took a seat on the edge of her bed. He tugged her down with him. "This isn't pretty so prepare yourself, right? None of this will be in a book so don't go looking for it. Wolves come in packs, werewolves do too. Werewolves make a new pack mate by the alpha giving them a

few drops of his blood. It sends the new pup into sort of submission for their alpha. It gives the alpha control over them. Some packs can have a pack bitch. The alpha is normally the one to choose her. He makes the pack give her a bit of their blood, he goes last and then he fucks her. After that, she's the packs."

Hermione sat in shock for a few moments taking it in. That was what Bellatrix meant by Fenrir having to go first. After that, they could have done anything to her. "That's awful, so I'm theirs now?" She placed a hand to her mouth, another reaching out to grab Bill's shirt and he growled in warning. "I swear I didn't want to Bill. Please don't send me to them. I don't know if you have werewolf loyalty or something, but please Bill."

"Shh, listen," He ordered. "For some bitches it awful, like what they were doing to you. That's how you control and own a bitch. After the blood sharing and the alpha fuck, she is controlled by the whole pack. They can make her do things she doesn't want to, even say things she doesn't want to. The alpha will always be able to have full control, but normally he shares the power with the pack. It might seem awful, but that's not the way it was intended. That's wizards abused their power of control over the women. It's rare to see now because not many women would risk them becoming a pack bitch. Most werewolves are loners or make humans their pack mates without ever taking a bitch. Werewolves can mate too, just commit to one woman, like Remus did. The Marauders were his pack, but when that ended he took a mate for himself."

Hermione understood. It didn't surprise her that some wolves were abusing their power of control over women. It especially didn't surprise her that Fenrir was one of those wolves. She knew Remus had been happy with his mate and would never have shared her like Fenrir planned to do with Hermione. "I can't see a happy solution to ever being a pack bitch. So, it was just intended for mating? Two wolves committing to each other?"

"No," Bill said, seeming to relax as he went on with his story. "Female werewolves are a lot rarer than males, so back in the day, they used to do one bitch for a pack. They would do the blood sharing, but after the Alpha slept with her, she would give them all a drop of her blood. It united them. Made them stronger, more protective. Muggles have threesomes, right? It's kind of like that, but this way they commit to each other forever. Twins have a similar bonding. They can share blood with one girl they choose then become united."

"And it's forever?" Hermione asked. "I don't understand why this isn't in textbooks."

"Werewolves aren't considered interesting topics. And yes, it's forever. It's commitment. The pack cares for her as a lover, look out for each other like brothers," Bill explained. "It's a way to hold them all together. It's only ever been done with wolves, though, what they were doing was risky, but it seemed to have started working. You smell like them. It's not as strong because they're humans apart from your alpha, but the bond has started."

"Can the bond be broken?" Hermione question, turning to him.

"Not really."

"Define not really."

"Hermione, you can't do it," Bill said, his tone once again becoming harsh. "It's not possible."

"Please Bill, I can't be used by them. I could lead them to you and your family if they ordered me too."

"You need an alpha, someone with a stronger pack than there. Bond with the full pack, both ways like I explained and it will break the connection," Bill explained. He held her gaze and seemed to guess where her thoughts were going. "I'm an alpha Hermione, but I've got no pack. Don't go there."

She seemed sad as she gave him a forced smile. "I couldn't ask that of you Bill, I understand."

"Grr, damn it to hell Granger," Bill said, rubbing a hand over his face. He didn't even need to think about it. He was already screwed. He had always wanted a pack; it was why Fleur left him. Bill had felt unfulfilled. And after the whole Charlie incident... damn, he had to explain that to her too. "Get some sleep, I'll go make some floo calls. I'm not promising anything Granger, give me some time to think."

Bill stood, refusing to glance her way as he stormed out the room. His wolf was growling at him to turn back around and take her. He was getting what he always wanted, a willing girl, and a pack. His little brothers crush. He was so screwed.

Chapter 3: Chapter Three

Chapter Summary

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the death eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

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CHAPTER THREE

Hermione sighed, turning her gaze once again back to her two best friends. She had tried to explain to them the reason she couldn't come on the mission, but they weren't listening to her. They didn't seem to believe they could do it without her. "I can't go with you, if I get near Fenrir, he could end up making me kill you both. He's marked me and Bill's trying to work out a way to break the bond. I can't go with you Ron; I'm sorry, but I can't. Bill said the bond will start to put a strain on me, and I might end up trying to seek Fenrir out. Can you imagine that? I know you both can do this, we've planned everything out, and you can always come back here if you get stuck or need help with the next Horcrux."

Ron didn't look pleased; he'd been in a huff ever since Hermione had explained a little about what was going on. She knew she couldn't go with the boys, but she had still packed up her things and been ready to go off with them, even after her talk with Bill. Only a few hours before they were set to leave, Bill had come back and was shocked to see her still packing. He explained the dangers and told her not to dare leave. He would just bring her back if she tried. Bill was the only alpha she knew; he was her only hope of breaking the mating bond with Fenrir and his pack. She had to try at least to go along with his plans. Whatever those plans were.

It took a bit more arguing, but eventually the boys gave in and understood the reasons why Hermione couldn't go. It was so hard for her to watch them walk away. They had started it together, and she wanted to end things that way.

"Stop moping and help me work things out, you've got more to worry about than them two. Potter always comes out right in the end," Bill called from the kitchen table, sitting down with a notepad and pen.

Hermione walked over to him taking a seat at his side. "What's your plan?"

"We need stronger pack mates than what Fenrir had. We need something more than just three humans to balance me out. I'm not a full werewolf, it shouldn't affect things too much because I'm still going to be an alpha, but we shouldn't risk it," Bill explained. "I've already got an idea for one, but it's going to take some convincing, and you might not like it."

"Who?"

"Charlie," Bill stated. "He was dying, got hit in the guts by a dragon's tail last year. It was a full moon, so I bit him. He couldn't turn because I'm not enough of a werewolf to pass the gene on, but he healed, and he's got a flavour for raw meat. He's not a werewolf, but probably has just enough of the blood line to join the pack."

"He's your brother," Hermione said, wrinkling her noses. "Wouldn't that be strange for you?"

Bill snorted, looking at his list before putting a few lines across some names. He knew a few werewolves, but not any of them he'd trust to be part of his pack. "After we fuck Granger, you make the pack feel like brothers anyway. Besides, Charlie and I have shared a girl or two back in our teens."

Hermione turned to Bill in shock. He couldn't be telling the truth. No way. Had he shared a girl with his brother? Hermione had little experience with boys, apart from a few kisses over the years. She was naïve because her life had been too busy with helping Harry and studying. She had never had much time for boys. Bill was always so crude with her, open about what they would eventually end up doing. The pit of her stomach twisted in excitement at the thought, but she also felt the nervousness of what was to come. They didn't have any feelings towards each other, except the desire to build a pack. Perhaps over time, they would form one, especially if Bill was going to be her alpha.

She saw a smirk on Bill's face as he turned to look at her, amused by her red cheeks.

"Granger, you're going to be fucking four guys, regularly. Pretending to be this sweet virgin will get old real quick. Now, I'm not going to have to get dirty with any of these people so look at my list and pick out anyone you know and have the hots for, that's a good place to start."

Hermione blushed harder at his words. "It's not an act, and I don't feel comfortable letting my hormones be the judge for our pack. Besides, I don't have to have sex with any of them. I just need to do that with you, and then share blood."

"You think you're going to get any guy to commit to you for life without a promise of sex? These people won't be willing to give up never having sex just to save you, Granger," Bill said, turning back to his list and crossed another name out. "He's too full of himself, he'll challenge me for alpha status, and I'll have too... wait." Bill turned back around to face her, looking alarmed and horrified. "You're telling me you're a virgin. A real virgin."

"Of course, I'm a real one," Hermione argued, "That's the most stupid thing I've ever heard."

Bill still looked shocked, his mouth opening and closing once again as he struggled to form words. He relaxed, trying to pull himself together. "You're agreeing to an orgy, but you've never had a dick before Granger? Please tell me you're lying. I can't deal with this if you're telling the truth."

"Don't be so crude!" Granger shouted. She stood up and marched out the door and up the stairs. Once in her room, she slammed the door and went to her bed, sobbing into her pillow. She hated this. It wasn't the life she would have chosen or wanted. She liked Ron; he had been so sweet to her and they were getting on well. When the truth came out, he would be devastated, especially as it was his big brother.

It was so much for Hermione to get her head around. One moment she was fighting alongside her best friends, and the next she was struggling to find a way out of her mess. She'd already considered other ways out of the bond, but Bill had refused to provide any answers. The only thing he had said the night before was 'don't kill Fenrir, it'll make things worse'.

So she was stuck, forced to be with men she barely knew. Ron would never understand, and it was heart-breaking to think of the way she was going to betray him. Harry and Ron had too much going on at the moment, and she couldn't risk affecting their emotions too much, especially with the Gringott's break-in they were planning. They had only left an hour before, but Hermione was still eagerly listening out for any news about them. Her only option were to go along with Bill's plan, hopefully before it came to the battle so she could take part in that. She had come so far; she wasn't stepping back and letting others fight in her place. Once Hermione Jean Granger started something, she finished it.

Hermione spent the rest of her day in the room, sulking and reading up on werewolves. Bill had been right about the books lacking information on the breeds. She hadn't found anything of use, even in the old dark arts text books she had borrowed from Hogwarts at the end of the previous year. She needed to trust Bill, hope he would find a way around her problem. He didn't seem too upset or annoyed by the prospect of creating a pack with her. In fact, he appeared to be a lot keener than Hermione was.

After a few hours of reading, she made her way back downstairs. The house was quiet as she pushed her way into the sitting room. Charlie and Bill were sat on the couch, looking through pictures and neither seemed to notice her presence. They had a stack of papers between them, and both had polaroid pictures on their laps as they flicked through.

"What about him?" Charlie asked picking up a picture out of the pile on his lap. "If I were into guys, he'd be my top choice."

Bill looked amused as he glanced at his brother. "And you wonder why mom fusses so much to get you a nice witch?"

"She's just concerned, especially since Wood and I went for a weekend away. It was too funny to see her flustered at the news that I didn't bother telling her it was for a team try-out," Charlie replied. "Now, back to the subject at hand William. Is he in the maybe pile or no pile?"

"No," Bill said grabbing the photo and flinging it behind the couch. "Heard a rumor he's into that dominatrix stuff, I can't see our wallflower going along with that."

Charlie took that moment to look up and wink at Hermione. Apparently he had noticed her entry into the room. "Are you into kinky stuff Granger? Because if not, this fivesome stuff will get real tricky if you only want missionary." Bill looked up at her name and quickly smacked his hand across the back of Charlie's head.

"I've warned you about that," Bill growled. He glanced back at Hermione and moved the papers from the middle seat and gestured for her to sit down between the two brothers. "Come and sit with us Wallflower. We have some things to talk about. Ignore my brother, he was supposed to leave three hours ago. He doesn't understand the term 'overstaying your welcome'."

"I think between the two of us, I've got a better eye for picking out guys than you do," Charlie replied. He moved to make more room for Hermione as she sat down. "Don't worry pet, we were just looking for some decent fellows. So far, we only have us two and Remus picked out, and he's not an option anymore. Apparently the world is lacking decent werewolves." Charlie offered her the pictures and placed his pile on her lap. "Have a flick through them. We borrowed these werewolf records from the Ministry. Stealing Percy's ID badge two years ago came in useful after all."

"I thought you gave him that back?" Bill questioned, eyeing his brother.

"After I made a copy."

Hermione turned to the photos and flicked through. A majority were prison photos, past death eaters that had been recorded after their capture during the first war. The others were sleeping patients in a hospital bed. Bill was among them, and she paused to look at his. He was in bed, one that looked like Hogwarts infirmary and he was fast asleep. The words 'part wolf' was stamped on the bottom of the picture. His face wound looked new. None of the images looked like good candidates. The death eaters were obviously out. Most of them were too old or had an eerie look about them. The same feeling she had when she was near Fenrir.

"You told him then?" Hermione asked, glancing up at Bill. She wasn't shocked or upset. She had expected him to talk to Charlie, but it would have been nice if Hermione had been able to have more time to consider it first. "Is it official then, the two of you I mean."

"No," Bill said with a frown. "It's not like we have many options and I know Charlie wouldn't hurt you. I trust him, I needed, at least, one person in the pack I know I could trust around you. It's not going to be easy for any of us, but you need to understand the predicament we are all in. We need to do this, quickly. Charlie is a good option."

"Plus, I've got a big dick," Charlie chimed in. Hermione gasped, turning to look at him and scowled at the man. "Relax Granger, I was just trying to test Bill's virgin theory, guess he was right after all. Merlin, this is going to be a disaster."

"We'll make it work," Bill bit out. "Stop teasing her, I'm trying to convince her to accept you. At least, attempt to help me, Charlie."

"It's not like I was lying to her, it is pretty impressive."

"Charlie!" Bill and Hermione both growled.

Bill, Charlie and Hermione spent a few hours looking over photos that afternoon. They didn't have much success because the only people Hermione choose, weren't an option any longer. Charlie pulled out a death list and informed her all her choices were either dead or mated. It wasn't possible to create a new pack bond with mated couples. Plus, their only hope to get Hermione into a new pack bond and away from Fenrir's was for her to be the only female. That eventually lead to Charlie pulling out a muggle book called 'the karma sutra' and he informed Hermione it was her homework. Like any book lover, she was excited to read a new book, but quickly lost her hope when she saw the pictures inside. Charlie had given her a sex book. Two minutes later Hermione did something she had nightmares about.

She threw the book onto the fire.

Charlie eventually took his leave, promising to investigate any known international werewolves. That was their only hope after dismissing all the British ones.

"We'll think of something else," Bill promised over dinner. They sat side by side on the couch, close together as the rest of the house was upstairs in their rooms. Luna, Ollivander and the Goblin weren't really up to much company that evening it turned out. They were all tired and prepared to move on and find somewhere else to hide out until the end of the war. Except of course for Luna, who was planning to return to Hogwarts, not being swayed by anyone else's protests.

"I know Bill," Hermione replied, pushing around the food on her plate. She had a lack of appetite, especially with everything that was going on. "Thank you for doing this, I don't know why you agreed so easily, I was preparing myself for a speech and a little bit of pleading."

Bill chuckled, "Damn, I should have held off a bit longer then. I've always wanted a pack and after the Charlie incident, I've always felt this pull to make one. He felt like pack, but Fleur was furious when I explained about the packs. She wasn't prepared to listen. She was my wife, and I respected her choices, but, in the end, it didn't work out. Neither of us felt like being together was right. I wanted more; she wanted less."

"I'm sorry Bill, I know you loved her."

"I'll get over it," Bill said with a shrug. "So, you going to explain how you've got your virginity, despite travelling in a tent with two hormonal boys for a few months?"

Hermione chewed on a bit of lettuce, trying to avoid the topic for a few seconds longer. It wasn't going to be the most comfortable conversations. "Harry's like a brother and Ron's... complicated. We were getting somewhere, finally and now this... He couldn't be part of it. He wouldn't understand I don't think Ron has ever been very good at sharing. I think maybe

if it hadn't been for the Malfoy Manor incident, I probably would have ended up with him. We would have had a nice... quiet life."

"Quiet seems very boring for a girl like you," Bill replied, his eyes on Hermione, studying her. "It's frowned upon in the muggle world, but pack bonding isn't something bad in the wizarding world. We have a lot of threesomes amongst twins here, even a few packs. It's not uncommon, and you know no one's going to judge you, right?"

Hermione bit her lip, unsure. She could understand that the wizarding world wouldn't look as surprised by her pack, but she wasn't so certain about the 'not judging' part. "It's just hard Bill; I grew up in a family with one mother and one father. I was told it's the norm; they showed me how important commitment was. It's hard to get around the fact I won't ever have that now. Either way, I have to be part of a pack. I'm grateful for what you're doing, but I wish I didn't have to commit myself to so many. I wanted a family, a career. Ron might not have been the most exciting, but we would have had a life together, a normal life."

Bill was quiet for a few moments as he continued to study her. "You know the pack will be a commitment, right? I know it's more men than you ever would have dreamed about, but we won't allow straying outside of your pack. You'll be with all of us and we'll be with just you. We will be a family, just a big one. If you want kids, it's an option for the future. I want you happy, Hermione. I can't commit to anyone that's not going to be happy. I won't live with another woman that doesn't want to be here."

"I want to be here; I just need to get my head around it. Maybe it will help when we have everyone together? When I see myself with them," Hermione agreed. "I know you could make me happy Bill. I don't know you well, but the fact you're willing to commit to me to save me says so much about you. You're a great person."

Bill put his hand around her shoulders, pulling her against him. "We'll get there, pet, just give Charlie and I some time. After we mate, you can take things slow with the rest of the pack. I won't let them rush you, I swear."

"Thank you, Bill."

Chapter 4: Chapter Four

Chapter Summary

In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the death eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Notes: Bits of the battle have been changed. Rowling's did the battle perfectly, so I didn't just want to copy and paste her version. Things will come clear why I changed in the next chapter. The Weasley pack will get a surprise real soon!

Beta: The fantastic historygirl1863

Waiting around while the rest of the world was at war wasn't a good feeling. Hermione felt guilty as the rest of the Order were out fighting. Ron and Harry hadn't been to the bank, at least, Hermione didn't think they had just yet. She hadn't heard a word from them, and the newspapers didn't mention anything about Gringotts. They were taking their time and it was starting to get to Hermione. Harry had seemed too determined just to hang around and wait for the right opportunity.

It was the middle of the day and Hermione was cooking lunch for herself and Bill when she heard a crash from the sitting room. She heard a growl from the table where Bill sat doing paperwork, and he leapt to his feet, rushing towards the living room where the floo was. Hermione quickly followed, leaving the pans burning on the stove. They didn't make it to the living room, because a dusty, tired looking Charlie came rushing out the floo to meet them.

"It's starting! Potter's at Hogwarts looking for something. Apparently they broke into a bank this morning and now this is it. The final piece in the puzzle to get rid of snake face," Charlie said as he rushed out of the living room. "You two coming? Neville is calling in the troops. Things are finally getting a bit interesting around here."

Hermione's eyes widened, and she quickly rushed back to the kitchen to get her wand, the one Harry had returned to her. She came rushing back to both boys, ready to go and fight. Bill, however, looked a bit alarmed and shocked at her actions. They hadn't completed or even started the pack bond, but they didn't have time for that now. The final battle was about to begin, and there was no way Hermione was missing out on that.

"Not a chance Granger," Bill said with a frown. "I've warned you what Fenrir could do if he's there and I'm not risking it. Stay here and put some charms on the house, we'll be back soon, and I'll try to keep you up dated on what's going on. If Fenrir gets his hands on you, he could finish the mating bond, and we wouldn't have any chance of breaking his bond then. I won't let them turn you into a pack bitch."

Hermione ignored him and continued to prepare herself. She changed into some flat trainers. Running around Hogwarts in her slippers didn't sound like a very good idea. "I'm not missing out on the biggest battle of our generation. Harry and Ron need me; I'm going to be there finishing what I helped start. I hope I meet Fenrir in battle, because I sure as hell plan to finish what he started. I'm not some damsel sitting on the side-lines. I have just as much right for this battle. I'm fighting for people like me, muggleborns. We deserve to fight for our right in the wizarding world too."

"Damn it, Granger!" Bill growled, and he shot Charlie an angry glare for causing the problems in the first place. "You can't risk it, and I won't let you take that chance. Stay here and listen to some sense for once in your life. No one will think less of you, especially with everything you've done for the war and the Order."

"No!" Hermione said stomping towards Bill. "If you think you can start ordering me around and force me to stay behind while you all go off to fight then you have another thing coming. This isn't the 1940's; women are allowed to fight and be part of the battles. I'll be fighting for the same reasons you two will be. If I see Fenrir, I'll kill him to break the bond. Charlie, please make him see some sense."

Charlie looked between the two of them, apparently trying to decide whose side to take. Finally, his eyes settled on Bill. "Sorry bro, but you aren't my alpha yet. Can't you bite her and let us get going? We don't have time for all this or we'll miss all the good stuff. I'm all for women power and all that. Plus, I'm not going to piss the only girl I'll be able to get my leg over with."

Bill watched his brother and released a sigh, obviously giving in to their demand. He turned back to Hermione and stalked closer. His hand reached for her jaw, and he turned her head, just like he'd done a few days ago, making her submit. "I'll do this, and if you get hurt, I'll make that arse of yours red, understand? You keep away from the wolf and leave him to me. Don't go near any of them."

Hermione saw Charlie's huge grin at Bill's words, but she ignored him and huffed at the wolf in front of her. "Fine, just do it, Bill. I'm not missing out on this." She swallowed and waited, her neck exposed as she felt the cool air of Bill's breath against her neck. He hovered closer, his lips trailing against the skin. He ran his lips over her neck for a few moments before he took a bite, near the column of her neck. His teeth extended, pressing in and pierced her skin. It didn't hurt like Hermione imagined. It felt strange, with a tingling running throughout her body. She whimpered as a growl tore from Bill's throat. She felt the sharp sting of the bite the moment his teeth released her. Bill's eyes were black, fixed on her as he took a step back.

Charlie grabbed Bill, putting his hand on his shoulder to try and keep the man back enough to regain control. It took a few moments, but eventually Bill calmed enough to lower his gaze from Hermione.

"That was kinky," Charlie put in, still smiling. "Now, my beloved, can we get the hell out of here and kick arse? If Percy takes down more death eaters than me, I will never forgive either of you."

"Percy?" Bill said shocked, his head turning to his brother. Hermione was equal as shocked, staring at Charlie with confusion.

"Long story kids, come on!"

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Bill, Charlie, and Hermione made their way to Hogwarts, getting in by the portrait entrance at the Hog's Head Inn. The trio was late to the battle, and when they stepped out into the corridors, the battle was in full swing. Order members were in fighting with death eaters; several bodies were on the floor, and others were bleeding profusely. Charlie pressed a kiss to Hermione's cheek, gave Bill a pat on his back and went off in search for a death eater to fight. Bill remained behind, seeming reluctant to leave Hermione's side.

"Watch it!" A voice called running into the two, almost knocking them off their feet. "Wow, that was Brilliant!"

Hermione turned wide-eyed to Neville Longbottom. He had a black eye and several cuts on his face. His wand was in his hand, ready and waiting to take up a fight. "What happened?" Hermione asked.

"We blew the bridge up! It can't hold them back for long, but I must have killed at least half a dozen of Fenrir's troops. It was brilliant! Got a few of them chasing me now, think they want revenge." Neville explained. He turned to Bill and smiled, obviously needing no explanation whose family he come from. "Can't believe you're here, Hermione! Ron said you couldn't come. They'll be excited to see you!"

Just as Hermione was about to reply, four death eaters headed straight for them. Their masks blocked their faces so they couldn't tell who they were. Wasting no time, the trio held up their wands and started fighting. Bill took two of them, hitting them with complex spells that Hermione had only ever read about. He had been around the world with work, plus he had a good few years on them.

Hermione turned to a death eater in front of her. Firing spell after spell like she'd been trained to do a few years ago with Harry. The death eater was quick and dodged her spells, sending a few Hermione's way. Neville was the first to knock his death eater out, and Bill soon followed, knocking out one of his two. Eventually, Hermione got her death eater in the legs, knocking them off its feet long enough for her to follow through with several more spells to keep him down and out.

"Got to go!" Neville called, running off in another direction.

Hermione took up a battle with the remaining death eater of Bill's. Both of them together were too much, and he eventually slowed down with his spell blocks, giving Bill the chance to send the death eater flying into a wall opposite.

"Alright?" Bill asked, taking a look at Hermione. She was all right, but Bill had a cut on his forehead and a spot of blood dripping down. It was only small, and it seemed to get smaller and smaller the longer Hermione watched. Right. Werewolves were quick healers; she always forgot about that part. Remus always seemed injured, but his marks were self-inflicted. Werewolves could heal from anything other than marks off themselves or another werewolf.

"I've got to find my family. Granger, you coming?" Bill asked. He looked conflicted, reluctant to leave her. He knew she was strong though and didn't need him following her around protecting her.

"Go, Bill, if you see Ron and Harry tell them I'm here. I need to find them and see what they have left to do!" Hermione smiled at Bill, taking in his features a moment longer before turning and running off in the direction of the great hall. Her neck hurt slightly from his bite, but she couldn't feel any blood, so it wasn't bleeding any longer. Hopefully, it would work long enough for them to find Fenrir and kill him.

She made her way to the hall, just in time to see Mrs. Weasley take down a death eater with a smug look on her face. It took Hermione by surprising, but she smiled at the motherly woman and continued her search.

"Hermione!" A voice called. She turned to see Luna and Ron running from the other end of the hall towards her. They stopped, and Ron pulled her into a hug, a smile on his face. Luna stood at his side, hovering as the pair hugged and then pulled apart. "Blimey Hermione! I was worried when I heard Neville say you were here. We were just on our way to find you," Ron explained. He glanced down at Luna and the pair shared a sweet smile.

"What Horcruxes do we have left?" Hermione asked. "Charlie mentioned you two had been to the bank, so that's done?"

Ron nodded and pulled Luna closer with an arm around her shoulder. "Yeah we did that and then Luna and I went down to the chamber of secrets. I remembered about the basilisk fang. Luna got rid of the cup we found at the bank. Harry's on his way trying to find the other one. He's talking to some ghost about it."

"I always thought you two would make a wonderful pair," Luna commented, her eyes going to Hermione. "Or did one of the Hargel's bite you?"

Ron gave Luna a strange look, but then his eyes followed her gaze to Hermione's neck, and he looked quite alarmed. "What happened? Did Fenrir do that?"

"No Ron," Hermione answered. "Bill did it to try and keep Fenrir away from me. It was either this or stay at home. Now, forget that and let's get the important stuff. Should we help Harry or go after the last three?"

Ron didn't seem convinced, but he went with the change of conversation. "We were both talking, and we're pretty sure the snake is one of the last two. No idea about the other one, though. We're going to find Ginny; she was supposed to stay in the room of requirement, but no one can remember seeing her. I'll be right back Hermione, just hang around here and then we can go after one of the last ones, alright?"

Hermione nodded, turning towards a death eater heading their way and started firing spells at them. Ron and Luna rushed off together, which was rather surprising for Hermione. A bit of jealousy hit her, but she had no right to be jealous of anything Ron did, especially now she was getting into a relationship with two of his brothers.

"Granger!"

"Just who we were..."

"Looking for!"

Two voices called out to her, making their way towards her. She briefly glanced at her side, seeing George and Fred in battle with some death eaters. Both didn't seem fazed by the fighting, a smile on both their faces as they fought side by side. Hermione turned her attention back to her own death eater and let out a squeak of surprise as a spell came firing at her head. She had just enough time to duck out of the way before she stood and started firing at him again.

"We have a message for you Granger, off our favourite boy-who-never-dies-but-likes-to-push-his-luck," One of the twins called out. Hermione had no idea which one it was. "Said he's got a handle on things."

"Which we both doubt," The other twin pointed out.

"Yes, we do George," Fred agreed. "He said to tell you and Ron he's found another one. We saw our bro running out, so thought we'd pass on the message to you instead."

"So Granger, how have you been?" George asked. Hermione was too busy fighting with the death eater to stare at George. Of course the twins wouldn't be fazed by a battle breaking out. They had probably been looking forward to it like Charlie had. She chose to ignore their question. A few moments later she took her death eater by surprise and sent him sailing across the room, slamming into a death eater Professor McGonagall had been fighting. The elderly witch sent a smile Hermione's way before turning to start a battle with another person.

Fred and George took out their death eaters, then walked towards Hermione with a huge grin on their faces. They both eyed her neck but didn't comment on it.

"As much as we would like to hang around and look after our fair lady," Fred began in a sarcastic tone.

"We have death eaters to fight! Hang onto our coattails if you wish," George said, then winked at Hermione. "Potter is heading towards the room of requirement."

"Yeah, better save him because I'm sure between him and Ron, they've both used up all their brain cells thinking without you for the last two days," Fred stated. Both twins called a good bye and went running out of the great hall. They paused, however, to watch as their mom took out another death eater and started fake applauding as they passed her.

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It took nearly an hour for Hermione to make her way out of the great hall to the room of requirement. There had been a lot of death eaters targeting her on the way and she been stuck fighting each one. To her surprise the door was already visible when she arrived, meaning someone had to be inside or on their way out. She grabbed the handle, but it burnt her fingers and she quickly withdrew her hand. Luckily she had only touched it with her fingertips, so she hadn't been severely burnt. With a quick wave of her wand the door came open and a great blaze of fire came out of the room. Three brooms were inside the room, high above the fire flying about. She spotted Harry instantly, with Draco Malfoy draped over his broom. Ron was on another broom with Luna sat behind him. She wasn't holding on tightly and seemed to be trying to see over the room and down into the fire. Hermione could see Ron's rapid shouting at the girl, apparently worried about her falling. The final broom was a Slytherin, Zabini on it flying around.

"Harry!" Hermione called and saw the boys' head turn her way. He signaled to the others, and they all flew towards her. She stepped out of the way of the door, giving them space to fly threw and she quickly pushed the door shut the moment they were free.

"You idiots!" Ron growled at Zabini and a coughing Draco, who pushed himself away from Harry and headed towards his Slytherin friend. "You could have gotten us killed! What was Crabbe thinking?"

"He obviously wasn't thinking," Harry bit out, looking just as annoyed as Ron was. "Now I've lost the necklace thanks to these trying to set us all on fire."

"A necklace?" Hermione questioned, glancing at them. Harry shot her a warm look, glad to see her there and safe.

"It was a Horcrux; Voldemort hid it in there when came here trying to get a job. He must not have realized other people could eventually get in and discover the necklace. I had it, but then Crabbe set the place on fire."

"It was the lost diadem of Ravenclaw," Luna supplied. Her fingers were running through her hair, some of the ends black from the smoke.

"Harry," Hermione said as she finally grasped what had happened. With no Crabbe in sight, it was easy to guess what his fate had been. "Fiendfyre can destroy a Horcrux. It's a powerful spell, so that's why I never suggested any of us to use it, you can't contain it unless you're practiced with it."

Harry glanced her way, surprised by the information and he relaxed slightly. "So that's another down," Harry said, with a nod Hermione's way. He glanced back at the Slytherins, who didn't look like they cared much for the conversation and they made their way out, away from the Luna and the golden trio.

"So, now what?" Ron asked.

"We find Voldemort," Harry states, a look of determination on his face. "We finish what he started."

Chapter 5: Chapter Five

Chapter Summary

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the deatheaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Beta: Thanks to the amazing historygirl1863 for her incredible work.

The golden trio took a few moments to catch their breath while Harry used his connection to Voldemort to find where the dark wizard was. After that, the three of them made their way out of the castle. Luna had waved goodbye, going in search of Ginny and Neville. She wished them luck and skipped off, firing at rogue death eaters on her way out of the corridor.

On the way, the trio discovered the horror of the battle. So many innocent people were lying on the cold floor of Hogwarts, dead. Hermione recognised a few of them as students. Some of them looked far too young to be in a battle, but they must have hidden away and refused to return home. It broke Hermione's heart to see family and friends fighting near the bodies, tears running down people's eyes as they tried to protect the lifeless body of their loved one. She couldn't understand it, at least, she hoped she couldn't. No one she had been close to lay on the ground yet, but the battle was still young. There were far too many people in the Order for them all to survive, as grim as that sounded.

"Shh," Harry commanded as they made their way into the shack, they snuck behind a door, listening as Voldemort hissed some words at Snape. He was talking about the Elder wand, talking about how it wouldn't work for him because Snape was alive. The golden trio looked at each other, alarmed. None of them liked Snape, but he didn't deserve whatever Voldemort had planned. With a command hissed in parseltongue, they all heard the hiss and thump of Voldemort's snake attacking. Snape never made a sound, apart from a croak of pain as the snake released its hold on the man's neck.

Voldemort left, along with his snake that he kept close behind him. With him out of sight, the trio jumped up and rushed into the room where the evil man had been. Snape was pressed

against a wall, gurgling in pain from where the snake had bitten and cut off his airways. With his final bit of strength, he held a finger Harry's way.

"Careful Harry," Ron warned.

"He can't hurt me now," Harry replied, making his way over to his dying professor. He crouched down, and Hermione's heart leapt when the potions professor grabbed Harry's jacket and forced him closer to him. They both stared at each other and finally, a tear ran down Snape's eye.

"Memories Harry," Hermione said, searching around for a bottle to contain the tear. Luckily, Snape had one and gestured to his cloak. Harry used the bottle to catch the tear, and only a moment later, the potions professor died.

"I never liked him, but no one should go like that," Ron stated, looking down in horror at the blood on Snape's throat. "Snape might have been a killer, but Voldemort could have at least killed the bloke himself. Snape was a loyal follower after all."

"He's a coward," Harry said, standing up and carefully capping the bottle, tucking it inside his robe. "He hides behind his followers letting everyone else do his dirty work. He doesn't have the emotions or pity to give any thought about the pain someone is in when they die."

"He has no emotions at all," Hermione agreed. She tore her eyes from the body, turning to look at Harry. "What do you think the memories contain?"

"No idea, but we'll find out."

Only a moment after they started making their way out of the shack, Voldemort's voice could be heard booming around the grounds. He called for a ceasefire, asking his Death Eaters to return. He was giving them time to gather their dead, but he was also giving Harry time to come to him and save all the people still living a chance to survive.

Harry barely spoke on their way back to the castle. He listened to the voice, and his lips were pressed together in a thin line. Hermione knew he was feeling guilty over the deaths, blaming himself. He just never understood the lives he was going to save if he finally defeated Voldemort. When they got to the castle, Harry parted ways, going to look at the memories and he promised to meet up with them in the great hall soon.

"You think they're all okay?" Ron asked quietly, walking alongside Hermione to the hall. They passed by bodies on stretchers and people carrying dying loved ones over their shoulders as they too made their way to the hall.

Hermione didn't have the heart to tell him that things would never be alright again. "Your family is strong," Hermione said, they were the only words of comfort she could offer. "You've got to hope that things turn out okay."

Seconds crawled by as they made their way to the hall. Hermione felt the nervous anxiety as they pushed through the doors and looked around for the people they cared deeply about. The Weasleys were gathered in a corner, crying over bodies and Hermione's heart stopped, at

least, that's how it felt as she walked over. Ron took off at a run, towards the bodies and cried out as he saw who it was.

"Don't look pet," Charlie said, appearing behind her and turning her away from the bodies. He pulled Hermione against his chest, a hand stroking her hair. "You don't want to see that."

"Who?" Hermione asked in a panic. She hadn't seen Bill or the Twins. Or even Ginny for that matter. "It wasn't Bill, please don't say it was him."

"Percy," Charlie bit out, his voice full of emotion. "Bill had a fight with Fenrir, they fought, but neither one could bring the other down. I was there and killed one of Fenrir's buddies. They must have been pack mates or something because Fenrir ran over to Percy and tore his throat... just don't look love."

Hermione choked with emotion. The Weasley family had just gotten him back. After being separated from him for so long, Percy had finally come back seeing the error of his ways. Fenrir had killed Percy in punishment. "Who else, Charlie?" Hermione asked. She had seen more than one body.

"Tonks and Lavender are dead. Bellatrix finally got Tonks I think," Charlie stated. Hermione pulled back enough to see his face, and she knew he was holding back on her.

"Who else Charlie?"

"Fred's dying."

Everything felt numb as she tore from Charlie's embrace and made her way over to the Weasley family. Charlie followed behind her, cautiously.

The Weasley family were all gathered around the bodies. Percy was covered with a blanket, probably because of the horror of what Fenrir had done to him. Fred was on the sheet; his eyes were closed, and his body looked lifeless. Bill and George were by his side. Poor George was openly crying, begging for his twin to make it. It was the worst thing Hermione had ever seen. The twins were so full of joy, but now she watched as full grown men openly cried over their loved ones. Bill was watching Fred's chest move up and down, but as the minutes ticked by, it was going up less and less.

"What happened?" Hermione cried. She saw Mrs. Weasley sob harder and turn into her husband's chest. "Please, what happened?"

"A wall fell on him," Ginny said. The girl had red blood shot eyes. She was kneeled beside Percy's body, clutching his cold hand in both of hers. "The twins were fighting the Lestrangle brothers. Rabastan hit Fred, and he went flying back into the wall."

"Then the wall fell on him," George said. It was hard to understand him through the sadness in his voice. "I should have done something. I couldn't get to him in time with both the Lestranges turning to me. Maybe if I ignored them and went to Fred, I could have..."

"Then you would have died," Charlie said, stepping closer to Hermione. "I know a way to save him."

All heads turned to Charlie, but the dragon trainer had his eyes focused on Bills. "William, we need four. The twins' bond will work if George agrees," Charlie said to his older brother. "It's the only chance we have."

"It won't work," Bill stated with a shake of his head. "He's not a wolf, and I can't risk biting him. The venom in his body now could be the thing that finally kills him."

It only took Hermione a moment to catch up to what they were talking about. The other Weasleys looked lost, frowning at the pair as they tried to work out what the boys were talking about. "What about the twin bonding?" Hermione suggested, getting a lost look from Ron.

"It depends on George; it might not work, though. I've never heard of a twin bond being included in a pack. You might save Fred, but you're risking being Fenrir's if the pack bond doesn't work alongside the twins."

"I'll do anything to save him," George informed them, a look of determination. He probably didn't have much of a clue what they were talking about, but he would do anything to save his brother. "I know what the twin bond is, but it won't make him any better. It doesn't work like that."

"What are you guys talking about?" Mr. Weasley asked, an arm still around his crying wife. "Someone better catch the rest of us up, quickly."

Bill sighed, a look of frustration on his face. "Right. I'll make it quick though because we don't have much time." He shot Ron a look before adding, "I don't have time for anyone to throw a fit either."

Then, Bill went and explained briefly about the Fenrir incident, of him biting Hermione and the blood sharing. The Weasley parents seemed to understand, but Ron looked disgusted at hearing what had happened to Hermione. He stayed quiet, though, too upset at everything to comment. Hermione knew he wasn't going to be happy, but the most important thing to the Weasleys' had always been family.

"So, Charlie and I offered to create our own pack with Hermione," Bill explained. "We needed more people to form a pack, normally it's, at least, four males, but they are meant to be werewolves. You lot know about me biting Charlie last year, but we've been struggling to find anyone else to form the pack. It's the only way we can break the hold Fenrir has over Granger."

"And you think the twin bonding could be included in the pack?" Mrs. Weasley asked, surprising everyone. "My brothers did that, you know. Before they died, they had a bonding with a girl they both loved. It's rare, but it does happen to twins. It's always happened to the twins in our family. You think this would save Fred?"

"It's our only chance," Charlie commented. "We all would do anything for Fred. If it has a chance of saving him, then we might as well give it a try. Are we all agreed?"

"I don't want to lose another son," Mr. Weasley said. He looked over at Hermione before continuing. "But it's not up to us if we do it. Hermione, my dear, you have always been part of our family and no matter what, we will still love you. I don't expect you to do this if it's something you don't think you could handle."

"If it will save Fred, it's worth a try, we needed two more people at least," Hermione said. She looked over at Ron, who hadn't spoken. He was frowning, an angry and confused look on his face. He wasn't shouting or screaming, but he didn't look happy about it. Losing one and almost two of his brothers had obviously hit him hard. Ron broke their eye contact, looking away to Bill and giving him a slight nod. Maybe he finally knew what Hermione had known for weeks now; they weren't meant to be. They never were going to stand a chance together. They were brother and sister.

"Do it," George said, a pleading glance between his brothers and then Hermione. "Please. I'll do it; Fred will too. I can't lose him; I won't lose him."

"Come here love," Bill called to Hermione his hand out towards her. On shaky legs, Hermione made her way towards Bill and took a seat beside him. Bill held her gaze for a few moments. He never spoke, but the look seemed to be his way of checking she was okay with the turn of events. Hermione would never have chosen four Weasley's as her pack. She wouldn't have wanted to hurt Ron that much, but there hadn't been any other choice. They had to do this to save Fred's life.

Bill took out his wand and placed it over his own hand, making the skin split into a small cut. He held his wand towards Hermione, but she shook her head and looked away. She couldn't do that to herself.

Holding her hand out towards Bill, he cut across her hand. The sharp sting made Hermione's breath catch, and she looked back just as Bill clasped their hands together, sharing blood. Charlie went next, cutting his own hand with his own wand and then holding Hermione's.

"Do it at the same time," Bill said looking at George. "That's how our uncles did it. That's what I've read at least."

George nodded, cutting his own palm and then grabbing one of his twin's hands and doing the same to him.

"Sorry Granger, going to have to make another cut," George informed her. This time, it was George that cut her other palm, and that cut was even smaller than what Bill had. With the help of Charlie and Bill, Fred and George's palms meant Hermione's. Their hands clasped together as they shared the blood. After that, the four brother's all clasped hands too, although they had to pick up Fred's hand as he was still out cold. When they had all shared bleed, starting up the connection of a pack, they sat back. Everyone waited, watching Fred but nothing changed. He was breathing slightly better, but not much.

"We can't do anything about it right now," Bill said with a sigh. "Once this battle is finished up we'll finish the bonding. It should hold him for now. We can finish the bond when Potter takes out Voldemort."

"Thanks, Granger," George said, wiping his bleeding hand on his trousers. He looked thankfully towards Hermione, slightly amazed. She was so different in just a few days. She had gone to a naïve virgin to a virgin with four men committed to her.

"My dear girl," Mrs. Weasley said, a weak smile on her face. "Thank you."

Ron stood, his eyes going to Percy and then Fred before he turned to Hermione and finally spoke. "We need to find Harry and finish this."

Hermione stood with a nod, her eyes glancing around at the rest of the Weasleys' before turning and walking with Ron out of the hall. "I'm sorry Ron, if there had been any other way..."

"Stop," Ron said cutting her off. "I get it, I do. I don't want Fred dying, neither do the rest of my family. We're all in shock, and it's going to shock them when everything ends. Right now I don't want to think about it. You were supposed to be my girl; we were meant to be in this together and now you can't. I feel like a git for feeling bitter because I know you had no choice."

"It's okay to feel upset Ron, I understand. I cried when I found out the truth. It's a way to process things," Hermione told him. "You know we wouldn't have worked out, right?"

"Yes, I know."

Ron and Hermione had decided to ignore what had happened, and they focused on the battle. They managed to find Harry, who was walking out the Hogwarts doors. He looked determined and angry. Hermione's heart sank because she knew he had worked out the final two Horcruxes. One of them she had known for a long time, but hadn't been able to face the truth.

"Harry," Hermione cried, tears in her eyes. "We can find another way; you don't have to do this."

"It's the only way," Harry told her. He came over and pulled her into a hug, pressing a kiss to her forehead. "You know I have to do this, to finish this."

"Please Harry don't go," Hermione sobbed, pulling him closer. Ron stood in the back, finally realising what was happening. He came over and put a hand on them both.

"The last one is the snake," Harry said. "Kill the snake and then it's all over. Do it; I know you can both do it. Finish it and take care, have a good life. Don't have any regrets. Promise me," Harry demanded of them. His voice was hard and determined, but Hermione could see the fear in his eyes. He put up a good front, but she knew he didn't want to die. He was a hero, though, and he couldn't go on knowing he put his life before everyone else's.

Harry left with a final goodbye and Hermione sobbed watching him go. Ron pulled her into a hug, his face hard as tears threatened to spill. It had been a hard night for Ron.

"We need to finish this for him, Ron, for Harry," Hermione said, her voice catching with tears.

"Yeah, we can do this. Now, wipe those tears and let's go snake hunting."

Hermione let out a tearful laugh, trying to pull herself together. They were going to finish it, finally.

They were just about to turn and go in search for the snake when they heard footsteps behind them, several footsteps.

Then a voice spoke that chilled both of them to the bone.

"Hello, little girl."

Chapter 6: Chapter Six

Chapter Summary

In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the death eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Beta: historygirl1863

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Follow me on Tumblr: [Mrsmarauders.tumblr.com](https://www.tumblr.com/mrsmarauders)

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"Hello, little girl."

Hermione froze at the words, the voice sending terror down her spine. Ron looked murderous. The man that had killed his brother was there, right in front of him. Hermione turned to see a few other men around, all looking ready to jump and attack them.

"They called a cease-fire," Ron said, a look of disgust on his face as he looked at Fenrir. "Your master won't be happy if he finds out you're here."

"I killed the ginger kid after the cease-fire," Fenrir informed them, his lips turning up into a grin. "I don't think he'll be too happy about that either. I brought some friends along to meet you, Granger. They heard I was getting us a bitch, so they offered to join my pack if I let them share you."

Ron took a step forward, but Hermione pulled him back against her. "Don't Ron, that's exactly what he wants you to do."

"Yeah Ron, don't be brave, stay back and be a coward," Fenrir said in a mocking tone. "If you were a real man, you would be here fighting the man that killed your useless brother."

"He's got loads of them," one of the surrounding men close to Fenrir supplied. "Probably doesn't care too much."

"Shut up!" Ron called, his face turning red in anger. His teeth were gritted, and he had a steal grip on his wand. "Don't talk about my brother."

Fenrir's gaze turned to Hermione, and he looked at her neck. A furious expression came over him, but then he relaxed and started to laugh. "Not a real wolf among the ginger bunch," Fenrir said, looking around at his friends. "She thinks having a new alpha, one that can't even turn will be able to break our connection." Fenrir laughed again and, this time, his friends joined in. "Come here Granger," Fenrir demanded.

Hermione felt her legs move, but Ron grabbed her, pulling her back and behind him. He kept his grip on her hand tight, frightened in case she broke off and ran towards Fenrir.

"I said come here, little girl," Fenrir growled, his teeth clenched. "Come here to your alpha or I'll tear your little boyfriend apart."

Hermione whimpered, battling with herself to remain still. Her body wanted to go to him, some part of her mind was telling her to go to him. She hadn't finished the new pack connection with the Weasleys', so she was still bound to both packs. It was lucky they had started the pack bond a few moments ago in the hall, or else Hermione was doubtful she would have been able to fight Fenrir's commands at all.

"Get the boy!" Fenrir commanded to his friends. "Leave me with my bitch; I'm going to finish what I started."

"Get away from her Fenrir!" A voice called.

Hermione turned to look, but Ron pushed her behind his body, trying to protect her from the oncoming werewolves.

"Weasleys," Fenrir growled.

The Weasley family were heading towards them. All of them apart from Fred and obviously Percy. Neville, Luna, and Remus were also in the pack, walking towards the pack of

werewolves with their wands raised.

"I want the big one," Mrs. Weasley said, looking towards Fenrir.

"No mom," Bill said shooting his dad a warning look. "He's mine."

Everything seemed to happen at once. One moment the Weasleys were walking towards them and the next, there was another battle commencing. Wands were shooting spells; the werewolves were firing back, and others were just jumping at the Order members, trying to bit them. Bill and Remus took Fenrir, shooting spell after spell at him.

One of the wolves broke free and ran towards Ron and Hermione. The man was big, long fingernails and a wand in both of his hands as he went after them. Ron and Hermione took to fighting, shooting him with spells. The wolf was good, really good with quick reflexes. Hermione had never seen a wizard using two wands with such skills before.

They were still fighting, some of the werewolves were knocked out or dead, and some of the Weasleys' had taken a knock, but luckily everyone within the Order that come to her rescue was still up on their feet.

Hermione saw Mrs. Weasley kill a wolf, a big one that had just lunged for her daughter's neck. She turned with a smug smile to her husband. "Eight so far tonight, Arthur," She informed him. He smiled at her and returned to the wolf he had been fighting.

Out of all the Weasleys, it was George that surprised Hermione the most. He was unbelievable with his spells. He was fighting hard and fast with a look of determination on his face. He fired spell after spell at the wolf he was fighting, who already looked exhausted. All the built up anger about his brother was being let loose.

A few more minutes into the fight, everyone halted at the sound of a scream. Even Fenrir turned to see what had happened. Hermione knew that scream and turned to see Ginny at the door, her finger pointing outwards.

"He's coming!" She shouted, a look of horror on her face. "He's dead." Ginny started sobbing, "Harry's dead and they're coming for us."

Hermione turned back to the wolves, and Ron took that opportunity to punch the man they had been fighting in the face. The wolf dropped to the floor and stumbled back.

"Get out of here!" Fenrir called to his wolves. "Flee! He'll kill us all."

"Someone kill the snake!" Ron called as the wolves started to flee. "We need to kill it."

Everyone shot some spells at the few remaining wolves that fled in the opposite direction, but no one had managed to take Fenrir down. Both Bill and Remus looked furious at losing that opportunity. He was a lot stronger than Hermione had realized if he had been able to fend off Remus and Bill.

"He can't be dead," Mrs. Weasley said, making her way over beside Ginny. They all turned to watch as a troop of Death Eaters made their way to the Hogwarts entrance. Hagrid was at the

front, a boy with black hair in his arms, the half-giant was sobbing as he carried Harry. Everyone fell silent as they watched them come. More people from inside the castle made their way towards the entrance. They all gathered around to watch as the Death Eaters came towards the door with expressions of success. They thought they had won with Harry Potter finally dead. Hermione had to suppress a sob. She knew he had been walking to his death, but she hadn't been able to stop him. Except to herself and Ron, it came as a surprise to everyone.

Voldemort came to the front, a smile on his face. "The boy who lived is finally dead," Voldemort said, gesturing towards Hagrid. "Now, too much blood has been spilled so I will allow those that decide to come over and join us a pass from death. You have no hero leading you. Now come to me," Voldemort looked along the line, waiting for someone to step forward. His eyes lingered in the back where to Hermione's great surprise stood Draco Malfoy. The boy looked reluctant to leave, but with a glance towards his parents, he slowly started to walk over to the other side. No one else moved.

"Come now; we have space for anyone that wishes to join us!" Voldemort called.

Neville Longbottom was the only one to move, hobbling over to the center. He had the sorting hat in his hand as he eyed the Death Eaters. Bellatrix was at Voldemort's side, and she laughed with glee at the sight of the boy.

"I think we can do better that," Bellatrix laughed. Voldemort also laughed then held his hand up to silence everyone.

"Come now Neville, I'm sure we can find a space for you somewhere," Voldemort said, looking around to his Death Eaters. They all sniggered.

"Just because Harry is dead, doesn't mean any of us will step aside. We aren't going to back down," Neville shouted out. "Harry started this, but we're going to finish it. You're a coward, and I'm not walking away to let you kill all my friends." With his shout of loyalty, Neville pulled out the sword of Gryffindor from the hat and swung it towards Voldemort. No one had time to react as Neville chopped off the head of Voldemort's snake. The Order behind him shouted out in glee.

"Well done, Neville!" People called from in front of Hermione. She looked around to see Bill and Charlie behind her, their eyes fixed on Voldemort.

Bellatrix stepped forward and pulled out her wand to fire a spell, but at that very moment, Harry jumped out from Hagrid's arms, surprising everyone. He pulled out his wand and got in front of Neville, blocking the boy from Bellatrix's path.

"This is between you and me, Tom. It's time we ended this for once and for all," Harry told him. "All your Horcruxes are gone, every last one of them. It's time for the two of us now to finish this, and we both know only one will come out of it alive this time."

"Harry, my boy," Voldemort said, a look of anger on his face. "How you like to surprise us all. You think you stand a chance against me? You think I can't make you dead once more? Silly boy, you stand no chance, and I will get rid of you for good."

"You know, you lack one thing that's always been your downfall, Tom. Love. People love me; I do things to save the ones I love. You don't feel any of that, and I feel sorry for you," Harry told him. "You've always underestimated the power of it, the power of my mother's and the power it holds to everyone that stands behind me, willing to risk their lives for the people they love."

"It's not love that will save you this time," said Voldemort. "You must believe that you have magic that I do not, or else a weapon more powerful than mine?"

"I have both," said Harry, and he saw shock flit across the snakelike face though it was instantly dispelled; Voldemort began to laugh, and the sound was more frightening than his screams; humorless and insane, it echoed around the silent Hall.

"It's your one last chance," said Harry. "It's all you've got left... I've seen what you'll be otherwise... Be a man... try... Try for some remorse..."

"You dare," said Voldemort again.

"Yes, I dare," said Harry, "because Dumbledore's last plan hasn't backfired on me at all. It's backfired on you, Riddle."

Voldemort's hand was trembling on the Elder Wand, and Harry gripped Draco's very tightly. The moment, he knew, was seconds away.

"That wand still isn't working properly for you because you murdered the wrong person. Severus Snape was never the true master of the Elder Wand. He never defeated Dumbledore."

"He killed him. "

"Aren't you listening? Snape never beat Dumbledore! Dumbledore's death was planned between them! Dumbledore intended to die, undefeated, the wand's last true master! If all had gone as planned, the wand's power would have died with him, because it had never been won from him!"

"But then, Potter, Dumbledore as good as gave me the wand!" Voldemort's voice shook with malicious pleasure. "I stole the wand from its last master's tomb! I removed it against the last master's wishes! Its power is mine!"

"You still don't get it, Riddle, do you? Possessing the wand isn't enough! Holding it, using it, doesn't make it yours. Didn't you listen to Ollivander? The wand chooses the wizard... The Elder Wand had recognized a new master before Dumbledore died, someone who never even laid a hand on it. The new master removed the wand from Dumbledore against his will, never realizing exactly what he had done, or that the world's most dangerous wand had given him its allegiance..."

Voldemort's chest rose and fell rapidly, and Harry could feel the curse coming, feel it building inside the wand pointed at his face.

"The true master of the Elder Wand was Draco Malfoy."

Blank shock showed on Voldemort's face for a moment, but then it was gone.

"But what does it matter?" he said softly. "Even if you are right, Potter, it makes no difference to you and me. You no longer have the phoenix wand: We duel on skill alone... and after I have killed you, I can attend to Draco Malfoy..."

Hermione looked over at Draco, seeing the shock on his face. His hardened gaze fell on the man he had once called master. Mrs. Malfoy had a hand on her son's shoulders and bent down to whisper in his ear. Maybe, after so much time had passed, the Malfoy family had finally seen the error in their ways. Draco, at least, had shown how much he wanted to change sides when he stood with the order just moments ago.

"But you're too late," said Harry. "You've missed your chance. I got there first. I overpowered Draco weeks ago. I took his wand from him."

Hermione stared in shock. With everything that had happened, she had never seen Harry take Draco's wand. But it made sense because Harry had been using a wand and it hadn't been Hermione's. She felt Bill squeeze her shoulder as they continued to watch Harry and Voldemort.

"So it all comes down to this, doesn't it?" whispered Harry. "Does the wand in your hand know its last master was disarmed? Because if it does... I am the true master of the Elder Wand."

A red glow burst suddenly across the enchanted sky above them as an edge of the dazzling sun appeared over the sill of the nearest window. The light hit both of their faces at the same time so that Voldemort's was suddenly a flaming blur. Harry heard the high voice shriek as he too yelled his best hope to the heavens, pointing Draco's wand:

"Avada Kedavra!"

"Expelliarmus!"

The bang was like a cannon blast, and the golden flames that erupted between them, at the dead center of the circle they had been treading, marked the point where the spells collided. Voldemort's green jet meet Harry's spell and the Elder Wand flew high. And Harry, with the unerring skill of the Seeker, caught the wand in his free hand as Voldemort fell backward, arms splayed, the slit pupils of the scarlet eyes rolling upward. Tom Riddle hit the floor with a mundane finality, his body feeble and shrunken, the white hands empty, the snakelike face vacant and unknowing. Voldemort was dead, killed by his rebounding curse, and Harry stood with two wands in his hand, staring down at his enemy's shell.

Everyone was silent for a moment before the whole crowd standing on Hogwarts steps erupted in cheers and applause. The Death Eaters facing them fled, along with a furious Bellatrix, the Malfoys and the Lestrangle brothers.

Charlie pressed a kiss to the back of Hermione's head as she cried happy tears. Without thought, she ran towards Harry, pulling him into a hug as everyone continued to celebrate.

Despite the fact Voldemort had finally been killed, the work at Hogwarts didn't stop. Aurors were out trying to round up the Death Eaters and Hermione still felt nervous with Fenrir out on the loose. The rest of the surviving Order collected the bodies of the dead, and the wounded had been sent to St. Mungos. Fred still hadn't woken up, but at least, he was still breathing.

The castle had been destroyed, and the Weasley family were still mourning. Tonks had also been killed, murdered by Bellatrix. She had only given birth to her son a few weeks before, so her family was devastated. Remus had gone home to see his son, the older wolf looking utterly lost without his young wife.

"Let's go home," Bill said to Hermione, an arm going around her waist. The rest of the Weasleys were off to St. Mungos along with Fred. Harry had gone with them, needing some time away from Hogwarts.

"Bill, we don't need to do that yet, you need time to grieve and be with your brother," Hermione told him. She knew what he planned for them, to finish the mating bond.

"Going to the hospital and being around my family won't help me. Finishing the mating bond, so one of my brothers survives, feels more useful with my time, don't you think?" Bill asked. He pulled her closer to him, a kiss pressing to her forehead. "I only take willing witches to my bed Hermione. We won't use you within the pack. You'll be just as equal as anyone. We're going to share the blood both ways. You understand, don't you?"

Hermione nodded. She did understand that the bond within the pack wouldn't be like anything Bill had explained a few nights ago. She was going to be treated well, respected within the pack. She wasn't going to be the Weasley pack bitch; she was just going to be Hermione.

"Let's go back to your home then, Bill."

Bill held on tighter to her and apparated them both out of Hogwarts and to his house. The magic protecting Hogwarts had been broken, and it was going to take some time to rebuild it.

Please Review!

Chapter 7: Chapter Seven

Chapter Summary

In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the death eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Beta: historygirl1863

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Hermione and Bill apparated to Shell Cottage, both of them drained from the events of the day. It was important for Fred's sake that they finished the mating bond and that meant Hermione had to have sex with the alpha, then share her blood with all of them. It was old magic, something that was supposed to increase the magic between them all. They were all hoping that the old magic would be enough to bring Fred back from the brink of death. They all knew he was dying; even Madam Pomfrey had said there wasn't anything she could do for him. Everyone was worried, so the Weasley family had all gone to the hospital to say goodbye. Everyone held out hope, but sometimes hope wasn't enough.

"Hermione," Bill said, his hand reaching up to brush a stray curl behind her ear. "It'll be alright; you know that right?"

Hermione didn't know that, but she leaned into Bill's touch without a reply. She couldn't lie to him; things were never going to be alright again.

Bill cupped her cheek with his hand, tilting her head to look up at him. Their eyes met for a few moments before Bill bent down and met their lips in a kiss. It started off innocent at first, just a brush of their lips until passion started to take over. Their kiss deepened, their tongues meeting as they felt the passion and connection between them. Hermione hadn't done anything more than a kiss, but she knew Bill would take care of her. Every touch was gentle, experienced. His hand slipped to the back of her head, encouraging the kiss as he deepened it. His tongue tasted her lips, her mouth. Hermione felt her body hum at the feel of him. Her body was on fire with his touch; it was like her body knew what was happening and it wanted him.

"You okay?" Bill asked, pulling back to watch her face. "Do you want a drink first? Wine? Fire whisky?"

Hermione shook her head and kissed him again. "I want a clear head. I want to go back and see the twins after... this."

"After this?" Bill repeated, a teasing smile. "So much dirty talk Granger. Come on."

Bill led them to his bedroom. It was big and clashed with the rest of the house. The room was dark with blackout blinds, barely letting any light inside. It didn't look like a bedroom he would have shared with Fleur.

"We used to have the spare room as our room," Bill explained as if reading her thoughts. "My eyesight's better than yours; ordinary blinds make the light too bright, and I struggle to sleep. Now relax Hermione and kiss me."

Hermione and Bill kissed again, but this time, Bill's hands slipped down to cup both cheeks of her bottom. He gave it a squeeze, before backing her up in the direction of the bed.

Bill pushed her back one more step and Hermione let out a squeak as she fell and landed on the soft, comfortable bed. Bill laughed and then crawled on, moving up her body.

"Can we go slow?" Hermione asked, her nerves starting to show. She wasn't a prude; she knew sex was normal and healthy. However, she had never had the chance or person to explore it with. She never felt the passion people described their lover. Right now she felt her body hum with need for Bill. She felt ready for him, willing to give up her virginity to unite their pack together.

"Of course, Love." Bill replied. He moved his arms either side of her, pushing up and off her body. There were only a few inches between them, but it was enough space for Bill to look down and see her clothed body. "Close your eyes and relax Hermione."

Hermione did exactly as she was told, her eyes closing as she felt the weight of Bill on the bed shift. He moved down her body, slowly. His lips seemed to be going to every inch of her exposed skin. First, he kissed her neck, her collarbone and then the skin exposed on her chest. Hermione's breath hitched as he kissed a small portion of her exposed cleavage. Then, he moved down, lifting her shirt up slightly to press a few kisses on her stomach.

"We still good?" Bill asked, his hands going to Hermione's shirt. "You tell me to slow down anytime and we will. If you want to stop, we stop."

"I'm okay," Hermione promised. Her eyes remained shut as she just relaxed and felt Bill against her skin. He pushed up the material of her shirt, moving it high enough to expose her modest white bra. She didn't have big breasts, but they were just enough for her.

Hermione felt her body responded as Bill moved his mouth to Hermione's nipple through the material of her bra. His lips were gentle at first, but then he started sucking on the hardening peak. His hand went to her other breast, squeezing it, rolling the nipple to extract a slight sensation of pain with pleasure. He knew how to work her body even better than Hermione

did. After a few moments, Bill reached under Hermione to undo her bra, and he worked the top half of her clothing off her. Hermione's eyes snapped open when she was finally exposed to him. She felt the nerves creep up on her, but Bill seemed to be able to feel it too. He grabbed her hands, bring them to his shirt and encouraging them to lift his shirt over and off him.

Hermione took in a shirtless Bill. He had a good body, a nice refined body. He didn't have any scars, not like his face, but either way that wouldn't have mattered to Hermione.

"You're hot," Hermione blurted out. Her eyes widened, and her cheeks reddened. She felt like a lovesick teenager. That probably wasn't too far off the mark.

"You're hot too," Bill replied, humour in his tone. He moved his mouth back to breasts, this time, it was skin on skin and the sensation was unbelievable. Hermione moaned at his touch, the hot breath against her nipples. They were hard, needing to be touched. After a few more moments of Bill's pleasurable touch, he moved down her body.

Bill slowly worked out her trousers, touching her over the material of her knickers before he took them off too. Hermione felt nervous, but she was also aroused and excited by the whole thing. He was taking care of her, going slow and allowing her time to adjust to each new pleasure before he moved on. Now with her knickers off, Bill had moved his lips to her center, tasting her pussy as his tongue swirled and then dipped inside of her. It had been an unbelievable new pleasure. Hermione felt herself get wet at the pleasure he gave her, and Bill was pushing her further and further towards an edge Hermione never knew existed.

"Let it happen, Hermione," Bill instructed before his mouth went back to exploring her pussy. His tongue dipped inside her once more, before he moved to her clit and sucked, hard. It was all Hermione need, calling out his name in a long and pleasure filled moan.

It took Hermione a few minutes to come back to her senses, and she opened her eyes to see Bill crouched over her, a shit-eating grin on his face. He had been really good, and he knew it. Hermione never felt nervous anymore, she felt needy and wanted him. Bill had brought so much pleasure to her, and she wanted to do the same thing for him.

Bill whispered a spell and the rest of his clothing vanished. Hermione's eyes widened at the sight of his cock. She hadn't seen one, except for books of course. She had no idea about the size, but to her, it looked big, a lot bigger than she had expected.

"Relax," Bill instructed, moving his body over hers. He rested his weight on his left forearm, his other going down to line his cock up with her pussy. With his eyes on hers, Billy slowly teased the head against her entrance. "It'll hurt for a few moments," Bill warned her. "Your body will clench up, but once you relax it'll be okay, and it won't hurt as much. It might hurt for a while, but I'll go slow until you're feeling all right. Are you with me, Hermione?"

Hermione couldn't find the words to talks, so she nodded. At her agreement, Bill slowly pushed forward, so the head was inside her. Hermione felt the pain at her body being stretched, but he wasn't very far in. Just then, to her surprise Bill thrust into her body, most of his dick going inside her. Hermione felt the sting of her virginity being taken, but she was

grateful Bill had done it quickly. Drawing out the moment would have just made her fear grow.

The pain of him being inside her throbbed and Hermione tried to relax her body, but it was hard. Bill peppered her face with kisses and held still, allowing her time to relax and adjust. After a few moments, Hermione had felt herself relax enough for him to continue. Bill moved in a slow rhythm, going slow on her hurting body. It felt go too and slowly the pain was replaced with pleasure.

"I'm okay," Hermione said to him, their eyes meeting. Bill started to move faster at her words, deeper. He wasn't going too fast, but just enough to allow an inexperienced woman the pleasure and signs of how good sex could be in the future. Eventually, Bill tensed up and came inside her body. The pleasure and pain was all still too new for Hermione to come with him inside. Bill, however, didn't want to be defeated and pulled out of her, his hand venturing down to make Hermione come once more.

Afterwards, they lay together, kissing and smiling as they enjoyed the new and exciting feeling of being lovers.

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"Are you okay?" Bill asked Hermione as they made their way down a corridor at St. Mungo's. They had made love an hour ago. Bill had wanted Hermione to wait, to give her body a chance to rest, but she had other ideas. She refused to nap until she knew Fred was on his way to getting better. So, she got out of bed, had a quick showered and then they both dressed and left for the hospital.

"I'm okay, sore, but I'm managing," Hermione told him. She tightened her hold on his hand, fighting the nervousness growing within her. She knew the Weasley family would know what Bill and Hermione had been up to. They all knew about the pack bond and it was embarrassing.

"Don't worry," Bill said, trying to reassure her. He led them to the room Fred was in and pushed the door open.

Everyone was there, including Harry. George sat on his twin's bed, tears in his eyes. Fred looked a lot worse; his body was shutting down, and he was dying. They all knew it. Everyone's eyes fell to Hermione and Bill, with all of them sensing what was about to happen. Without a word, they all got up and made their way past Bill and Hermione. Mrs. Weasley and Ginny both touched the pair as they passed, a comforting gesture. Ron, however, barely looked at them as he exited the room. The only people remaining was Charlie, George, and a dying Fred.

"Done?" Charlie asked, his eyes on the pair. With Bill's nod, the dragon tamer pulled out his wand and cut across his palm. They didn't have time to wait; Fred was getting worse by the second.

Like last time, they all cut across their palms. Bill used his wand to cut Hermione's, and she walked to each person, sharing her blood with theirs. Bill was first, then she moved to

Charlie, George and then turned to Fred.

George gave her a weak nod of encouragement, cutting his twin's palm and then holding the hand out towards Hermione. She met her hand with his, her gaze on Fred's face.

After it was done, they all took a seat and waited. Nothing happened at first. Ten minutes passed and finally, Fred's breathing started to improve. He was still very ill, but he had improved slightly, and it was giving them all encouragement that he could make it through.

"It's working!" George called, a small smile appearing on his face. He moved towards the bed, his hand going to his twins. "Can you hear me Forge? You're okay. Snake face is dead, and you're going to get better. We're both too stubborn to give up. Aren't we Freddie?"

The look on George's face broke all their hearts. He looked determined with the slight flicker of hope from his twin. No one had the heart to tell him it wasn't working enough. They had all expected for Fred to stabilize, but he had barely improved. He was just well enough that he wasn't on the path to death, yet.

"You two okay?" Charlie asked, moving closer. He placed an arm around Hermione, pulling her into his side in a comforting gesture.

"We're okay," Hermione replied, her eyes still on Fred. "It could take time, right?" Her eyes went to Bill, who didn't look so hopeful. He shook his head, not wanting to voice the words in front of an excited and encouraged George.

"We have plenty of time to wait and hope," Charlie offered. He pressed a kiss to Hermione's head and then left them to go and tell the rest of his family what had happened. Within a few moments, the rest came in, looking just as hopeless as when they had left. Everyone had been putting their hope on the bond working, but they all knew it hadn't worked as well as they hoped.

"Maybe it's because he's not part wolf?" Mr. Weasley questioned, his eyes on Bill. "Maybe that's why the bond isn't strong enough."

Bill's eyes went to his father's, and he seemed to be thinking about it. "Both the twins are part of the bond; their connection should have made it even stronger. Fred's too sick for us to attempt to do what I did with Charlie."

"But you could do it to me," George said, startling everyone. No one had been aware he was even listening. "You could bite me, do what you did to Charlie. I won't turn like him, but it might be just enough to make the pack stronger."

"It's not enough," Bill said with a shake of his head. "It wouldn't increase the strength of the bond by much. Plus, it's new, it might take time for us to get it stronger."

"What about a real werewolf?" Ron said. He had taken a seat in the corner of the room, away from Hermione and his brothers. He had been watching his brother but hadn't offered any comments so far. "What about the twins' connection?"

Charlie had shaken his head before he said, "That was a joke the two of them played on you Ron, they can't feel each other's pain."

"I can feel his emotions," George said, his tone dropping as he finally realised the bonding hadn't worked. "Will it work? I'll try anything?"

"No George," Bill said, his eyes fixed on the sad twin. "It's too risky and we have no guarantee that it would even work."

George never spoke, he watched his twin for a few more seconds before turning and walking out the door, leaving them all behind in shock. George hadn't left Fred since the moment it happened.

"Give him time," Mrs. Weasley said, lifting a handkerchief to dap away the tears at her eyes.

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George stared at the man in front of them; both had a glass of muggle bourbon in their hand. The drinks hadn't been touched, though. The tension in the room was thick and George was to blame; he had asked the unthinkable from a man that had already lost so much tonight.

"You know I could end up turning you?" Remus asked, moving forward to put the drink on the table. "I've never bit anyone George; I pride myself on the fact I've never hurt anyone despite my condition. I made a promise with my friends, all of whom I've lost."

"You won't turn me, even if you did I wouldn't care," George replied. "He's my brother; I'd do anything for him. We need a stronger pack to save him. It's the only way."

Remus didn't look convinced. He picked up the glass and downed it in one. The bitter taste didn't even effect his numb emotions. "I've watched my mate die tonight," Remus said, his voice growing angry. "My wolf is closer to the surface than it has ever been. If you want me to do this, I need you to prepare yourself for the fact you might turn each month. You might have to go through all that, and your brother might not even survive. I've never heard of the pack bond being used to save someone's life. It's a risk, but it's your choice."

"You're not the only wolf I can ask," George pointed out. "If you won't do it, I'll go and find someone who will. Fred and I are brothers, twins, and best friends. I'm not doing this without him. It's your choice, and I won't make you do something you don't want to. I will, however, save my twin."

"Fine," Remus said sending George a glare. "Drink that, all of it then tell me where you want the mark to be. Prepare yourself; it will hurt."

Chapter 8: Chapter Eight

Chapter Summary

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the death eater's clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Beta: Credit to my wonderful beta historygirl1863 for doing a fantastic job.

Note: I'm on tumblr, check me out at [mrsmarauders . tumblr . com](https://mrsmarauders.tumblr.com) where you can get questions answered, chapter previews and more! I would love to speak with you all so just drop me a message. Fic recs included!

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Hermione stood around the grave with the rest of the Weasley family. It had been the third funeral that week Hermione had attended. All of them meant something to her, but this one hurt a lot more for because she could see the pain on the Weasley family's faces. Bill and Charlie stood either side of Hermione throughout the funeral, both of them clutched her hand tightly. They all cried as Percy's body was laid to rest. It was a beautiful and heart-wrenching ceremony for them all. Ginny got up and read out a poem, breaking down half way through. Harry got up and joined Ginny, finishing off the poem before he carried his girlfriend back to the seats.

After the ceremony was over, they all returned to the Burrow for a drink. The family was quiet, and the tension in the room was thick.

Fred was still in the hospital but a doing a lot better after what George had done. Bill, Charlie, and George had all had a rather heated argument once they found out about George going to Remus. They were all furious with each other. They could understand why George had done it, but Bill was angry that his younger brother had put himself in harm's way.

Hermione sat down on the couch, next to George. His two older brothers hadn't spoken to him much since his return from Remus' house. They were upset and worried for him. They had no way of knowing if George would turn on the next full moon.

Hermione reached over; her hand covered George's, and she gave it a gentle comforting squeeze. George glanced her way, a soft smile on his face at her action.

"I'm proud of you," Hermione told him, her voice low, so the others didn't hear. She knew they were only upset with George because they loved him, but that wasn't the point. "I would have done the same thing for Harry, if I had no other choice."

"It worked," George said with a shrug. "Freddie gets out of the hospital in a few days' time. I don't regret what I did. We needed more wolf power in the pack, and I provided it. They'll come around." George nodded in the direction of Charlie and Bill. His older brothers were sat together on a seat across the room talking together quietly.

"Give them another day or two and I'll bang their heads together if they haven't come to their senses." Hermione offered. She squeezed his hand again, and he returned the gesture.

"Fred's asking to see you," George told her. "You haven't been since he woke up. I told him what we did. I got wrong off him, but he got over it in the end. He wants to see you, though."

Hermione swallowed then nodded. She wanted to see Fred. She had given the whole Weasley family some space to be together with Fred and grieve over the loss of Percy. Another more major reason behind Hermione's distance had been Angelina. The beautiful black woman from the twins' year had come to Fred's bedside crying a few hours after Hermione got there. Hermione hadn't realised they were dating until she turned up, neither had Charlie or Bill. It had been an uncomfortable situation, so Hermione excused herself, returning home to bathe and sleep.

George seemed to know the real reason, and he gave Hermione a wink before standing. "Come on Granger, it won't be as bad as you're expecting," George said, holding his hand out towards Hermione. She took his hand and stood.

Charlie and Bill both nodded in their direction, a sign of approval and forgiveness towards George.

"Keep tight hold of her Georgie," Charlie joked. "Or she might end up in the St Mungo Library."

"There's a library?" Hermione asked, causing everyone else to laugh.

George apparated with Hermione to the hospital and led her towards Fred's room. She had tight hold of his hand still, nervous to see the other man that hadn't had a choice in the pack bond. She knew George had done it to save his brother's life, but Fred had been forced into it. They had saved his life, but it was a cost the twin was going to have to pay for the rest of his life. Fred couldn't be part of Angelina's life unless he brought her into the pack. Bill had mentioned it before but said it was rare to have two females in a pack that was so small. Fenrir had Bellatrix and wanted Hermione because his pack consisted of over twenty wolves.

"Relax Granger," George said with a smile. He pushed the door open and walked inside, releasing Hermione's hand.

Fred was sat up in the hospital bed, bent over a table scribbling down something on a notepad. He looked up at the sound of the door and gave them both a smile. He didn't look great, but he looked a lot better than when Hermione had last seen him.

"Everything go okay?" Fred asked his twin. "I wish I could have been there."

"It was fine," George replied, moving over to his brother. "You were mentioned; people knew why you weren't there. Percy would have understood. I brought you a visitor."

Fred turned his gaze to Hermione and he assessed her for a few moments before speaking. "Hey wifey," Fred joked. He moved his legs, offering a space for her to sit on the bed.

Hermione moved over, taking a seat on the end as she gathered the nerve to speak. She couldn't believe how much better Fred was. He was about to die the last time she had seen him. Now, he was sat up in bed recovering. He was a long way from being fine, but he was getting there.

"You look a lot better," Hermione told him.

"You look a lot worse," Fred countered, earning a warning look from George. "Don't look at me like that Gred. She's supposed to be cared for by the four of us. Don't tell me you three haven't a clue what to do with a woman without my help."

"Bill and Charlie have been busy with the funeral; mom didn't have the heart to face it. I should have looked after her Forge, my fault," George admitted. His eyes fell to Hermione with an apologetic look in them. "It's been a rough week for us all. We'll be better looking out for you. "

Fred smiled, his eyes going back to Hermione and moved over her body. "You okay? Eating alright?"

Hermione frowned at the question but nodded. She wasn't exactly doing anything alright. Between the funerals, the funeral announcements, and the sleepless nights, she hadn't had a good day since the war ended.

"We're meant to look out for you," George explained, seeing her confusion. "We all have this protective instinct for you now. Must be a pack thing. We know you don't need anyone looking after Granger, but it's just pack instinct to protect the female."

"It's a lot more alert inside us now we've all see those bags under your eyes," Fred continued. "We're going to be okay, and you know that, right?"

Hermione smiled at the twins. They were mature, a lot more grown up than when she had last seen them, before the Horcrux hunt. It surprised her, but it probably had a lot to do with the new pack bonding and Fred's near death experience. "I know it will be, I understand," Hermione replied, looking between the twins. "It's going to take a while for everything to

settle down and after that maybe all of us need to get together and talk about what to do? We didn't have much time to plot and plan, but I'd really like organise everything eventually. I've made some notes on ideas for us."

"Of course, you have," George laughed.

"Wouldn't expect anything less," Fred agreed.

"We'll have a word with Charlie."

"And Bill, sort this out, and we'll get together."

Hermione nodded in agreement. They needed had to sit down and talk about it. They all had made a commitment. Hermione was the only woman they were able to have a relationship with. She didn't know them that well and wanted to spend time with them all.

For the next few hours, they played games, including exploding snap. The twins kept cheating, but Hermione was quick to catch them and point it out. After a while Charlie appeared in the doorway, telling them he was talking their witch home for some food and rest. The twins agreed, wanting her settled and looked after. They all called goodbye and Hermione pressed a kiss to both their cheeks before leaving with Charlie.

Charlie led Hermione of the ward and to the bottom floor. Normally people just went to the apparition points at the end of each ward, but Charlie led them to the main reception, towards the international apparition points.

"Charlie?" Hermione questioned as Charlie led her over.

"Bill's staying at the Burrow, looking after mum and Gin. None of them are doing too well today. I know George won't want to leave Fred's side after today, but he would have for you. I volunteered to take you to mine," Charlie replied. He stopped them just short of the apparition point as they spoke. "I've got a small cabin in Romania. It's in the dragon reserve as you probably know. Nothing fancy and it's a bit cramped, but I thought you might have wanted some time away from the Burrow. I didn't imagine you were a people person during grief. Your choice though Granger, it's up to you."

Hermione was both taken back and grateful for his reply. She knew the Weasleys' were going to need time together, so she had planned to go home. She didn't want to crowd the Burrow, and there wasn't much she could do tonight, except for getting in the way. "I don't want you to be away from your family at a time like this, Charlie. I'll go home, and you can spend time with them. It's a lovely gesture, but I'm a big girl, and I can take care of myself for the night," Hermione explained.

A small smile appeared on Charlie's face as he reached for Hermione. He grabbed her hand and pulled her closer, his hands going around as they hugged. He held her tightly, his lips going to her ear as he lowered his voice. "Between you and me, I'm not much of a people person in grief either," Charlie whispered. "Thank you though, pet. Let's wallow in our grief together, yeah?"

Hermione nodded, holding Charlie together to her before they released and made their way to the international port.

Charlie had given Hermione a quick look around the dragon reserve, promising to give her a look in the baby dragon cave once the morning had broken. It was getting late and the night shift had started. Many of the dragon keepers waved at Charlie as he passed; some nodded their heads in respect of what he'd gone through that day.

Once they got to the small cabin, Charlie showed her around. It was very small, with only one bedroom and a small shower room. It was nice, though, perfect for a guy like Charlie who had been a bachelor for years. At least, she thought he had been a bachelor for so many years. Before this, Hermione didn't know very much about Charlie's life, apart from his location and job.

They had a snack, something light because neither of them were up for cooking. Then, Charlie led Hermione to his room. He walked over to his draws and rummaged through, eventually pulling out a black shirt and threw it onto the bed in Hermione's direction.

"I don't get pants too?" Hermione smiled, grabbing the shirt.

"You're no fun Granger," Charlie laughed. "Mine are all too long for you. You can roll them up if you want?"

"No, it's okay," Hermione dismissed. She left the bedroom, going to the shower room to change. She knew it was silly, but she hardly knew Charlie, and she wasn't confident enough to change in front of him. Hermione took her clothes off, putting the shirt on. She left her knickers on but pulled off her tight fitting bra. She didn't have to worry about Charlie; he was a good guy, and Hermione wouldn't be able to sleep with it digging into her the whole night.

Returning to the room, Hermione gasped at the sight of a naked Charlie. He had his back to her as he pulled out a pair of boxers from the bottom draw. Hermione blushed red, her eyes widening in shock as she took in his body. He had a lot of marks on his back, but they were faint. There was a dark reddish scar on his side, but it wasn't very visible from Hermione's angle. That was probably the mark that Bill had mentioned when Charlie had nearly died from a dragon tail to the gut. Her eyes dropped lower taking in his muscular arse. He was very fit. He probably had to be to deal with dragons every day. Hermione quickly came to her senses and spun around to face the wall.

"I'm so sorry Charlie," Hermione said, her voice catching.

Charlie chuckled, "Don't worry Granger. If you wanted a peak, you could have asked." He pulled on a pair of black boxers and turned around to face her. "I'm decent now; you can look."

Hermione turned, and her breath caught again, this time for a different reason. Charlie was bare-chested, and his mark was on full display. Mark was the wrong word. It stretched across the bottom of his stomach, it was thin but looked like it had at one time been very deep. Her eyes moved up to see that Charlie was watching her, trying to gauge her reaction.

"It's the reason Bill bit me," Charlie explained. "We got a dragon someone had beaten since it was young. Once it got older, of course, it managed to kill the guy. But he used to torture the poor beast. With so many people about, it got scared and wiped a few of us out when we tried to move it here."

"That poor creature," Hermione expressed, her eyes going to his. She watched him for a few moments before she unbuttoned three of the lower buttons of the shirt. Hermione pulled it up to reveal her side. It had a few thin red lines. There weren't many, but they were easily visible in the light. Bill hadn't noticed them, but the bedroom had been dark the night they had been together. "I got stung by Dolohov the night Sirius died." She gestured towards the wound dug into her forearm. "And of course, you know what happened to my arm."

"You're flashing your knickers at me, and you expect me to notice any marks on your body?" Charlie joked. He smiled at her, though, an understanding passing between the two. The marks didn't matter, they never would.

They both climbed into bed and Charlie pulled Hermione against his body. She rested against his chest, one of his arms wrapped around her shoulders protectively.

Within moments, they were both fast asleep.

Late the next morning, Hermione woke to Charlie wrapped around her. They had moved during the night, and he was spooning her. One of his arms were wrapped around her front, his morning erection pressing against her hip. She knew it was a natural response for a man, but it was still shocking to wake up to.

"Mornin'," Charlie muttered, his voice weak with sleep. He pulled her tighter to him and chuckled. "I see it's an even better morning for something else too. Sorry about that Granger."

Hermione turned in his hold, but Charlie still kept his hold on her, so she ended up close to him. Their eyes had met for several heartbeats before their lips met in a kiss.

Charlie moved a hand to the back of her head, bring her close as he deepened the kiss. Hermione kissed him back, her hands going to his hair. It was shorter than the rest of the Weasleys' by a few inches. It was a lot shorter than Bill's had been.

Gently, Charlie rolled them, so he was on top, his weight braced either side of her. Their lips were still locked in a fierce embrace. A mix of emotions were going through them both, passion, want, grief and pack instinct.

A few moments of intense kissing, Charlie pulled back. One hand reached up and tucked a strand of her hair behind her ear, a soft smile on his face. Without a word between them, he moved his hand down to the soft curve of her breast. His hand held her side, but the thumb reached up to move softly against the peak of her nipple.

"Just this," Charlie promised her. He must have picked up the nerves that ran through her. She wasn't ready yet, not for anything more.

Charlie knew she was worth much more than being passed around the four men. They all desired her because of the bond, but they all respected her just as much.

"I'm glad I got to spend this night with you," Hermione told him. Her hand was in his hair, stroking through the soft short strands of ginger hair. "Especially after the eyeful, I got last night."

Hermione giggled at her boldness and Charlie laughed along with her. His thumb froze on her nipple.

"You think that's funny Granger?" he asked, pulling back. "Dear Merlin, we've corrupted you already, haven't we?"

"You and Bill have had your fair share of corrupting me already. If Bill hadn't, your flashing certainly would have," Hermione said, trying to keep a straight face.

Charlie moved up to sit against his thighs, straddling Hermione. He kept his weight off her, but she couldn't move. With an evil glint in his eyes, he reached for her sides and began to tickle her.

"Oh god! I'm sorry!" Hermione squealed before breaking into a fit of giggles.

I've got up to chapter 17 written so far, so updates will keep coming until I catch up with myself or need a break to write more. So more coming real soon!

Please review!

Up next: The Pack make some tough decisions and the twins take Hermione on a trip

Chapter 9: Chapter Nine

Chapter Summary

In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the death eater's clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Beta: Credit to my wonderful beta historygirl1863 for doing a fantastic job.

Note: I'm on tumblr, check me out at [mrsmarauders . tumblr . com](https://mrsmarauders.tumblr.com) where you can get questions answered, chapter previews and more! I would love to speak with you all so just drop me a message. Fic recs included!

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Hermione stared in front of the mirror, assessing her outfit. She had on jeans, her good pair, and a grey cotton cardigan that clung just right to accentuate her curves. She had never been someone that took too much notice of her looks, but today was an important day. She wanted to look nice, but not overly dressed like she'd put too much effort into it. Hermione didn't want them to know she had spent the entire three days after Percy's funeral thinking of this event.

With everything in place, Hermione grabbed her wand and her purse, then made her way over the floo. She grabbed some powder and called out Shell Cottage.

She landed gently in Bill's floo and climbed out. After dusting herself down, Hermione made her way to the kitchen.

Everyone was already there and waiting. The twins were on one side with Charlie and Bill seated together on the other side. There was a space at the top of the table which Hermione

was her seat.

"Morning love," Bill greeted, a smile on his handsome face.

"You okay pet?" Charlie asked, his eyes full of concerns. The dragon keeper was too good at picking up emotions.

"I'm fine," Hermione lied, moving around to take her seat. She returned a smile to the twins before glancing around the table hoping someone else would start the conversation.

They had all decided they needed to get together and talk about their situation. It had happened so fast that no one had a chance to plan for it. They were living apart, and the bond between them was suffering because of it. They were a pack and packs were meant to stay together. The twins weren't as bad as they had each other close by, but being away from Hermione for so long was apparently making them moodier than usual. Hermione had a hard time imagining the twins moody at all.

Bill took the lead as the alpha, "Right, thought it would be best to have a chat about everything. We need to work out what we're going to do. The bond's made and we can't break it. I don't want to break it, and I don't think anyone at this table is too upset with how things turned out. I know all of our homes are too small, so maybe we need to look into somewhere else to live, together."

"We can rent the flat out," George offered. "Moving won't be a problem on our end."

"I know you're all based here so it'll be me that gets the brunt of the moving troubles," Charlie confessed. He looked over at Bill, hoping his brother had a solution. They all knew Charlie had a passion for dragons, and there weren't any big reserves in England. None of them could ask him to give up his dream job. "Any ideas big bro?"

"Well," Hermione answered instead. She pulled out a notepad, fully prepared for the talks today. All four boys laughed at the sight of it. They wouldn't have expected anything less from their Hermione. "I've read about international floos. We can get special permission from the wizarding minister and try to get an international floo in the house. The house has to be on a list which has certain places where the earth magic is stronger. I'm sure if we explained to Kingsley, he wouldn't mind. Plus, you could always keep your cabin Charlie, stay there if you have a late night or something. We all understand the strains of your job."

"Sounds like a great idea," Charlie replied. "Brilliant, Granger. I'll have a word with him this week and try to get it in place. I don't want to keep coming from the Ministry or St. Mungo's each night. The journey would be too much every day."

"Sounds like one problem out the way," Bill agreed, his gaze then shifted to Hermione. "The other one is your department love, bedrooms."

"Bedrooms?" Hermione replied. She hadn't thought of that one. "I'm not sure; I never thought about it."

"Whatever you feel comfortable with, it's your choice," Fred told her.

"No pressure," George put in.

"George and I are good at sharing," Fred said then sent a wink at Hermione flirtatiously. "If bedrooms become a problem, I'm sure we could share."

"How about four then?" Charlie offered. He was trying to take some embarrassment away from Hermione, and she was definitely grateful for his effort. "One for the twins and one each for the rest of us. You can have a queen bed. What bed you go to will be your choice each night. We will all learn to share, plus you get your time alone if you need it."

"Five bedrooms," Fred corrected, his eyes flashing with trouble. He looked a lot better now he was out of the hospital. Fred had more colour on his face, and he appeared was healthier. He still had to take it carefully, but he was getting there.

"Ah, yes." George agreed, looking at his twin.

"Why five?" Hermione asked, watching the twins.

"A library." the twins spoke together. They smiled at her, and everyone laughed.

"Yes, put that on the list," Bill chuckled, his finger tapping Hermione's paper. "We could always stick a bed in the library if we struggle to get five."

They went on to go over the minor details of their living arrangements. They discussed money, where they wanted to live and what kind of house they wanted. The boys also took the time to ask Hermione about her career, asking what she wanted to do now the war was over. They all knew she was smart and determined; she could never be a stay at home wife like their mother, and the boys would never expect her to be. Eventually, they moved on to more serious matters, the fact that Fenrir, Bellatrix, and the Lestrangle brothers were still on the loose. Bill went over ways to reinforce the home and ordered all of them to up their security at their current homes that evening. They all wanted the death eaters caught, but it was slow going as the wizarding world took great effort to rebuild itself after the destruction of the war.

"Before we go," Fred interrupted, just as his brothers and Hermione were about to stand.

"George and I were talking, planning really."

"The world's been in such a mess," George went on. "Thought it was time to celebrate what we've overcome."

"Plus the fact we've taken a bonding."

"Yeah, plus that."

"You mean a party?" Hermione asked. She hadn't even thought about it, but the twins were right. Maybe a party to celebrate Voldemort's death was a good idea to lift everyone's spirits. They all needed some good news for a change.

"Got it one, Hermione," George smiled. "We've got everything sorted for tomorrow night. We have it all set up for our house."

Fred continued, "Of course it'll end up as a street party as the numbers grow. I'm sure a lot of people would like a chance to let loose a bit."

"Sounds like a great idea, Fred, George," Bill answered. "I'm sure we'll all do well with a bit of stress relief."

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The next night Hermione was dressed up and ready for a party. She had spent the afternoon with Ginny as both girls got ready at the Burrow. Ginny had pulled out a blue patterned dress from Hermione's wardrobe and threw it in her direction. It was pretty, one her mother had picked out two years ago.

When it came for the time of the party, the girls made their way to the floo along with Harry, Ron, Molly, Arthur, and Luna. The blond had been spending a lot of time over the Burrow with Ron, and she seemed to be the perfect distraction Ron needed to focus him away from Hermione and his brothers.

They arrived at an already packed house. The party was in full swing with what looked like the survivors of the battle crammed inside the twin's apartment. Lee Jordan, Katie Bell, and Neville Longbottom were all near the floo when they arrived. They all smiled, and Lee indicated towards the kitchen. They couldn't hear him due to the music booming from the corners of the room.

Hermione and Ginny made their way to the kitchen, leaving the others behind. They made their way through the crowd of people to discover Fred, George and Angelina stood around talking together. Angelina was stood between the twins, whispering into their ears due to the loud music.

"It's nothing," Ginny shouted to Hermione, holding the girls hand. The words caught the twins' attention, and they both looked up to see their sister and Hermione.

Fred whispered something and put a hand on Angelina's shoulder, squeezing it gently before moving towards Hermione alongside his twin. They reached Hermione, grabbed her shoulders and carefully tugged her around to lead her out of the kitchen. They led her out of the apartment, down the stairs and onto the street where even more people were. Hermione quickly spotted Charlie, crowded around a table downing a load of shots with friends.

It was a lot quieter without the music, but there was still plenty of noise with people talking and singing.

"You okay, Granger?" Fred asked, watching her carefully. They had distant between them, but both the twins saw the flash of hurt in her eyes when she had seen Angelina with them.

"It's not like you think," George put in.

"We dated," Fred admitted. "Obviously broke it off when I woke up. I explained things, and she gets it. Nice bird Angelina, but don't go reading into things too much."

George reached for Hermione's hand and gestured towards Charlie's table. "Let's have some fun, Granger. Have fun for the night and you two can talk about Ang and all that later."

The twins made their way over to the table, and Charlie quickly spotted Hermione. He flashed her a grin before moving over so she could share his seat.

The twins grabbed a few bottles, mixed a few drinks together and pushed a shot each in the direction of Charlie and Hermione.

"I don't think so," Charlie said with a smirk towards his brothers. "I don't trust either of you."

"Would we hurt Granger?" Fred asked. George smirked at his brothers' words; that wasn't really helping Charlie and Hermione's confidence in the Twins.

Hermione knew better than Charlie; she knew they wouldn't prank her. They never really had, even at Hogwarts. Grabbing the glass, she downed it. It burnt her throat on the way down and left a bitter taste in her mouth. She opened her mouth to complain, and a voice that wasn't hers came out. She was singing, in a high pitched opera voice. It was beautiful and most certainly not Hermione.

The whole table laughed, and Charlie quickly downed his, getting the same result except his song voice was a deep opera tone.

The twins grinned at the table and then went to work mixing more drinks for other people, all of them ending in a cry of laughter from the table.

A few hours later the party had started to wind down. Most people had ended up drunk and went off home or to the local pub. The twins had cleared out their flat, but there were still a few people partying in the streets. Hermione had remained behind in the flat, sat on the couch feeling slightly dizzy from all the alcohol she had consumed. She had never been a drinker, but tonight had been a celebration. Hermione had drank for the lives lost, for the people they had saved and for how amazing the world was going to be Voldemort free.

"Looking a little dizzy there, Granger," Fred said, taking a seat next to her. George sat on her other side, grinning at her like a Cheshire cat.

"Not a little," Hermione protested. "I think you two mixing drinks is a very bad idea."

George laughed, placing a hand on Hermione's thigh. "Letting loose is a good thing. You looked happy after a few of our cocktails."

Fred moved closer his hand going on her other thigh, "We can help with making you happy."

"Tell her Freddie," George encouraged, looking at his twin with a warning look. "Explain."

Hermione turned to look at Fred, but his gaze was fixed on his brothers. After a few moments, he turned away and to Hermione and let out a sigh.

"Ang and I are over," Fred told her. "We broke up when I came to my senses and could understand about the pack. She gets it. She wasn't happy, but she wants to be friends still."

There's nothing going on there."

"I never said there was," Hermione defended. However, she felt and looked relieved. She had been worried about what was going on with them when she had seen the twins with Angelina in the kitchen.

"We both saw your face earlier, love," George told her. "Kind of hard to miss what you thought was going on."

"But nothing is," Fred promised.

"Just friendship."

"I like you, Granger."

"We both do."

"So we're not going to mess up our chances of making you happy, understand?" Fred asked.

Hermione took a moment to think, her alcohol filled mind was making it hard work. "Yes, I do. Thank you for clearing that up."

The three of them spent a few hours talking until Hermione fell asleep. The twins carefully carried her to Fred's bed and climbed in either side of her. It was daybreak, so the twins fell asleep, along with their mate.

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Hermione woke up to something nuzzling her ear. A pair of lips were pressed against her neck, which quickly woke her out from her sleepy state.

George was on her right, nuzzling against her neck. His eyes were black; the same shade Bill's went when he was turned on. He pressed his nose into the crook of her neck, inhaling the scent of her.

"You okay, Georgy?" Fred asked from the other side of Hermione. He was on his elbow, looking over Hermione at his twin. There was a look of concern in the twin's gaze.

George moved away from Hermione quickly, his eyes closing as he lay flat against the pillow. He looked concerned, scared over his behavior. George's chest was heaving, and he ignored the calls coming from his twin on the other side of the bed.

Hermione quickly got over her shock of being in bed with both the twins. She was worried for George. The pack bonding had her wired to protect her boys. They were her mates; she was meant to look out for them as they were to look out for her. A painful need to help throbbed in Hermione's stomach.

"George mate," Fred spoke. He climbed out of bed, dressed in boxers and a black t-shirt. He moved round the other side of the bed next to his twin. George was still laying on his back,

eyes closed and breathing heavy. "Georgie, it's okay. It's the wolf. Besides, Granger didn't seem to be hating it any more than you were."

"I wanted to bite her," George admitted, his tone full of remorse and shock. "Mark her. Every time I see her, I want too."

"You're part wolf now mate, that's going to happen," Fred said, not looking at all surprised.

Hermione watched them, shocked at how upset George was. However, Bill had years to get used to being part wolf before he joined the pack. He had time to learn control on his instincts while George had days to get used to it. He was too new to all the instincts he had towards his brand new mate.

Sitting up, Hermione turned to the twins. She still had on her dress, but her shoes were gone thanks to the twins tucking her in bed that night. "It's natural George," Hermione said, trying to comfort him. She brushed her hair out of the way, exposing Bill's mark on her neck from their time together. "Bill bit me marked me. He said he felt like he had too. It didn't really hurt, and it kind of felt like..."

"Instinct," George offered, his gaze turning to Hermione. "I'm sorry, Granger. We put you in this bed with us because we kind of needed to be close to you, especially after being away from you for a few days. Never meant to have a grope, I swear."

"Speak for yourself, I was planning to the moment her eyes fluttered open," Fred joked, trying to break the tension.

Hermione laughed at Fred, then smiled at George. She had been busy and hadn't seen them that much of them except for that morning at the meeting. She needed to spend more time with all of them while they were house hunting. She needed to be close to all of the man because of the pack bond. Plus, she wanted time to get to know them before they moved in together.

"I might have been surprised to wake up in bed with you, and it might not have been my first choice had I been awake, but I know both of you too well to ever imagine you would take advantage of me," Hermione explained. "I feel the pack bond too. I like being around all of you. Out of the four of you, I know you two the most because of Hogwarts. I don't think it should be as awkward for us as it seems to be at the moment."

"We can work on that," Fred said, looking at his brother. "Can't we, George?"

"Yeah, we can work on it. Spend a bit more time together and break the tension," George said.

"How about Sunday?" Fred offered. "Dinner at the Burrow, then you can spend the night. In your own bed or ours, your choice Granger."

"We know which we prefer," George put in.

"Wouldn't want you getting cold during the night of course."

"Of course," Hermione repeated with a roll of her eyes. "Okay, but I'll decide where I'm spending the night."

"Just keep your options open, Granger," Fred requested. "You see under these shirts and I can't promise you'll be able to control yourself."

Fred's laughter was cut off by a pillow flying his way.

Chapter 10: Chapter Ten

Chapter Summary

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the death eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Beta:historygirl1863

Note: Just want to mention Slytherintamer had some requests for the story I wrote for her. Two of those were: 1) Ron doesn't become the focus and had to accept the bond or risk losing a brother. 2)Mrs. Weasley takes Hermione under her wing after saving her son's wanted to mention it in case anyone is hoping/dreading Ron being anger/ becoming a main feature. I used the Weasley love to get through these two points/requests.

Despite the plans for that Sunday, everything got cancelled when they heard the horrible news from Kingsley himself. He had gathered all the Weasleys (except for Ginny, who was with friends and hadn't replied to her owl), Harry and Hermione to the Burrow. He then delivered the news that Neville Longbottom had gone missing, and they were suspecting Bellatrix and the Lestrangle brothers. Everyone was devastated. Neville had come so far in his fight against the Deatheaters. He had fought bravely in the battle, made his grandmother proud with his courage. Now, the woman that had tortured his parents to insanity had him.

"We have to find him," Hermione said to Kingsley and the group. "We can't leave him with that woman. Are the Aurors onto it?"

Kingsley grimaced, he had been having a rough time of it since stepping up to the role of Minister of Magic. The world had been chaotic and Kingsley had his work cut out for him.

"I've put who I can on it, but there were a lot of deaths in the Auror department the last year," Kingsley's deep voice said. "I've been looking into hiring, but I've had other things on my mind, like burying so many of our dead."

"I'll help," Harry quickly offered, followed by Ron.

"I was going to make it an open invitation for you two for the Auror department. You would need training, but I wanted to give you time to relax before you helped. I'm sorry this has happened," Kingsley said.

"I want to help," Hermione offered. "I don't want to be an Auror, but I can research and see what I can come up with. There are a few tracking spells that could work too."

"Thank you, Miss. Granger," Kingsley replied. "You would be an asset to the investigation. As you can guess, finding Neville and the Lestranges is a priority in the ministry. There are no other cases until we bring that boy home."

Kingsley left a few moments later, having to go to a meeting to debrief the Aurors about the current progress. Ron and Harry went with him, hoping to help where ever they could. Everyone was devastated by the news of Neville, especially Mrs. Weasley who had been good friends with Neville's mother during the first reign of Voldemort.

"You okay, love?" Charlie asked, wrapping an arm around her waist. "I know it's bad news, but Longbottom is brave, and I'm sure he'll be alright."

"Might even bring us back a body of one of the Lestranges," Fred joked.

"After seeing him blow up that bridge and killing loads of Deathaters he'll probably bring back all three of them," George commented, trying to break the tension along with his twin.

Hermione smiled slightly at the twins as thanks for their kind gesture, but she didn't have the stomach to be in company. "I know I'm meant to be spending the night with you two, but do you mind if I go home and research? I just need some space to progress it all," Hermione asked.

The twins quickly agreed, offering to check up on her later. Bill pressed a kiss to Hermione's lips, telling her to be careful and owl him if she wanted or needed anything. Then, he went over to George and pulled him aside, walking into the garden with the troubled twin.

"Got Bill to have a word," Fred offered as explanation, seeing Hermione's concern.

"That's a good idea," Hermione agreed, relieved. She had been worried about George, but Bill would be able to set his younger brother straight.

"You're welcome to stay dear," Mrs. Weasley offered, looking concerned at Hermione.

"I need to work," Hermione replied. "Thank you though."

"See you later love," Charlie said, squeezing her shoulder as he passed. Fred winked and then hurried off to talk with his older brother Charlie. The pair laughed as they spoke about something and disappeared into the kitchen.

"I was concerned about how things would work out," Mrs. Weasley admitted. "I didn't want my boys fighting over one girl. I see I was wrong to worry, and I have to thank you for so

many things my dear."

"Mrs. Weasley it's nothing, they saved me from..."

Mrs. Weasley shook her head and cut Hermione off, "After saving my son's life, it's Molly. And, you saved each boy in a different way. Maybe you haven't seen it just yet, but you have changed their lives. I've never seen them four so close as they are now. What George did breaks my heart with worry, but he did it for his twin brother. What you did for Fred, a boy you didn't know too well, shows what a kind and lovely woman you are Hermione. I'm sorry if I never truly saw your value until now."

Hermione and Molly embraced, both of them drying the tears that fell from their eyes. Mr. Weasley was in the background, nodding proudly at his wife. Mrs. Weasley had been supportive of Hermione over the years, but it was family that truly brought the two woman together.

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After an emotional embrace and a few comforting words with Mrs. Weasley, Hermione had made her way back home. She spent her afternoon researching and trying to find information on tracking Neville. Hermione had never done a tracking spell before, but she knew the magic was considered very dark and dangerous. It took a lot of power to perform the spell, and Hermione hoped the use of the pack would be powerful enough to make it work. Hermione was determined to find Neville. She hadn't seen him that much since the end of the war and with the pack business going on. However, Ron, Luna and Ginny had seen a lot of him. Neville had started dating Hannah Abbott, at least that was what Ginny had said.

After an hour of pouring over the tracking spell, Hermione started taking notes. She needed a detailed plan of how to do it. It was risky magic, so she had to be careful about how they went about it. Just as Hermione was finishing up her notes, there was a crash from the direction of the hallway. The magic protecting the house wavered and Hermione felt the pull of her magic as her protection spells were strained. She had increased her protection after Bill's orders to the pack. They should have been imperishable except for a select few Hermione had allowed to come through.

At the sound of footsteps in the hall, Hermione relaxed. The spells were too strong for anyone other than a Weasley or Harry to enter.

Hermione set her things aside and stood, making her way to the doorway.

"I'm just finishing up on a spell I've heard about," Hermione explained to whoever was in the hall. Her guess was the twins, or at least one of them. They had mentioned checking on her before they went home. "I'll just make a few more notes than we can go to the Burrow."

Hermione turned back to her seat, picking up the notes and the spell book as the door opened. She glanced over her shoulder at the sound of the door, the smile on her face quickly dropped as she took in the person that stood there.

Rabastan Lestrangle was stood in her doorway. He looked terrible, a bit of beard from his time on the run from the Order and Aurors, he had dirty clothes and thick muddy boots. As well as all that, he had not one, but two wands in his hand as he pointed them both in Hermione's direction.

"Me and you, girl, are going on a trip to visit some friends," Rabastan told her. His eyes leered over her, a hungry glint in his eyes. "You've been naughty, and Fenrir is so pissed with you. Bet that arse will be blistered by the time he's through."

"How did you get in my home?" Hermione asked, her eyes fixed on him. She tried to keep still as she slowly moved her left arm back to reach for her wand which was lying on the seat of her chair just behind her.

"Stop," Rabastan order, apparently seeing her intentions. "Move forward to me or I'll knock you out. If I do that, I'll have no one around to tell me off for playing with the goods first, got me?"

Stiffly, Hermione nodded. She knew from the Malfoy Manor that Rabastan had wanted her, even before Fenrir, who was the alpha and was meant to go first.

"Good, now, come pet," Rabastan ordered.

Hermione's legs felt like lead as she tried to move them. Her mind was racing with ideas, but there was nothing she could think of. She had to get a call out to alert the others that something was wrong. They might not come looking for her anytime soon with most of them distracted by Neville's disappearance. It could be a day or two before they found out Hermione had vanished.

"I need to switch the alarm off," Hermione said. "I've got a muggle house alarm in here and if I don't switch it off before we leave it will send a message to my friends that I'm being burgled." Hermione hoped her lie would work. Rabastan was pureblood, and hopefully, he had little knowledge of what Muggle house alarms did.

The wizard looked at her, his eyes hard with no emotion. "Fine, turn it off, but leave your wand here," Rabastan told her. "The floo's here, the house door is charmed shut so no funny business, got it?"

Hermione nodded, tears in her eyes as she moved past Rabastan and out of the sitting room. The moment she was out of his site she went to the door, and it was indeed charmed shut. Hermione tried to apparate, but there must have been a spell on the house too because when she tried to apparate a throbbing started in her head and she felt a sharp sting to her forearm where Bellatrix carved the word 'Mudblood.'

"Dobby," Hermione whispered, her voice low. She was stood in the hallway, pretending to program her house alarm. Rabastan had opened the door and was now watching her.

Dobby appeared seconds later at the top of the stairs. The elf looked at her strangely then something seemed to click as he heard Rabastan's voice.

"Hurry up," Rabastan shouted. "If you're trying to send a message for help you're going to end up dead. Got it, girl?"

"No, nearly done," Hermione swore. She risked a glance to the stairs to see the house elf was now gone. All she could do now was hope the elf got a message to someone.

Rabastan didn't seem to take too well to her slowness and stomped down the hall in her direction. He had just reached her when Hermione heard a cat hiss and screech and a sharp cry from Rabastan. Crookshanks had jumped out from the kitchen and sank his claws into Rabastan's leg. The wizard screamed in agony and kicked the cat off, sending poor Crookshanks across the room. Luckily he landed on all four feet, and he arched his back, hissing at Rabastan.

"Stupid fucking animal," Rabastan growled raising his wand at the cat.

"No!" Hermione shouted reaching for the wand, but Rabastan was quicker and knocked her to the side, sending Hermione to the floor. She heard hisses and the sound of spells firing in the hallway, but she turned just in time to see Crookshanks flying up the stairs, away from the wizard trying to kill him.

"After I get you to them, I'm going to come back and skin that fucking animal," Rabastan warned her. His voice was dripping with venom, and he meant every word. He moved over to Hermione, grabbed her by the hair, and forced her to her feet. "No more games Mudblood, we're going to see some friends, and you're going to regret ever being born. I was nice until you set that fluffy rat onto me."

Rabastan led Hermione to the sitting room, and Hermione looked towards the couch to see her wand had gone. She should have known he would take it. It would have been useless anyway, by the time she could have reached for it Rabastan would have disarmed her. The only hope she had was Dobby getting a message out to come and help her.

"Right, I'm going to put my hand on your neck, and if you try anything I won't be blamed for snapping it, got me?" Rabastan asked, but didn't wait for the answer. He tugged her to the center of the room and tucked one of his wands away. "Now, shut up while I do this. These protections spells are a fucking pain in the arse to get through. After Fenrir has you, I'm next just to punish you for my damn headache."

"You won't get away with this," Hermione hissed at him, her eyes flashing with fury. She had to stall and give Dobby enough time to get help. She couldn't think of anything else though, and she was at a loss.

"Let's go," Rabastan said, his eyes closed. He had a tight grip on her neck, but nothing happened. They both waited for a few moments, and still Rabastan remained within the house. His eyes snapped open, and he glared down at Hermione. "What the hell did you do?"

"Nothing!" Hermione squeaked as he tightened the grip on her neck.

They both turned to hear a snap of fingers and in the doorway was Bill, George, and a happy looking Dobby. The house elf had hold of three wands, one of which was Hermione's.

"What the..." Rabastan said, but he never got the chance to reply. George flicked his wand, and the man went flying across the room, slamming into the wall. George had made sure to mutter a spell to release the man's grip on Hermione's neck first.

Bill advanced on Rabastan as George came to her side, a look of concern in the twin's eyes.

"You okay, Granger?" George asked, his eyes roaming her for any sign of damage. "Quick thinking with the elf."

"I figured he would have put a spell up to stop me leaving without him," Hermione explained. "Plus, this means we have one of them."

"Unless Bill kills him," George muttered, glancing at his older brother and Rabastan. Bill had the man against the wall, his hand tightly gripped on the man's throat. Rabastan was choking as Bill growled, the words were inaudible.

"Don't kill him, Bill," Hermione pleaded. She tried to take a step forward, but George wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her to his side. Hermione tried to tug away from him, but George refused and tightened his grip.

"Bill," George called. "He might know where Neville and Fenrir's pack are, keep him around for now, huh bro?"

Bill paused, his hand still on Rabastan's throat but he loosened it slightly, so Rabastan didn't die, yet. "Dobby, take Hermione to our brothers, George and I are going to have a chat with the man that likes to abuse young girls," Bill ordered. His eyes moved to George and the twin nodded, his eyes glittered with understanding.

"George I don't think that's a good..." Hermione started, but George cut her off.

"I'm okay," George swore to her. He stepped in front of her, his hand tilting her chin up to look at him and he lowered his voice. "Granger, I might be a bit different, but I'm still one of the fun loving pranksters you remember. Our alpha has a plan; I'll make sure he doesn't kill him. We don't need to tell Rabastan that, do we?"

Hermione paused, trying to decide. She knew George wouldn't let Bill kill him, especially if he had sworn not to. Bill was a bit of a loose cannon, she didn't know him as well as the twins, despite knowing him so intimately.

George's eyes flickered black, and he closed them to regain control. When he reopened his eyes, they were their usual colour. "Big bro's going to help me through this. This might be a good opportunity to work together, and I can learn some control over the wolf. Don't worry Granger; I won't get hurt, and I'll see you soon bookworm. Wait at the Burrow; we'll be there soon."

Then, George did something totally unexpected. He leaned in for a kiss; it was gentle and sweet. It was a quick kiss, but it meant something to Hermione. He wanted more with her, and he was going to learn control until he got that control, for her and his pack.

Hermione stepped back, her eyes going between her two boys before she grabbed Dobby's hand and vanished.

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Hermione arrived at the Burrow with Dobby, and she quickly thanked the free elf. He was grateful and asked her to call upon him at any time. When Dobby left, Hermione had to go into the Burrow and explain what had happened. Ron, Harry, and Ginny weren't there, but Fred, Charlie, Arthur and Molly had remained behind, unaware of the news.

As expected, the Weasleys didn't take to well to the news of the attack and Charlie jumped to his feet, along with Fred, to go and help their brothers. Arthur put a stop to it and stated he was going to go himself. Molly seemed hesitant, but they all knew Arthur would be the best one to go. He was more level headed at the moment and wouldn't let his sons go too far.

Afterwards, Charlie and Fred took Hermione up to the Twins' old room. They pulled her between them in bed and gently soothed her to sleep. Hermione felt safe, protected and cared for between her boys.

"You think George will be okay?" Charlie asked once Hermione had fallen asleep.

Fred looked conflicted, "He'll manage; now Bill's on the case. He's not used to being angry; he shocks himself sometimes. I can't imagine the feeling, so I'm not much help. He would be devastated if our mate here ever saw him lose control."

"Bill will help him," Charlie agreed. He reached over to stroke a hand down Hermione's face. He ran a finger gently over her nose. "Bill will look after his pack. He said that it helped to be with her. He feels more in tune with the pack."

"Think we will?"

"Maybe, hopefully, we'll get the chance to find out."

"George and I were talking about finishing up the twin bonding." Fred looked conflicted, worried about how his older brother would take the news. "Don't want to step on any toes, though. We're just curious. Might strengthen things too and help George with control."

"You might end up feeling his anger," Charlie warned. He shrugged, though, not bothered by the news. "If that's where Granger wants, Bill and I won't mind. We're all equal. If the bond thing makes you two feel better, I'm all for it if she is."

"Sex is supposed to be fantastic too, with us all more linked together."

"You lucky bastards," Charlie joked. "Once things settle down, we'll talk about it with the other two before you two decide, okay?"

"Yeah, Bill won't mind, though, will he?"

Charlie dropped his hand from Hermione's face, and his eyes went to Fred. "Bill has wanted this pack since he was bitten. He's felt like an alpha without a pack for many years, despite

not telling many people. If his pack is safe and happy, he'll have no problem agreeing to something for you two. He'll just want you to research how it affects the pack bond first."

"You know our Bill so well, huh?"

"Na, boring sod is just so predictable." They both laughed quietly, before settling down with their witch for some sleep before their brothers arrived.

Chapter 11: Chapter Eleven

Chapter Summary

In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the death eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Beta: Thank you to the wonder historygirl1863 for beta'ing this story.

Rabastan was taken into custody by Harry and Ron that very evening after the attack. The Death Eater had a few extra bruises, but nothing too serious thanks to the arrival of Mr. Weasley. He hadn't given up much, just a few choked out words that the Aurors were trying to put together. Hermione and the Weasleys didn't believe a word of it. He wouldn't give up his brother's location, not for anything.

Neville was still missing, and everyone was doing their best to look for him. Hannah Abbott had come to the Burrow one evening to thank them for their efforts. She looked very upset and hadn't stayed long. She was suffering greatly with Neville gone, everyone could see how much she loved him. However, despite all the effort nothing was working. Hermione had tried the tracking spell, but nothing had happened. She spent most of her time researching and coming up with new locations for Neville and the Death Eaters, and the Aurors had come very close to catching them thanks to Hermione's research and studies. She had provided them with an address of an old school, it was somewhere the Lestranges' had gone during the height of the war and killed a lot of people and kids. The school had then been abandoned, despite the war being over. The Aurors had tracked down the school but seemed to have just missed Neville and the Death Eaters. They had found a bit of blood from Neville and surprisingly, a bit of blood from Fenrir. It was fresh according to Remus' nose so they hadn't been gone long. At least that was some hope of Neville being alive, and it just spurred the search on. It was also a sign that Neville wasn't going to give up without a fight.

Eleven days after the incident in Hermione's flat, the Weasley pack had finally found a house they all agreed on. It was a good-sized house, with a large loft. It had four bedrooms, two bathrooms, and a large garden. It was much larger than the Burrow, but it wasn't anything near the size of the Malfoy Manor. It was a nice house, a good size for their new family.

Despite none of them saying it, the house was also perfect for in the future if they ever had kids. The loft was perfect for another bedroom, maybe even two.

The house was a bit on the old size, though, but that never bothered them. They got it for a decent price and with five of them chipping in for the deposit, the mortgage wasn't going to be a problem for a while with five of them helping.

Everything needed to be cleaned and painted, which was going to take some time. Hermione wanted to do the painting the muggle way because it lasted longer than just being spelled on. The boys weren't as keen on the idea, but they had eventually agreed.

That afternoon, Hermione had made a start on the kitchen, painting the walls as Bill and Charlie took up all the carpets. The twins were at the shop, stocking up for the rest of the week so they could take some time off to help with the house. Bill and George had taken an instant dislike to painting, because of the fumes of the paint making their nose itch. Charlie hadn't been that bothered by the smell, but his nose wasn't anywhere near as strong as Bill and Georges.

"Nice sized kitchen," Bill spoke from behind, his hands going to Hermione's hips as he leaned into her. "With five of us, we'll have to get a bigger fridge put in than that one. Four hungry boys to feed each day will take some work."

"That better not be a hint to what you expect my job to be, William Weasley," Hermione joked. She leaned into his touch as the alpha ran his hands down from her hips and to her thighs. He buried his nose into her neck, inhaling her scent.

"Hmm, your place is in bed with me," Bill replied. "Or with Charlie, or with the twins. You'll be too tired for any of that work nonsense."

Hermione rolled her eyes, and she would have turned to smack Bill if it hadn't of been for the paint brush in her hand. Bill, however, seemed to like her feisty and usually teased a reaction out of her. Hermione knew all of the men were happy for her to work, they couldn't have known her very well if they had expected her to stay at home in the kitchen.

"Well, seeing as you boys don't have a bed in here, it's going to be awfully lonely for the next few weeks," Hermione joked, pushing her hips back against him.

Bill still had his hands on her thighs and used one hand to unbutton her jean. The hand slipped inside, touching her over the lacy knickers she wore.

"Pet, who says we need a bed?" Bill chuckled against her hair. "I've got everything I need right here."

Hermione relaxed against him, her eyes closed as she enjoyed the feeling of Bill touching her intimately. She had only been to his bed once more since he had taken her virginity. She was still a bit shy about sex, but she was trying to feel more confident with it. With the other three, they had only kissed and touched so far. She was getting to know them more and more each day.

"My girl's getting wet," Bill whispered into her ear. His lips pressed to her throat as he pressed a finger into her, pushing her knickers aside. Hermione rocked against the touch, a moan escaping her. She was just enjoying the feeling of him touching her when she heard footsteps, Bill continued to touch her and didn't remove his finger at the sound of the feet.

Hermione panicked slightly, her hand going to Bill's arm to push him away when she saw Charlie standing in the doorway, a heated look in his gaze as he watched the two. Without a word, the second oldest Weasley made his way over and took the paint brush from Hermione's hand, setting it aside.

"You okay love?" Charlie asked, very close to her. He moved his lips close to hers, Bill was still thrusting a finger in and out.

"Yeah," Hermione said breathlessly. Her cheeks were pink with embarrassment, but she hadn't asked Bill to stop.

Charlie then leaned in, capturing her lips with his. His hand went to one of her hips, and the other felt the loose material at the bottom of her shirt. He pushed it up, his hand coming in contact with her warm stomach as he continued to kiss her.

"Relax pet," Bill whispered into her ear, adding a second finger as he worked her closer towards and orgasm. "It's only Charlie."

Hermione couldn't reply, with Charlie's lips on hers. The kiss was heated, full of passion and promises of what was to come for them in the future. Charlie's hand had inched up her stomach slowly until he came in contact with her bra. He didn't slip his hand under or try to undo it. Instead, he played with her breasts over the top of her bra.

The feel of them both stimulating her was pushing her even closer towards the edge of her orgasm. Hermione never expected to feel comfortable with one lover, never mind two at the same time. However, it felt right to be with them both. She felt connected to the two brothers, her pack.

Charlie gently cupped both her breasts through her bra, his finger and thumb going to the nipples to squeeze them gently over the material of her bra. as Bill continued to pump his fingers inside her. Bill used his thumb to stimulate her clit, and it was the final straw for Hermione. She came with a cry, a mumbled combination of both their names as the boys stuck close to her, not moving their hands as they helped her ride out the orgasm.

When Hermione had finally come down from her high, Bill withdrew his fingers the same time Charlie removed his from under her shirt.

Bill turned Hermione's head, pulling her into a kiss before releasing her for Charlie to do the same.

"I've got to go to the bank, work stuff," Bill explained. "You and Charlie okay here alone? Twins will be here in a few hours."

Hermione nodded, one hand on Charlie's arm to keep herself up and steady. She felt a bit light headed after that orgasm.

"I think Hermione and I have a handle on it," Charlie said, winking at Hermione. "Or you could say we're abreast of things, right Granger?"

Bill quickly took his exit as Hermione grabbed her paintbrush and attacked Charlie.

Later, after an hour of painting, Charlie popped out to the local muggle fish and chip shop for lunch. The house was right in the middle of a muggle town, and it was the perfect spot for Charlie to have an international floo.

"Let me take you out for dinner tonight," Charlie offered as he finished up his chips. "We can go somewhere fancy here or in Diagon Alley, and you're welcome to stay the night at mine."

"I would love to Charlie, but you're too late, I already have a date for tonight," Hermione replied. "I can do later this week, Friday?"

"Friday works," Charlie agreed. "That date better be ginger or there's going to be a pack outing for our first kill."

Hermione laughed, placing her empty plate on the concrete floor. "Actually, I have a date with two handsome gingers. Wish me luck, though, I was told to wear a few layers to keep warm."

Charlie raised an eyebrow then laughed, "I'm not even going to ask."

Hermione chuckled, "That's probably the right decision."

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A few hours later, Hermione was dressed in a nice pair of tight jeans, a cotton cardigan and coat. She had a scarf and some gloves in her bag as well. She wanted to be prepared for whatever the twins were up to that night. She had no idea where they were taking her. Britain was cold that day, but it wasn't snowing weather. It didn't require a few layers of clothing to keep warm,

Despite her hesitations, Hermione made her way out of the bedroom just as the doorbell went. She made her way to it and pulled it open to reveal a bundled up pair of twins. They had a mismatched set of scarfs and gloves, a thick jumper and a smile on both their faces.

"If this is some joke, I'm going to be a very unhappy date by the end of it," Hermione warned. The pair laughed and stepped inside when she moved back from the door.

"We wouldn't do that," Fred promised.

"We have a surprise," George offered.

"A good one."

"Hopefully a very good one."

"Ready to go Granger?"

Hermione eyed the pain and watched as George pulled out a watch with one of his gloved hands. He placed it on the coffee table and pulled one glove off. "A portkey?" Hermione guessed, watching as they moved their hands over it, but weren't touching.

"Spot on Granger, get ready!" Fred instructed and on the count of three, all of them placed a finger on the portkey and with a flash they vanished.

Seconds later they landed on the snowy ground. Hermione jumped up, glancing around with no clue as to where they were. It was freezing cold, and she was very grateful for the warning of plenty of layers by the twins.

"Iceland," George supplied seeing her confusion. "Here to see some northern lights. Fred and I were coming to see them, get some ideas for fireworks and such, but then Fred points out..."

"How much better it would be if our little mate came along to watch them with us," Fred finished.

Hermione was taken aback by the surprise. She had always wanted to see them, but her family had never been able to take the time off work to come. The pictures online were so beautiful, and it was unbelievable to see all the colours. It was actually a very sweet and romantic thing for the twins to do for her. "Thank you, it's a wonderful surprise."

"Wait until you see the cabin," George said with a wink. He held his hand out, and Fred offered his.

Hand in hand, they made their way to a cabin. It was wooden and beautiful with lots of windows for them to see out into the sky. It was the perfect spot for them to sit and wait for the lights to appear.

Inside the cabin was freshly made food that appeared the moment they walked in the door. There were a few different dishes laid out on the table for them to choose from. The three of them sat down, choosing a dash and they ate. Hermione was already entranced by Iceland's beautiful, even from her brief view of it.

It got even more beautiful when the lights finally appeared in the sky as night fell. The three made their way outside to watch above. Bright lights appeared in the sky, and the twins were just as transfixed as Hermione was. It was romantic, beautiful. As time passed, they snuggled close together, Hermione between them as they pressed her against both of their sides.

They watched the lights, amazed at the blend of colours. Hermione knew they wanted to see them as inspiration for the fireworks, to find a good effort that people would enjoy. She wanted to watch purely for the beauty of nature. She enjoyed the sight of the lights.

When the darkness began to fade and the lights along with it, the twins led Hermione back inside. There was a log fire burning, and they both flanked either side of her. Hermione pulled off her coat, putting it over one of the seats as the twins led the way to the fire.

"We didn't want to assume," Fred began.

"But we had hoped," George continued.

"It's your choice, of course, you can stay here with us or use a portkey home."

"We know which we'd prefer."

Hermione looked at the twins, her eyes settling on each twin in turn as she tried to make up her mind. She needed to spend more time with them and more than that, she wanted to spend more time with them. The pack bond pulled at her to bond with the twins. Even more so, she felt a strong connection when she was with both of the twins rather than being with them separately.

"Yes, okay," Hermione agreed, finally. "I'll stay here with you two for the night. Can we talk for a while? After everything that's happened, we've never actually sat together and gone over things. Things between us have a different feeling compared to Charlie and Bill."

Hermione didn't want to upset the twins, but she had, to be honest. Something felt off in their bond together. She didn't feel right with the twins. They were pack mates, but something still felt incomplete.

The twins glanced at each other, and they seemed to be deciding what to say. Without a word between them both twins nodded and turned back to Hermione, seeming to come to an agreement. Both twins were sat either side of her on the couch. Their hands reached for one of hers.

"It's the twin bond," Fred began. His tone was soft and gentle like he was about to deliver some bad news. Either that or he was nervous. The twins were never nervous about anything.

"It's not complete," George continued for his brother. "We're connected to the pack because of the twin bond. Did Bill explain it to you?"

"Not much," Hermione replied, reluctantly.

"Okay," Fred said, settling back into the couch. "Twins, more so identical twins can take on one witch or wizard and share. Mum's brothers did it. We bond through a ritual under a full moon apparently and then we feel a strong connection. All three of us."

"But we never got a chance to do the twin bonding, because instead we formed a pack with you and our brothers," George continued. "Fred was dying, and we just had to hope the twin bonding would somehow let us be part of the pack."

"So we never did the twin bonding thing? That's why together we feel so..." Hermione questioned.

"Off," Fred answered for her. "We're still a pack, and we don't know what would happen to the pack if we did the twin bonding with you, Granger. Charlie doesn't think it would affect the pack."

"It's an option we would like you to consider," George stated. "We don't want you to rush into anything. We just want you to think about it."

"And then we'll have to go to Bill," Fred told her. "Alpha and all that."

Hermione took a few moments to think things over. She knew the twins were part of the pack, but if there was a chance they could become even closer through a twin bond, then it should be an option. She liked them, but perhaps with even more between them, things would feel right. She felt for all the men in her pack. She didn't want to risk it, but she just sort of knew that the twin bonding was the right thing to do. It would bring more power to the pack, it would finally complete the pack.

Hermione's hands tightened on the twins. She looked at each of them in turn and nodded. She wanted that with them. She knew, despite them not saying anything, that it was important to them too.

"I want to," Hermione said. Both of the twins smiled at her, then smirked at each other.

"Granger," Fred said, leaning forward to press a kiss to the top of her head. "If you're sure about his, we need you to sleep in the spare room tonight."

Feeling rejected, Hermione pulled back with a frown. "What?"

"First time," George began, "is during the ritual for the twin bonding."

"So no touching," Fred warned her.

"Some touching," George counted. "A little."

Fred nodded at his brother, "A little bit of closeness, but not too much. We can't go too far until the full moon. According to our uncles' notes anyway."

"You do know the next full moon is fifteen days away, right?" Hermione questioned. She smiled as brother twins groaned, flopped back into their seats. "Wait, what about you, George?"

Georges ran a shaky hand down his face. "We just hope."

If George turned under the full moon, any hopes they had of finishing the twin bond was going to be shot to hell.

Chapter 12: Chapter Twelve

Chapter Summary

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the death eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Beta: historygirl1863

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

As the days went by, the wizarding world tried it's best to put the death and destruction behind them. Auror's brought in Deatheaters each week, ridding the world of more evil. Neville was still missing, but no one was giving up any hope on his reappearance. Hogwarts was also slowly recovering. Hermione and the twins spent a lot of their time there, helping rebuild the castle to allow a new lot of students attend in the future.

The twins were brilliant spell casters, so the progress was quick. As Hermione spent more time with them, they grew closer together. She felt anticipation for the full moon approach as they prepared for the twin bonding. Bill had been understanding, happily agreeing for them to go ahead with it. As the alpha, he had more of a say in the pack, but Bill wasn't ever going to abuse his power. Bill offered more support for his younger brother George as the full moon approached. He had offered to be there during the full moon in case George turned or lost controlled, but Hermione had refused. She knew they would be okay. Hope was powering her through that things would be okay.

According to the Weasley twins' notes, they had to do the ritual under a full moon. If George did turn, they would never be able to complete the ceremony. George was anxious, but Fred was confident he would be able to feel if something was different through their close bond.

"If you think I'm letting you out of my sight after this full moon, you're crazy pet," Bill told Hermione. They were lying in bed, Bill spooning her from behind. After spending some time researching and investigating for Neville with Bill, they had retired for the night in Bill's bed.

"I'm letting them do this full moon because they have to. After that, I want you every full moon. I'm happy to share, as long as I'm there too."

Hermione smiled, trailing her hand down to stroke the short, thin hairs on his arms. His warm naked body was pressed against hers, keeping her warm and happy after their round of love making. "Well, between you and George feeling extra randy and aggressive each full moon, I think I'm going to have my work cut out for me."

"And Charlie," Bill suggested. "Not always, but Charlie can feel it under the moon when he's had a bad week."

"Poor Fred," Hermione smiled.

Bill snorted, "We both know Fred wouldn't want to miss out. Don't worry though love, plenty of days in the month. The other's will understand the need and the pull of the moon for Georgie and me."

"I know they will," Hermione agreed. Charlie and Fred would understand Bill and George's reluctance to share her during the full moon. They felt their nature more than ever before during the full moon. It was a night that part wolves felt most aggressive and horny.

After a few moments of silence, Bill started pressing kisses to her neck. "You worried? About the twins?"

Hermione wet her lips; the words lost as she tried to think of how to explain how she felt. "I'm not worried, more nervous. The Twins won't tell me what the ritual involves. I know it probably won't break the pack bond, but it's still a factor. The twin bonding is meant to be for the three of us. With the bonding, I'm not supposed to be with anyone else but those two. I'm worried I'll come back and feel disloyal being with you and Charlie."

Bill pulled back and moved away, pulling Hermione, so she went to her back. Bill leaned over her on an elbow. "Perhaps, or maybe it will have more to do with you feeling at one when you're with the twins. They have that whole mind-reading thing they do. Perhaps after this, you'll be a part of that too. You'll still be my girl, Charlie's girl, and then their girl too. Weasleys love their family, pet; they wouldn't risk this if they were sure anything could hurt Charlie or me."

"You trust them," Hermione agreed.

"I love them," Bill corrected. "I'm sure Charlie feels the same."

Hermione sighed and nodded in agreement. What Bill said made sense and she had to hope that was the point of the twin bonding. She cared deeply for Bill, as well as the twins and Charlie. She didn't want anything to destroy the bond they had started.

"Besides, if they try to do anything stupid I'll bite them," Bill joked. "I'm alpha; I'm allowed."

"Kinky."

Bill growled, "You're spending too much time around Charlie."

Hermione giggled, leaning back into Bill's embrace. "Charlie's asked me to spend a few days away with him in Romania. He wanted us to leave tonight and said we would be back in time for the full moon."

Bill hummed at the news and continued to press kisses along her jaw. He didn't seem surprised at the news, so Hermione raised an eyebrow.

With a sigh, Bill pulled back to speak, "Charlie spoke with me about it. He's beta of the pack. Kind of like a second in command, although we won't be using our leadership over anyone. However, if anything were to happen to me, it would fall to Charlie to look out for the rest of you. He's just a bit on edge at you completing the pack bond with the twins, without you and him completing it first."

Hermione moved away from Bill's hold and turned so she could see him more clearly. The sheet fell to reveal the tops of her breasts, so Bill's gaze dropped there for a few moments before meeting her eyes. "So, what you're saying is, it's Charlie's turn?" Hermione asked, feeling a bit uncomfortable with the information.

"No love, what I'm saying is that Charlie wants a chance to get to know you. He might be only the faintest bit wolf, but it's enough for him to feel on edge about his pack status. He's beta, second in command and maybe deep down his wolf side needs to show you how strong he is, how well he can provide and care for you. You're going there to get to know him, not to sell yourself. He's a good man. He has a lot of passions, and he wants to show you the things he cares about. This is just as hard for Charlie. He's never been this close to another woman before. It's always been flings, and even those were few and far between."

Hermione sighed and leaned back against the bedrail, processing the information. "Okay, I'll keep my mind open and try not to focus on this being a male ego kind of thing."

"Oh, it definitely is a male ego thing too," Bill laughed. He moved over to her, leaning in close. "It's going to be a week before I can even think about asking you to my bed again, let's make tonight count, Hermione"

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Hermione packed a small case for Romania and felt the excitement grow throughout the day as it got closer and closer for Charlie's time to arrive. She had only been to Romania once, that night she went back to Charlie's and Hermione hadn't seen much of his camp. Bill had told her how beautiful the country and dragon camp was. He had spent a lot of time there, especially after the breakdown of his marriage with Fleur.

Finally, at five o'clock in the afternoon, Charlie appeared in the floo, an excited smile on his face as he stepped towards her. He moved over to where Hermione standing, by the door with the case at her side. Charlie picked up small carry case, pressed a kiss to her lips and held his hand towards hers.

"Ready to ride a dragon?" Charlie asked with a cheeky grin.

"No," Hermione replied, her eyes widening slightly. "I will keep both feet on the ground, or I'm going to be staying here for the next few days, Charlie Weasley."

"Joking Hermione." He walked towards the floor, setting the case inside. "Besides, we don't ride the dragons at my place. We're more of a rescue and release. We look after the babies, get them strong enough to survive in the wild and let them go. We only have poorly, damaged or rare dragons at the Romania camp."

"Rare?" Hermione asked. She had studied about the dragons while waiting for Charlie, but she hadn't read anything on the reserve keeping rare dragons.

"Oh you're in for a treat, Hermione," Charlie smirked at her and pulled her into the floor. With a call of the reserve's name, they disappeared, appearing moments later in Romania.

For the first few hours, Charlie showed her around the camp. It was really big and much busier than when Hermione had been there before. A lot of the dragon keepers were hard at work, some of the looking after small baby dragons. Others were running around shouting for help because of some chaos one of the grown dragons was causing. Charlie had quickly assured Hermione that there was always something going on at the reserve and not to worry about it.

After showing Hermione to the cabin and setting her things in the bedroom, they moved to the living room. Charlie started collecting a pile of blankets and pillows.

"Are we camping out?" Hermione asked as Charlie set the things by the door. "I've lived long enough in a tent if that's what you're planning."

Charlie laughed and made his way over to Hermione. His hands went to her hips as he pulled her closer to him. "It won't be the most comfortable night you'll spend with me, but I promise it will be the most beautiful. Trust me this once? You say the word, and we'll come back here."

Hermione nodded and collected her things, ready for a night outdoors.

A few hours later, when the night had darkened, Charlie led Hermione, along with their camping things out and into the woods. It was a large woods, with trees much taller than anything Hermione had ever seen. They trekked for a few miles, until they finally came to an opening, near a huge lake. Charlie set up camp at the edge of the woods, lighting a fire, building the tent and putting some charms around them so no one, not even animals would be able to see them.

Hermione had helped the best she could, with no idea why Charlie had decided to spend their first real night together out in the woods. She could tell he was nervous and looked a bit tense, she didn't question him too much.

"Nearly time," Charlie spoke, setting a load of blankets on the floor, close to the fire to keep them warm. He sat down, his legs spread and his hand went out towards Hermione.

After only a moment's hesitation, she grabbed his hand and settled between his legs. Her eyes were lost in the darkness, and she stared around to find what Charlie was so fascinated about.

"Near the cave," Charlie whispered in her ear. His hand lifted and he pointed towards a cave next to the lake, opposite where they were sitting. "See the eggs?"

Hermione squinted, but once her eyes focused she could see clearly the four large eggs sitting on a well-built nest. A beautiful dragon made its way out of the cave, it was a maroon colour and the most beautiful creature Hermione had ever seen. It had a lot of features like the Hungarian Horntail, but the colour set it apart from anything Hermione had ever seen.

"What is it?"

"The Bulgarian Coloratum," Charlie explained. "They are very rare, that's why we have them here at the reserve. They are part of a breeding program. There are about twenty in the world. Soon to be twenty-four when those eggs hatch tonight."

"They're hatching tonight?" Hermione asked, her eyes locked on the eggs. Each egg was a different colour, blue, green, yellow and red.

"Yeah, the eggs turn colours just before they hatch. Coloratum roughly translates into coloured. When we looked at their DNA, the Bulgarian Coloratum has a lot of different genes compared to the other dragons."

"So, they are all different colours?" Hermione questions.

"Wait and see," Charlie replied, gesturing towards the eggs.

It was nearly a full hour before the eggs started to hatch. First, the red one broke, and the mother dragon moved closer as her baby made its way into the world. The dragon that fell out was the brightest red Hermione had ever seen. It made its way over to its mother, breathing puffs of air from its nose at it got control of its body. After that, the other three soon hatched and each of them came out a different colour. Soon, Hermione realised the baby dragons were actually changing colours, like the lizards she had seen at the zoo with her parents before. The mother seemed to stay one colour, but the babies were changing into a wide range of colours. They adapted with their backgrounds, blending into the stone of the cave, the colour of the water as they played and drank for the first time.

It was absolutely beautiful.

"Charlie," Hermione whispered, emotions in her voice as she watched the baby dragons play together on their wobbly legs. "You really do have a fantastic job."

Charlie nodded and then pressed his lips just below her ear. "I wanted to show you the reason I would be home late occasionally, or why I might not be around as much as we both would like. I love my family, and I love my job, so I wanted to show you why, in the future, I might need to do some overtime when you're expecting me home."

"If it's for something like this, I hope my place is right beside you, watching," Hermione said and then turning to press a gentle kiss to Charlie's lips. "I don't expect you to change your job and I would never ask you to. If that's what you're worried about then don't be. I can see why you work so hard to save them."

Without a word between them, Charlie stood and helped Hermione to her feet. The pair made their way into the tent, closing it behind them.

Their lips met, a gentle kiss that soon turned hungry. Charlie's tongue pushed into Hermione's mouth as he got a taste of her. His hands went to her hips, and he pulled her on top as he sat down on the hardened ground of the tent floor.

Hermione sat on the crotch of Charlie, her hips beginning to rock for some friction as she felt the heated arousal of Charlie against her stomach. Her hands went to his shirt, undoing the buttons with shaky hands. After a few moments of fumbling, she managed to push the shirt off his shoulders and to the floor.

Charlie grabbed her hands in his as he tried to catch his breath. Their gaze had held before Hermione looked down at Charlie's chest. It was littered with the scars she could remember, each of them with a different tale and it didn't bother Hermione in the slightest.

"You sure?" Charlie asked, his voice sounding uncertain. "Bill told me what he said and yeah, maybe that's some part of it behind you coming here. However, I'm more human than wolf. I want you here because I care about you. You're special to me, Hermione, and I want you here even if it's to watch these beautiful dragons with me."

Hermione leaned forward and pressed her lips to Charlie's. Their tongues moved together, creasing each other before they pulled apart. "I don't think a wolf would bring me to the forest to show me dragons. It would have kept me in the cabin with candles and food. Don't kid yourself, Charlie Weasley, you're romantic and you're good at it. And I want you."

"My beautiful girl," Charlie mumbled, his hands going to her hair. He ran his fingers through the brunette strands, feeling the silkiness before he pulled her against him for a hard, rough and demanding kiss.

Their kisses turned heated, their tongues battling it out as they fought for control. Charlie won and found his victor in Hermione's mouth, tasting something unique that he knew he would be addicted to for the rest of his life.

Their clothes came off quickly, with their mouths still fused together. Buttons went flying as Charlie's patience lost out to Hermione's complicated top with tiny buttons. However, that didn't seem to stop either of them and soon, Charlie was finally able to take in the complete beauty of Hermione's body.

"Christ," Charlie muttered, his hand running over her chest, her flat stomach and then to the junction of her thighs. He creased the wetness there, feeling the dampness that had formed from Hermione's heated body.

Hermione's head fell to Charlie's shoulder as she groaned at his touch. He had skilled fingers that danced over her body. He used her own juices to coat his long fingers before he pushed two inside her body. Hermione groaned at the sudden intrusion, but it was a good feeling as her body stretched for him. Charlie's fingers moved against her, bringing her closer and closer to her peak before he stopped. After a few moments, he would start again, and Hermione cried out in frustration as her heated body begged for release. "Please," Hermione begged, not caring about the desperation in her voice. "Charlie, please."

"Always sweetheart," Charlie promised and this time instead of stopping he helped Hermione reach her peak with his hard working fingers and his thumb pressed against her clit.

They both rested for several minutes catching their breaths as they laid side by side in the tent. Charlie was the first to recover and turned on his side to watch his witch with trouble glinting in his eye. "I did promise a ride on a dragon, how about a ride on a dragon keeper instead?"

"Charlie!" Hermione called, her hand slapping against his chest as she fought to stop the giggle in her throat from escaping.

Charlie laughed and grabbed Hermione around the waist, pulling her over his lap with both of her knees either side of his waist. She was sat just behind his erection as it jutted between them, beads of pre-cum leaking down.

Hermione looked up into Charlie's heated eyes as she ran her hand over it, carefully at first before getting a good firm grip and jerking it. His eyes closed and she heard the catch in his breath at her actions. She moved her hand against him for a few more minutes before Charlie reached out and stopped her. His eyes were full of heat and passion, but Hermione could also see the struggle to keep control of himself as well.

"I want to be inside of you Hermione," Charlie told her, one of his hands running down her spine. "We can play later if you want."

"I've never..."

"I'll help you," Charlie promised her.

With their gaze locked, Hermione moved up from his lap and shuffled forward so she was hovering over his dick. With Charlie's help, they guided his thick and firm erection into her opening. The position gave Hermione the opportunity to go at her own pace and she already liked the position purely because of that.

Slowly, she took inch by inch. He wasn't as big as Bill, but Charlie was really thick, a lot thicker than Hermione had ever imagined, and her pussy stretched, and she felt a bit of a pain as she lowered onto him. Eventually, she was down to the hilt and Hermione rested for a few moments as her body relaxed enough for the pain to pass.

"Help me?" Hermione asked, her breath shaky with nerves.

"Always Hermione," Charlie swore. With his hands on her hips, he helped her move over him, finding a pace that suited them both perfectly. It was harder work for Hermione, but she started to relax and really enjoy it after a bit.

"Lean back," Charlie encouraged, as both of their orgasms loomed. "Right back Granger." He supported her hips and back as she did as she was told, her back arching. Charlie moved from below her, meeting her thrusts as Hermione continued to move on him too. The new position sent tingles down her spine. It didn't take long in the new position for her orgasm to take over. She tightened around Charlie's dick as she reached her orgasm and the move made Charlie's balls draw up and he found his own bliss alongside hers.

Not long after they lay huddled together, the tent door reopened as they both watched the colourful and playful dragons play and tumble on the water's edge.

It was in those moments of bliss when Hermione realised her future, the job she wanted more than anything else.

She found the job, one that would complete the life she was slowly building for herself and her mates.

Chapter 13: Chapter Thirteen

Chapter Summary

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the death eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Beta: historygirl1863

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

The next morning Hermione and Charlie made their way back to the reserve, leaving the dragon and her babies behind. After a shared shower, which Charlie had insisted on because they were on a water meter (which Hermione didn't believe for a moment), they got dressed and headed to the reserve kitchen. It wasn't a very big place and felt more of a secondary school canteen with the premade food all set out in trays, with a pile of plates at the beginning of the line.

Hermione loaded her plate with toast and scrambled eggs, then followed Charlie over to a table where he introduced her to his friends. They were nice people, hard working men that seemed to love their job just as much as Hermione did. She was just about to ask one of the men how he'd come to working at the reserve when the kitchen fell silent, and the banging off feet could be heard along the corridor, leading to the kitchen. Everyone turned just as a man with black hair, round glasses and a lightning bolt scar on his forehead came running into the room.

Harry Potter was out of breath, panting as his eyes searched for Charlie and Hermione. Hermione quickly jumped to her feet and made her way to her best friend, with Charlie following.

"Harry what's wrong..." Hermione began as she reached him, Charlie stood at her side.

"The twins shop is on fire," Harry interrupted. "We can't find the twins."

Hermione felt Charlie freeze at her side before all three turned and ran from the room and from the kitchen. It had felt like forever before they reached the floo near Charlie's, but it was in fact only a few minutes, and Charlie was the first to rush into the floo, shouting out a shop near by the twins. Hermione followed, not waiting for Harry to offer or step forward. Her worried gaze locked with Harry's, before she called out the same shop Charlie had.

Seconds later, Hermione appeared in a broom shop, which was really old and closed. The door however was open from where Charlie had rushed out of only moments before Hermione had gotten though. Quickly, she made her way out the door and onto the street to be met with a roar of the fire. Lots of people were gathered around the shop which was ablaze. Most people had their wands out and were shooting water at the fire which didn't seem to be affected much by the various streams of water.

"Hermione!" Ginny called from near the front of the crowd. Hermione pushed her way forward, reaching Ginny, Mrs. Weasley, Mr. Weasley, Ron, and Charlie.

"Are they in there?" Charlie demanded of his mother, his eyes locked on her face. The older woman nodded, a sob escaping.

"Bill's in there too," Ginny sobbed, her hand going to grip Hermione's. Charlie turned towards the shop, moving towards it but Hermione caught onto his sleeve, pulling him back.

"Don't you dare," Hermione cried, her eyes red as the tears threatened to spill. "Three of my boys are in there, you can't go in there too."

Charlie moved closer and his lips caught hers in a hard, intense kiss. He pulled back, resting his forehead against hers. "I can't stand here and let them get lost to the fire," Charlie told her, his voice low. "I really care for you Granger, but I need to do this. Stay here, please. Figure out how to stop the fire and I promise, I'll be back with at least one of them. Deal?"

Through tears, Hermione nodded and watched as the last remaining man from her pack ran into the blazing fire. She tried every spell she could think of to calm the flames, but nothing was working. The shop didn't seem to be affected by the fire, but the upper floor where the twins lived was filled with flames. The glass had been broken so people could help fire water into the flat.

Five minutes passed and no one appeared.

Seven minutes

Ten minutes

Fifteen.

Finally, after what felt like a lifetime to Hermione and the Weasley family, they saw someone walking out of the fire with a person over their shoulders. Hermione and Ron ran forward to help as Charlie carried an unconscious Fred over his shoulder. Charlie was coughing, struggling to catch his breath as Ron and Hermione took Fred from his shoulders.

"Oh my boy," Arthur sobbed, pulled Fred towards him.

"Dad," Charlie said, not looking at anyone but his father. "Bill and George are still in there."

Hermione moved forward in an instant but Charlie caught her waist, pulling her back with his arms locked around her waist.

"Stay with her," Mr. Weasley ordered firmly. Charlie didn't seem happy with the order, but he reluctantly agreed as Ron, Harry, and Mr. Weasley rushed off into the fire to find the remaining two boys.

"I went for Bill," Charlie admitted after a moment. His voice was low so only she could hear. "I don't know why. Instinct maybe, save the alpha. He ordered me to grab Fred, because he was out of it the most, then leave."

Hermione took the information in, and her eyes went to Fred on the floor with several healers around tending to him. He looked alright, just unconscious. He would probably have a bit of damage to his lungs from the smoke, but nothing serious, at least that's what the Hermione heard the healers say.

"He was just looking out for everyone first," Hermione finally spoke. "He looks after the pack."

"No, you don't get it," Charlie whispered. "He ordered me to get Fred then leave. It was an alpha order, I wanted to save Bill, my part wolf was going mad to save the alpha, but as soon as Bill gave me the order I couldn't not listen to him."

Charlie looked confused and hurt. Hermione knew it was because of the bond Bill and Charlie shared. They were the closest in age and spent most of their childhood together. They never picked favourites in the Weasley family, but if they did, Charlie and Bill would be each other's favourite.

"He did it to protect you," Hermione said gently. "It's like when you ordered me not to go in. You didn't want me getting hurt, your alpha used his power to stop you getting hurt and to save one of your brothers. He doesn't like using his alpha orders, so understand for him Charlie."

Charlie sighed and pressed a kiss to Hermione's head. "After our perfect night together, something like this happens," Charlie stated, a look of anger in his eyes.

"Two days before you finish the pack bonding thing," Ginny noted beside them. She had her eyes locked on the twins' place, waiting for Harry and her family to return safely to them.

"You don't think..." Hermione started, a look of shock and horror on her face. "Why would Fenrir do this?"

"Weaken the pack," Charlie offered. "Might have heard about the twin bonding under the full moon. If that happens, he won't stand a chance of getting you back, purely out of revenge."

As they waited for the medi-witches, they got Fred to come around. The boy was shocked and confused, calling for his twin and refused to sit down while some of his family was still inside. It took Hermione and Charlie sitting with him before Fred calmed down enough. He settled back to watch and wait with the rest of them. Fred looked better after the medi-witches care, but he had an awful cough that shook his whole body when he tried to clear his airways.

Finally, after waiting too long the boys and Mr. Weasley all returned, with a half conscious George and Bill. They were placed careful onto the floor, and the medi-witches quickly went to work.

"William isn't looking so good," One of the medi-witches noted.

"George has some sort of poisoning because of the fire," Another witch replied. "The fire is *lupus ignis*! Someone get Kingsley here quickly. Now!"

Everyone jumped into action, with Harry racing off to find the Minister of Magic. *Lupus Ignis* was fire, the most aggressive fire known to the wizarding world. It burnt and killed, but it also set its sights on the werewolf population with a special poison in the fumes that could kill them quickly. Many years ago, wizards set a forest on fire where a lot of werewolves were living together peacefully. The fire was the *Lupus Ignis*, and it killed hundreds of people that day, most of them werewolves.

"That's why he ordered you out," Hermione stated, her eyes going to Charlie. He nodded, finally understanding.

They all spent the rest of the day in St. Mungos hospital, waiting for news on the boys. The fire had quickly been put out, once they had figured it out. Charlie had got the all clear rather quickly, but the Twins and Bill were another matter.

Fred had been alright, due mostly to the fact Charlie had gotten him out first. George and Bill had burnt lungs which was going to take some time to heal. They were going to have to spend a few weeks in hospital as they recovered. Both of them were lucky to be alive.

The poison from the fire had entered the blood stream. Fred hadn't been affected very much, so he had insisted on them giving George some of his blood. It was a good idea, and the medi-witches were eager to try it. Bill, being the alpha and the strongest, was predicted to make a quick recovery purely because of his pack status.

It was slow going though and the days ticked by growing closer to the full moon.

"We can wait until next full moon," Fred offered. He was sat on George's bed, with his twin propped up by pillows. Charlie and Hermione were sat on a chair, snuggled together as they tried to think of a solution. The full moon was tomorrow night.

"He wanted to stop this," George said in his weak voice. His throat was still sore from the poisoned smoke.

"If you wait, he might try something like this again next month," Charlie offered. He ran a hand up and down Hermione's spine. "If you two want to do this tomorrow, I can be there to help."

Hermione frowned at that idea, but said nothing. She didn't really know what the twin bonding consisted of and that was mostly down to the fact the twins wouldn't tell her.

"We'll manage," George and Fred said at the same time. Both twins stared at each other, a silent conversation going on between the two. Hermione watched them, wishing she could be a part of whatever they were discussing or thinking about.

Charlie stood up, pressed a kiss to Hermione as he helped her to her feet, then left the twins alone with her. Giving them some privacy.

George patted the side of his bed, "Come sit Granger, let's talk about it."

Hermione made her way over, carefully taking a seat on the edge of the bed beside George. Fred was sat not far away from her and all eyes were on her. George pulled her back, making her sit closer to him.

"Your choice," Fred told her. "Tomorrow, next month or next year. Whenever you want this to happen, it's up to you. George and I will manage; he'll be on his feet then I'm sure. It's up to you though."

"We have to say a few things, make a few promises to you under the full moon," George explained. "Then, we have to be as one."

"Sex Granger," Fred interrupted, causing Hermione to roll her eyes.

"We aren't allowed to have anything between us."

"Clothes."

"Magic."

"Contraception."

Hermione's eyes widened at that and she looked towards George, then Fred. "I'm on the pill, the muggle pill which helps prevent pregnancy. I'm not supposed to stop taking it or I can risk falling pregnant. It's not a hundred percent to start with."

Fred reached over Hermione, pulling open a draw that stood beside George's bed. He withdrew a purple potion in a small bottle and held it up. "This will get rid of the contraception. It's part of the ritual. You have to take the risk if you want to do the bonding. Sorry Granger, there is no other way around it."

"Condoms?" Hermione offered.

"Nope," Fred replied. "Nothing."

Hermione didn't take the news of the ritual very well and she could now see why the boys had kept it from her. She wanted children in her future, but that was five, ten, maybe even fifteen years from now. She had a career goal, she had things she wanted to achieve before she had children. The world wasn't a safe place yet and she wouldn't bring a child into somewhere so dangerous still.

After the news she asked for some time and went down to the hospital café. She hadn't eaten very much in the last few days and she needed to get away for some time alone to think and decide. She knew if she went through with the bonding she was risking a pregnancy, something she didn't want at this moment in her life.

As Hermione took a seat at a table with her sandwich, someone followed her and took the seat across from her. Hermione looked up, shocked to see the white blond hair of Draco Malfoy. He smirked at her and leaned over to steal the remaining sandwich from her plate.

"I see they let any old riff raff in this place," Draco commented, his eyes darting around the café. "I suppose you're here because of what happened at the Weasel twins place. Heard about that from the morning paper. Did he manage to kill them then?"

"No," Hermione growled, her eyes glaring holes into Draco for even suggesting the twins had died. "Not that it's any of your business. If you're not going to help, I'd rather you leave me alone. Go back to helping your family kill what's left of this magical generation."

"Touchy," Draco smirked. "Honestly, Granger, if you think I'm here to tease you and then go back to help that mangy mutt that likes to hang out with my uncles, then you have another thing coming. Despite where the Malfoy family stood in the war, we changed sided. Didn't you see our trials? Mother and I reformed."

"Your father didn't, he's in Azkaban from what the papers say."

"That wasn't my point."

"Well it's mine."

Draco glared up at her, "Keep going on like this and I won't bother helping you. I'm here because Mother insisted on it. I don't have to help you, though, I can just as well tell her you refused my help."

"You're going to help me?"

"No, not if you keep up this attitude I won't."

Hermione placed her sandwich down on the place and gestured for Draco to continue. He made her wait for a few minutes while he finished up the sandwich he had pinched earlier from her plate. After wiping his hands on a tissue, he reached into his jacket to pull out a box. It was wooden, oak and looked very old and very expensive. Draco placed it on the table between them.

When Hermione reached over to touch it, Draco tapped the top of her hand and pulled the box away.

"Manners Granger. Now, listen closely," Draco began. "This box has been possessed by my family for generations. It's worth more than your orders wealth put together. I'm loaning this to you on the understanding that if you don't use it then, you return it. Don't go giving it to any of your little ginger friends to sell. Understood?" Hermione's glare was the only answer Draco received.

"Now," He continued. "This was owned by the original werewolf, or so they say. It gives the pack increased powers and strengths them all. It's to be worn by the alpha and only the alpha. Apparently mother says that the alpha will be able to feel his pack in case of trouble, sense if something is wrong. Despite what you lot think, no magic is for free, though. If he wears this, he might not be as controlled during the full moon as he usually is. Understand?"

"You're saying this box will strengthen the pack, or rather, strengthen Bill, but he could turn?" Hermione asked.

"Possibly, or he could curl up like a good puppy and have a pair of extra hairy legs that full moon. Who knows? It's yours to borrow, use it however you wish. Just don't blame me if anything goes wrong and do not, and I mean it, don't try and blame anything Greyback or the Lestranges do on me or my mother. Got it? This is our way of staying out of it."

Hermione watched Draco for a few moments then reached over to grab the box, placing it in her pocket. She would let Bill decide about the box. It was his decision to make. She wasn't going to decide for him.

"Thank you Malfoy," Hermione said as he stood up from his seat. "Your family won't be brought into it. I promise."

Draco nodded, doing up the buttons on his cloak. "Good. Oh, and one more thing Granger."

"What?"

"The pill hasn't and never will work for werewolf packs," Draco smirked at her. "Something mother nature has done to make sure the packs continue to expand. So good luck with that. I'm sure I'll see ten of your ginger puppies running around Hogwarts in years to come."

Hermione's eyes narrowed as she tried to work out what he was saying. The pregnancy prevention pill didn't work for packs? So that meant all this time, the pill hadn't been working for her? No one mentioned it to her? Bill hadn't? Or Charlie? The twins had at least.

Wait, how the hell did Draco know about her discussion with the twins? It couldn't have been a coincidence. That wasn't Draco's style.

"Remember to put silencing charms on the hospital door next time," Draco called as he fled from the hospital café. It was a good job he had ran out so quickly, or Hermione would have strangled the nosey little ferret.

Chapter 14: Chapter Fourteen

Chapter Summary

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the death eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Beta: historygirl1863

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Special thanks to Aphrodite for the rec, I've seen the name several times in the comments section, so thank you.

Hermione glared at her four pack mates, in turn, refusing to be swayed by their 'puppy dog' eyes. They had lied to her, and they didn't even seem guilty about it. After George had been discharged from the ward that afternoon, Hermione had called a meeting at Bill's bedside. As soon as she had confronted them with the truth, they had all gone silent. Hermione knew instantly that Draco's accusations had been true after all.

"Aren't any of you going to say anything?" Hermione demanded, glancing around the room. She glared at Bill and then Charlie, the two boys most at blame for all of this. She had slept with both of them, but neither had mentioned the fact they could get her pregnant. She deserved better than that. She needed the truth from them. Her trust had been broken, and it was going to need more than their sad eyes to get her to forgive them. "If no one is going to talk, I'm leaving."

"Granger," Charlie started, but Hermione ignored him and went for the door.

"Love," Bill said in his raspy voice, the poison was still in his system, and he was weak from it still. "I'm sorry. I'll take all the blame for it. I never even thought about it. Yes, I know the pill never worked, but you never asked and I just assumed you didn't want to think about it. We all just assumed you knew the risks when it came to the pill and pregnancy. I should have checked with you, though."

"We didn't know," Fred cut in, pointing between himself and his twin. "We knew about the ritual needing you to be conception free, but this is the first we've heard of the pack having any effect on the pill."

Charlie started towards Hermione, but she stepped back out of his grip and spun to avoid them seeing the tears in her eyes. She couldn't be pregnant; she didn't want to be pregnant at such an early stage in the pack bond. They were only getting to know each other and Hermione had finally set her mind on a career she wanted. She hadn't even gone to Kingsley yet to ask about playing a role in the care of magical creature's department at the ministry. With a silent sob, she wiped away the tears in her eyes, just as a pair of arms wrapped around her waist, pulling her back to his front.

"We didn't mean to lie to you," Charlie promised her, his voice low and soft. "We wouldn't do that to you. We're all equal here. Bill had promised that before we started all this. Maybe it should have been a discussion we all had at the beginning, so it's our fault for not bringing it up. But, Granger, whatever you decided would be supported by the pack. It might not be the decision some of us hoped you made, but we would all be there holding your hand through it. Understand? You're our mate; we're right by your side through everything and you have just as much say in this pack as the rest of us do."

"I never even thought about children at this point," Hermione admitted, her wet eyes starting to dry. "I have no clue how that would work. I don't want to turn into your mother. She's wonderful, but that's not the life I want. I don't want to take turns giving you all babies. I want a job, a good job. Then, when everything has finally settled down I want to start a family, a small one."

"You're mated to four blokes," George pointed out, earning a scowl from Hermione.

"You know what I mean," Hermione said with a sigh.

Bill was the one to get rid of her worries, "Hermione, a pack means we're all in this together. We aren't going to sit around working out whose kid is those. They'll be the pack's children, responsible to each of us. We would take care of you and any child you gave us. However, if you're truly upset about all this, I can tell you that you're not pregnant. At least, not according to my nose and it's known to be fairly accurate."

"That's the only thing about him that's accurate," Charlie joked, earning a sobbed laugh from Hermione. "How about this? Bill will make sure you're aware when you're at your most fertile in your cycle, and we'll keep our hands to ourselves."

"No deal," Bill said with a smile. "We won't have sex with you then; everything else is still on the table."

Charlie smirked at that, but continued, "Anyway, we won't have sex around that time. Apart from that, we can't promise not to knock you up, but we won't do it on purpose. When the time comes, it'll be up to you what we do. The pack will support any decision you make about the pregnancy."

The men in the room didn't seem very comfortable with that statement, but none of them objected. Obviously, they liked the thought of Hermione carrying their child, but they wouldn't take away her rights to decide. She loved that about her pack, but she couldn't have them worrying.

"When I was young, my parents tried for another child. They had a few fertility problems and didn't realize until they came to having another baby. Apparently, they were rather lucky conceiving me. I watched my mum go through a lot of pain trying for a baby with no success. So, for me, it's never been a choice I've wanted to consider. I'm all for a woman having the right to decide about their future, but I think for me, I don't think abortion is an option I would like to consider after what I watched my mother go through. Other women can choose whatever option they wish to, but that's my choice," Hermione explained to them. "But that doesn't mean I'm giving any of you the right to try for a baby."

"If it happens it happens then," Bill agreed. The boys all nodded with a sparkle in their eyes. Family meant everything to the Weasleys. That was when Hermione knew she'd made the right decision.

"That means we have plenty of reason to practice, though, in the meantime," Charlie joked.

Later that afternoon, Hermione and the twins were waiting on the night for the twin bonding. Hermione was back at her flat, preparing for that night. The twins were at Bill's house, filling out orders for the shop. The real reason was they were waiting on George, to see what would happen that night. They were all getting rather nervous, especially since George's eyes kept flashing black for none of them could explain. The bitten twin was anxious, stressed and held so much anger that they were all getting more and more nervous that they had all been wrong from the beginning about George.

However, George knew the truth all along. Remus had come to see him just two days ago to check on him. No one else had been around, and Fred had been off trying to get their flat fixed so they could continue with their plan to rent it out.

Remus had heard all about George's increase in anger as the moon drew closer. He had told George that he wasn't a full wolf, but he had more of the wolf in him than Bill. The moon would affect him, but it was George's control and temper that would determine what would happen on a full moon.

"Every time I turn I feel the heat within me, the anger and rage of the wolf trying to break free," Remus had explained. "I have no choice in it because I have so much of the wolf's power running through my blood. You keep a lid on that temper in two days' time you'll be okay."

"So you're saying I won't turn? You're sure?" George asked, hopeful.

"I could be wrong, but what I'm saying is that you got bitten off an emotional and broken alpha when you were also in a bad state of emotion George," Remus explained. "Emotions and magic are tied. Lily's bond and love to save Harry, the reason the Phoenix died several weeks after Dumbledore's death. Emotions and magic have always been tied. Wolves are magical creatures."

Remus drew closer, and George could feel the dominance rolling off him. Remus wasn't his alpha, but had been his sire, a sire that had no need or desire to have a pack at the time.

"Keep yourself under control. Don't put yourself in emotional situations during the full moon. Love, passion, and your pack will keep your skin during the moon. I suspect, though, that if you don't have those things under the moon, your control will slip, and the wolf will break through."

"I could turn?"

"In my opinion, I believe so. Only if you let him out. I could be wrong, but It's what I feel as your sire."

"Will you help me stop it?"

"Yes, we only have two days, so we have a lot to go over. Now, sit down and listen to me carefully."

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When the night fell, the twins took Hermione from Bill's room and went with her to an apparition point. They left the hospital with George holding tightly onto Hermione and they apparated. Moments later, Hermione appeared on a beautiful golden beach. It was dark, but the rising moonlight was still good enough that they could all see fairly well.

Without a word, the twins lead Hermione up the beach to a spot that had already been prepared for her. There was a blanket on the sand, an old tattered one that Hermione recognised from the Burrow. On the blanket were a scarf, a bowl, a knife and some rings. It was an odd collection of things.

George led Hermione onto the blanket, instructing her to kneel down. She did as she was told, watching as the twins glanced towards each other than nodded. George seemed fine with the upcoming full moon. He wouldn't talk about it much and seemed to be constantly trying to control his increasing anger. He had grown more emotional as the date drew near, but the last few days, everyone had noticed a change in him. His control over his anger was better. Even Fred was impressed in the turn the twin had taken. His eyes were black, which had worried them all, but that had been the only change in him so far that night.

"Don't worry Granger," Fred assured Hermione, standing on her right. He lifted up the scarf and moved closer to her. "We would never hurt you, I promise."

"Bill and Charlie would skin us alive if we tried," George mentioned.

"So what are you going to do now?" Hermione questioned. She turned to watch as Fred moved behind her, standing just behind her kneeled form. He laughed at her, running a hand lovingly down the side of her face before he turned her to face George.

"This part, love, is where you have to trust us," Fred whispered into her ear. His hot breath heated her skin, and a shiver ran down her spin. "I've already been here and spelled it. The

place will stay warm, no one will see us and it'll be perfect for the entire night. It has to be done like this, under the moonlight. However, we can't tell you what's going to happen. It's about trust. You trusting the both of us and by the end of the night, you'll know what we're about to do."

George continued, "You should be able to sense what we're going to do without asking. Not mind reading, more of intuition. We're bringing you into the bond Fred and I share."

George moved over to her and pressed a light kiss to her lips. Their lips barely brushed before he pulled away and Fred moved to do the same. It was a tease of a kiss, a promise of what was to come later that night. Both twins moved back into their positions. George knelt down on the floor in front of her, grabbing the rings in his hand and fisting his palm around them. Fred moved closer and trailed the scarf over her eyes, cutting off her sight.

Hermione felt a moment of panic at the loss of her sense, but she didn't say anything. The twins couldn't tell her what they were going to do, at least they weren't meant to. She knew they wouldn't risk hurting her and Hermione didn't want to do anything that could mess up this night. If she broke the twin bonding session after they had prepared everything, she would never forgive herself.

For ten minutes, Hermione knelt on the comfortable blanket in silence, listening for any clue about what the twins were up to. She heard the ding of the rings knocking against each other, then the mutter of the twins each in turn. Then, finally, the twins moved to her side, one either side.

"It's time love," Fred told her. They both took one of her hands, pressing a kiss to the palm before a small cut was placed in each palm. Hermione gasped in shock at the first pinch of her skin having not expected it. Then she bit her lip, forcing back all the questions she wanted to ask. She wouldn't question them; she would learn to trust them. She did trust them. Didn't she?

The twins then forced her palms to close, and Hermione could feel the drops of blood trickle between her fingers. Unbeknown to her, the blood was dripping into the bowl where the rings were and where the blood of both twins had just been placed into. After enough blood had been put into the bowl, the twins both wiped Hermione's hands, wrapping a bandage around each palm. They weren't allowed to use magic to heal them, not yet.

The bowl was then placed on the blanket, under the full moon as the three sat in silence. Fred and George waited, hoping that they had done everything right. The rings were left to their mother, having been the rings her brothers had used in their twin bonding. Fred and George had edited them slightly, engraving their names onto the inside of one ring each, then Hermione's name had been placed on the remaining two rings.

After some time, the four rings in the bowl started to shake, rattling against the oak. Blue lights came off them, and the twins looked to see the confused expression on Hermione's face. She couldn't see what was happening, but the blue light was shining through the scarf, enough to confuse her.

The bowl shook for several minutes; the light being absorbed into each of the rings turning them from silver to gold. When the light had finally gone out, Fred and George grinned at each other before reaching forward and grabbing the ring with their name on it.

"It's time love," One of the twin's said, kneeling down in front of her. He picked up her right hand, pushing a ring onto her index finger. Hermione's nose scrunched at the burning she felt as the ring settled on her finger, then, after a flash of pain it suddenly stopped, she couldn't feel the ring anymore either.

With her mind still on the burning of her finger, Hermione was shocked to feel the press of lips against her own. The kiss was deep and passionate as the lips moved against her own. After a moment, they pulled back, but she could still feel their breath hitting her face. Their face had to be only inches away from hers.

"Fred," Hermione breathed, shocking herself. She didn't know how, especially since the twins hadn't kissed her other than light pecks in the past. However, for some reason, she knew the touch of Fred. She knew it was him only inches from her face; his eyes were closed and a happy, satisfied smile on his face. Her Fred.

"Well done, love," Fred said, moving away from her.

Then, Hermione felt someone else moving in front of her, kneeling just like Fred had. He was close, and she knew it had to be George, but she couldn't sense him the same way she could Fred. George picked up her left hand, sliding the ring onto the index finger. The same burning happened, a flash of pain and then Hermione couldn't feel the ring at all. George leaned in and placed his lips on Hermione's. The kiss was gentle to start with, just the brush of lips until George's hunger and passion finally snapped. He pressed his lips against hers, his tongue sliding along her sealed lips to get a taste of her, to feel her. The kiss was hungry, needy from the lack of control her George was feeling with the full moon just over his head.

"George," Hermione whimpered against his lips.

"Good girl," George spoke softly against her lips. Then, Hermione felt Fred tug at the scarf covering her eyes, taking it off. She blinked against the light, having gone without any light source for a while. As her eyes adjusted, she took in the twins with a huge grin on both their faces. They looked proud and excited of what they had achieved. Hermione glanced down at her hands, expecting to see the rings the Twins had placed onto her fingers only moments ago. There weren't any rings on her fingers, but there was a circle pattern tattooed onto each of Hermione's index fingers. The patterns were identical and a creamy white colour so they didn't stand out too much.

"Wow," Hermione said, looking at her fingers. She glanced up at the twins, watching as they offered the bowl to her. It contained two rings; each had one of the twin's names on it. George offered his index finger, a smile on his face in encouragement.

Hermione picked up the ring with George's name on and pressed it onto his finger. The moment the ring was properly situated it shone a bright blue and then with a flash the ring was gone. The same pattern was George's finger, interlaced circles the whole way around his

finger. George had his eyes locked on Hermione, not bothering to watch what was going on with his hand.

After a moment, Hermione did the same process to Fred, watching as the blue light came and then Fred also had the same tattoo on his index finger.

"That's the binding," Hermione asked, her voice catching with emotion. It was similar to marriage, or at least the overall feel of a marriage. Rings were exchanged, and they were committed to each other. However, with the twin bonding, Hermione could feel them. It was hard to put into words, but unlike before she knew which was Fred and which was George without even looking at them. She could feel how content and happy they were.

"That's the first part," Fred agreed, moving to her side. He brushed her hair off her shoulder leaning down ever so slowly to press a kiss to her neck. His eyes remained locked on her as he kissed her.

George moved to her other shoulder and pressed a kiss there, his hand wondering up and down the spine of Hermione's back.

"You know what comes next, love," George told her, a husky tone to his voice. Hermione could feel the sexual tension burning off them. They wanted her, desired her and with the feel of the bond she felt truly beautiful, wanted, womanly.

"I can't get used to this feeling," Hermione confessed, closing her eyes to regain control. She was losing the ability to tell what she was feeling and what the twins were. It was like sharing their minds, but she actually couldn't hear their thoughts.

"It's the binding, it's fresh and can take some time to settle down," George informed her. "Over time it'll become second nature, and you'll like it, enjoy the ability you have."

"This means I'll know what you two are up to trouble," Hermione pointed out, laughing at the looks of concern the twins shot each other. "And I'll be able to put a stop to whatever the both of you are planning."

"Or we could corrupt you," Fred pointed out. "Make you enjoy the feeling of tricking and pranking; we could take you on at the shop and cause chaos with that powerful mind of yours."

Hermione laughed, her hair falling forward. "I highly doubt you're both strong enough to do that to me."

"We love a challenge," Fred said.

"Sure do, brother," George agreed.

"But first, we have more important things to do."

"More enjoyable things to do."

"Something to finish."

"Slowly," Hermione asked the twins, meeting one gaze than the other. "Together, but slowly."

Chapter 15: Chapter Fifteen

Chapter Summary

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the Death Eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Beta: historygirl1863

Warning: It's pretty much just a smut chapter, lol.

Hermione was pressed back against the blanket laid out on the sand. The moon shone above them as each twin took it in turn to kiss her. She had her eyes closed, enjoying the power she felt at being able to guess the right twin without even having to look at them. They were both whispering to her, telling her how beautiful she looked under the moonlight, how happy they were to do the bonding, finally, and how turned on they were and what was to come.

George had his hand on Hermione's head, his fingers in her hair as he pressed his lips to hers. His other hand was on the blanket, holding himself up, so his body wasn't squishing Hermione. Fred was on the other side, his lips pressing sweet and gentle kisses to her neck. His hand was on her right breast, gently feeling the curves of her before getting a firm hold, feeling out for her nipple and squeezing the peak.

The hand in Hermione's hair, owned by George, moved down to her other breast. He caressed the curve, just like his twin and pinched the hardened nub of her nipple between his finger and thumb. Hermione moaned at the attention to both her breasts, her back arching slightly off the bed. Her moans were muffled against George's lips. She pulled back, just enough to catch her breath before the twin was down on her again, reclaiming her mouth. He was more intense than Fred, fighting his need and hunger under his first full moon. Hermione wasn't worried, though, she knew he was trying so hard to keep himself under control, and Fred would always be there to talk his twin down.

Tonight, though, they were all running on the high emotions and feelings from the bond. It needed them to connect, to finish the bonding. The longer they waited, the more they craved

and wanted each other.

Fred moved down Hermione's body, releasing her breast as he pressed kisses to the exposed skin of her cleavage, her shirt covered breasts, then, the exposed skin of her stomach. After a moment he pushed the shirt up, kissing her abdomen and cheekily dipping his tongue into her belly button causing Hermione to squeal. Her hand was coming down to his head for a smack seconds before he had done it. She had known exactly what the cheeky twin had been up to.

With a chuckle, Fred started to undo her jeans, popping the buttons and then pulling down the zipper. George was still working on Hermione's breasts, tugging down the straps so she was exposed, her bra still covering them.

Hermione's eyes opened, and she felt the hum of pleasure flow through her body. The moonlight was shining down on them, and it shone brightly in George's eyes. He had his gaze locked on her face as his hands manipulated her breasts, cupping them in his big hands, pinching the nipple through the bra to earn a squeeze of pain and pleasure from Hermione. After a moment, he pushed the bra straps down, and Hermione arched her back, helping him undo the back of the bra to pull it off her. Her head lifted when the bra was free to see a grinning Fred mutter something under his breath and in moments, the remainder of her clothes were gone, except for her knickers.

"Wandless magic," Hermione breathed, really impressed with the twin.

"I can do a lot without a wand," Fred told her with a cheeky grin. He turned back to her center, tugging the sides of her knickers down a few inches to expose her center to him. His hand went to her, feeling and gathering her juices on one of his long fingers. Then, he pressed the finger into her, using the juices as lubrication. Hermione moaned at the feeling of him inside her, and George took that opportunity to move his lips against her bare breasts. He sucked one nipple into his mouth, his hand going to the other to roll and squeeze it. Meanwhile, Fred continued to move his finger in and out of her pussy. He added a second, using it to stretch her and his fingers slowed, earning an annoyed look from Hermione.

Hermione felt mismatched, she was now naked, and the boys both had their clothes on. She reached up, tugging at George's shirt to pull it off him. He helped her and soon both boys were naked. Fred used his spell once more to hurry the task along. Hermione would definitely have to find out that spell once all of this was over.

With them both naked, she sat up enough to take in their bodies. They were, of course, identical, except for a few freckles on their bodies. They both had a narrow waist, muscle arms, and a defined chest. They were fit, and it was evident the boys kept in good shape. Then, her gaze lowered and she felt the redness in her cheeks as she took in the sight of them. Their dicks were both a good size, Fred was longer, but George was definitely thicker. Hermione ached for them, wanted to touch and explore them. Ignoring the twin's protests, she sat up and it caused both the twins hands and mouths to dislodge from her body. She reached her hand out to trail it down Georges' chest, she pressed a kiss to his lips as her hand lowered down his body. Eventually, it got to his waist and she grasped his dick in her hand, stroking the member slowly with her hand. It twitched in her hold and bits of pre-cum came as she moved it. Hermione's cheeks were red at the action, and she could feel the intense stare of George as she touched him.

With another kiss to his lips, Hermione moved to Fred, doing the same thing to him. Just as she was exploring him, she felt the movement of George behind her. She glanced over her shoulder to see the twin at her back. Her hand was still moving over his Fred's dick, as George grabbed her hips and tugged them up, enough to send her to her hands and knees, exposing her pussy to George. And he took that opportunity to explore her, just as she was his brother.

Like his twin, George pressed fingers into Hermione, this time, he pushed two straight in, and it earned him a moan from Hermione. They moved slowly, curling as he felt her hips move against his fingers.

Hermione moaned at the actions of George but continued to run her hand along Fred's cock. She lowered her face down, pressing a nervous kiss to his cock. She had only done this once with Bill, and she was still worried about her lack of skill. Swallowing her nerves, Hermione took Fred into her mouth, sucking on the head of his dick. She took as much of him as she could into her mouth, using her hand to stroke the rest of his cock. Her hand cupped his balls, rolling them in her palm. Fred's eyes bulged with surprise, his hand reached down to brush her hair out of the way so he could watch her. It was a fantastic sight.

Finally, George withdrew his fingers and sucked them into his mouth, tasting her. She was wet, soaked with need and her hips were rocking from the lack of friction now. With a nod to his twin, George moved his body forward, aligning his dick up with Hermione's pussy.

"You sure, Granger?" George asked, one hand on her hip to hold him in place.

Hermione could feel the need and pleasure from both the twins, the tension that was running in George and his fragile control. He was struggling to keep it together under his first moon, but he was trying ever so hard for his mate. She released Fred from her mouth with a pop and looked over her shoulder, her eyes meeting with George.

"Yes, George," Hermione told him, a soft but nervous smile on her face.

George held her gaze for a few moments before he eventually started to slowly push into her. It was a brand new position for Hermione, but it was a good one that allowed him to go deep. She still felt the twitch of pain from being stretched, but it was getting less and less now she was getting used to sex with her pack.

George pushed all the way in, fully seating himself inside her. On her hands and knees, Hermione dropped her front half to continue her attention to Fred's dick. She took him back into her mouth, sucking on him and stroking with her hand. Her movements on Fred were slow, her attention on George. He was slowly entering her and pulling most the way out. The slow and gentle thrusts weren't enough, and the tension was already starting to build in Hermione.

"Faster," Hermione moaned, pressing back against him. George wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her off his twin. Hermione was pulled up she was sitting back on his thighs, her back against George's chest. George's hands were on her waist, lifting her up and down as the rhythm was increased. Fred moved forward, his eyes on Hermione as his hands went to her breasts, cupping them both in his large hands. His head lowered, and he sucked a nipple

into his mouth as George and Hermione continued to move against each other. The feel of the three of them together was heavenly, and Hermione moaned from the sensation of George filling her and Fred sucking her breasts.

George got faster, his rhythm having less pattern to it as his arousal increased. His face was at the crook of her neck, his heavy breathing tickling her neck. She could feel his lack of control, his need to own, claim her.

Fred was looking up and watching, but his gaze was on his twin making sure he was keeping the control. Fred pulled back slightly, his hands remaining to play with Hermione's breasts, but he kept his eyes on his twin, making sure everything was alright. Hermione knew he wouldn't let anything happen to her, he would protect her from George if he had to. There was no need, though, Hermione knew what her mate wanted. During the thrust of their bodies together, Hermione reached the shoulder George was resting against and moved her hair out of the way, baring it to George.

"It's okay. Do it," Hermione told him, breathlessly.

George's thrusts into her increased, the excitement in him exploding at the ability to mark his mate. He didn't know what he was doing, having never done it before. Carefully, he pressed his lengthened teeth into her shoulder, he heard the sharp intake of breath from Hermione as his teeth sank into her flesh. It wasn't deep, but enough for him to mark her. There was only a trickle of blood, but not very much. It was a strange sensation, but pleasurable for all three as a shiver ran through them, even Fred from the pack bond accepting the mark and love they all shared. The mark seemed to have the same exciting effect on Hermione though, as she came within seconds of the bite.

Hermione screamed out, her pussy clenching on George, forcing him to come right along with her. George called out her name as his seed filled her, he pumped out the last of his orgasm.

"Wow," Hermione muttered, closing her eyes and relaxing back against George. He chuckled against her, a hand stroking down her body.

"You can say that again, Granger," He teased. His voice lowered, turning serious as he said, "Thanks, for that. I don't know why I needed it."

"It's okay, George," Hermione smiled at him. She reached up and stroked a hand down his face, turning his head to hers for a kiss.

When Hermione broke the kiss, she turned with a smile in Fred's direction. He was sat up, watching them with his erection twitching, hitting his stomach. Hermione leaned forward and met his lips in a kiss as he wrapped an arm around her waist. She pulled back, a blush on her face at being with two men at once. It felt a little too much for a girl so new to sex.

"Don't over think it," George told her, feeling the tension in her. "Freddie and I are good at sharing, we take turns well. We'll figure things out over time how to be together."

"Come here love," Fred said, holding his hand out towards her.

Shakily, Hermione got up from George, releasing his soft dick from her body and moved forward to Fred. The twin muttered a wandless spell and Hermione instantly felt the leaking seed from her body vanish.

"Cleaning spell," Fred explained. "Just trying to make you feel more comfortable love. You okay?"

Hermione nodded, her hand going to his and she dropped down onto the blanket with him. Fred kissed her, opening her mouth, his tongue tasted her, his mouth capturing her breath. Despite how tired Hermione felt, she still desperately wanted Fred, the pack bond, and the twin bond had nothing to do with the need she felt for these boys. She knew them well, they were good men, and she cared for them. They had all gone through so much in the last few weeks, and Hermione knew they would take care of her.

Fred and Hermione lowered, so they were both lying on their sides kissing and hands running over each other's bodies. George settled down behind Hermione, his softened dick resting against her buttocks as he pressed kisses to her neck.

"Do you need more time?" Fred asked, his voice tight.

Hermione shook her head, reaching forward to pull Fred back into a kiss.

Fred lifted Hermione's leg, pulling it onto his own hip to open her up for him. He moved forward, pressing himself at her entrance and then he slipped inside her with ease. He was longer than George, but not as thick so each twin made her feel pleasure in different ways. They were different, in a delicious way.

With a smooth pace, Fred moved inside of her. George was behind Hermione pressing kisses to her neck and nuzzling the mark on her neck that he had caused. They finally felt at one, together and perfect. Hermione had never felt at such ease.

Fred's hand was at her arse, squeezing the cheek as he pumped himself into her, stroking the quivering walls of her vagina. Their breaths were raspy, and Hermione could feel the heat of both the twins' breaths against her neck. It was George that took her breath away, though, when he moved and pressed himself up against Hermione's back. His semi-erection was pressed against her arse, teasing. It was an entrance Hermione had never thought to explore, something she wasn't sure she wanted too. She didn't protest but held her breath as she felt the semi erection rubbing against the forbidden entrance.

Both twins felt the moment Hermione teased and stroked their hands their hands down her side to ease her worries.

"Calm down Granger," George told her in a husky voice. "I'm not going to do anything. Promise."

Hermione released the breath she was holding, her pussy relaxing its strong hold on Fred's cock from her moment of panic. She felt slightly disappointed at George's answer. She wasn't sure she wanted too, but Hermione had felt a rise in her arousal the moment she had thought it was going to happen.

George's hand went to her pussy, rubbing at her clit as Fred continued to thrust into her. After a few more strokes it was enough for her to reach her peak and she came with a shout. Her pussy clenched as she called out her orgasm, forcing Fred into his and he spilled his seed inside her.

They lay there, on the blanket on a beach, naked under the moonlight trying to catch their breaths.

Finally, they felt as one.

"So, what did you think?" Fred asked, a cocky smile on his face.

Hermione raised an eyebrow at the question.

"The bonding Granger, get your mind out of the gutter," George spoke from behind her with a laugh.

Hermione blushed but snuggled closer to the both of them. She rested her head on Fred's chest, with George snuggled into her back. "It was not what I expected. I suspected something a bit more chaotic, with a few more fireworks seeing as it was you two."

"Now I know she's talking about the sex," Fred said, looking over her curly hair towards his twin. "She expected more fireworks Gred, should we be offended?"

Hermione hit Fred's chest and laughed at his teasing. As she lay there in peace, she felt the pack bond strength. She felt the fulfillment of the pack finally clicking into place. She had been with them all, strengthened her bond with them all, and they were finally as one. She cared so deeply for her pack, and she knew from that moment on, everything with the pack was about to change.

"We would hate to disappoint your expectations of us," George spoke, a hand on her hip.

Moments later a bang was heard above their heads and Hermione looked up to see the fireworks the twins had invited going off. It went on for twenty minutes, beautiful colours exploding in the sky. The final fireworks showed a picture of a wolf in the sky.

Under the moonlight, the three members of the Weasley pack fell asleep, content and happy.

Chapter 16: Chapter Sixteen

Chapter Summary

In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the death eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Beta: Thanks to the wonder historygirl1863

"Charlie!" Hermione shouted, her arms folded as she glared at the man in question. "If you chip that wall with your table one more time, I'm going to chip your head."

It was moving day for the Weasley Pack, and they had all come to help arrange the new furniture as well as some of their furniture that had been Hermione approved. Even Harry and Ginny had come along, volunteering to help them move as they did have five people to move into the big house.

The twins had the least to move in, due to the fact most of their stuff had been burnt during the fire. They had a few boxes of things they'd managed to save, and the rest was newly bought clothing.

"If only there were a way to magically fix it," Charlie said sarcastically, earning a laugh from the rest.

"You better hope there's a magical way to fix your head then," Hermione growled back.

Bill came in with a heavy box of books and groaned as he carried them further into the room before dropping them onto the floor. He had just been released from the hospital, but he was supposed to be on bed rest, something the Alpha seemed to ignore.

"Bill..." Hermione started but was cut off by Ginny.

"You're an idiot," Ginny said to her brother, stomping over to clip him around the ear. "You're supposed to be at the Burrow with mom looking after you. We've been moving your stuff in here all morning."

"I'm not sitting at the Burrow stewing, letting mum fuse over me like she's wanted to for years," Bill dismissed. He dodged back as Ginny went for him again, the third time he grabbed her wrist and twisted her body around, locking her in his arms. "I'm still your big brother Gin, you might be able to get past the twins, but your reflexes need to be quick to get me more than once."

"I'll get him later, for the both of us," Hermione promised the youngest Weasley. Bill raised an eyebrow at his mate, but didn't comment.

They continued on, clearing out their own homes and placing the furniture in their new and bigger house for the rest of the day. It took a while to get everything sorted, especially since Charlie seemed to have a habit of chipping every piece of wall paint he came in contact with. Once it was starting to get late, Ginny and Harry made their way back to the Burrow, leaving the pack alone.

"I've got an appointment with the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures in a few days," Hermione stated, sitting on the couch between the twins. "I should probably head to bed and sleep, I want to study tomorrow. I don't even have the energy to move yet, though."

"Want us to carry you up love?" George offered, placing a hand on her thigh.

"We can stay and keep you warm?" Fred suggested. "Sharing body heat is perfectly natural for packs."

Hermione snorted, "That's the worst pick-up line I've heard from you two yet."

"Not tonight boys," Bill pointed out, his gaze going to George. "Remember what we promised."

George closed his eyes briefly and took in a deep breath. When his eyes opened, they were black, and his gaze was locked on Hermione. "Not tonight love," George murmured.

Hermione swallowed and nodded weakly. Right. She had made them promise never to take her to bed when she was most fertile to avoid getting pregnant for as long as possible. She wasn't against having kids, but they were so early into this new relationship that she wanted to wait. However, it was hard now that she knew contraception didn't work on wolf packs. The animal urge to mate and produce overrode any muggle and magical contraception. It was a good job too; the boys had been horrified when she'd explained muggle condoms to them. At least she'd made it past the first month with an empty uterus. She trusted the boys to keep their promise, no matter how much their instincts told them to mate and produce offspring.

All the boys had their eyes on Hermione, "I feel like a lamb in a room full of wolves."

"Oh, you are," Charlie stated.

"Off to bed pet," Bill instructed. He moved up from his seat next to Hermione and pulled her to her feet. With a quick peck on her lips, he led her out of the room from the rest of the pack and up the stairs to her new bedroom. "Hermione, the first time will be the hardest for us all. We'll get used to it. Four horny young men in a room with a fertile smelling mate will do that to a pack. We'll be alright, keep them out tomorrow, especially."

"Tomorrow will be my most fertile?"

"That's what my nose tells me," Bill explained. "I know the boys promised, but they might not expect to feel the need to mate until they truly smell you so fertile tomorrow. Heavy petting is alright, just no teasing. Of course, Fred will be fine with his human sense of smell. And maybe Charlie."

Hermione watched Bill's eyes flash with amber before turning to his natural colour. She didn't know what to make of the conversation. They had been around her for a while now, although it was the first time she'd been mated to them all properly before going into heat. "It's different this time around?"

Bill nodded, "The mating has finally been completed. Whatever you and the twins did worked. I can feel it, the power. Charlie ate raw steak this morning."

"Charlie?" Hermione questioned, shocked. Charlie didn't have much wolf urges in him, normally. He had never taken a fancy to raw steak like Bill and George. He had slightly better eyesight than Fred, but apart from that he was human.

"Shocked me too," Bill admitted. "And him. This pack thing is new to everyone. There's never really been a pack of half-blooded wolves, a human mate and a twin bonded in before. Maybe we all have a bit of wolf in us from doing the blood exchange."

"I thought you said that wouldn't pass on the wolf virus to any of us."

"It never has before."

Bill walked away and went to his room, leaving Hermione behind trying to work out what was going on with her pack. They all felt more settled, a little overwhelmed since she'd gotten back with the twins perhaps, but all in all, they felt good. The twin bonding had been the right thing to do, and the pack felt powerful. Even Hermione felt a surge of magical power. Charlie had accidently blown a hole in the Burrow front room when he tried to cast a cleaning charm that very morning of Hermione's return.

All magic had consequences, though, and Hermione knew that. They couldn't have an increase in their magic without something counteracting the goodness. Perhaps the pack feeling more wolf was magic's way of keeping things balanced.

Hermione definitely needed to research it.

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The next morning Hermione came down to breakfast and made a start on the cooking. She enjoyed cooking, having learned most of what she knew from her mother. Despite what Ron said about her cooking, she was actually rather good at it. When they were on the run, there were only a few things they had as ingredients. Feeding Ronald Weasley anything without meat in it wasn't really an option. Hermione had hunted down herbs and wild spices to add to rabbit meat, but the boys hadn't noticed in their desperation to get any kind of food source into them.

After half an hour the boys must have smelt the food, and they started to come down to the kitchen, eager to eat. Bill had already left for work and Fred had to go rather soon to open up the shop for the morning.

"Well, I guess Ron was wrong all along about your cooking," George said as he made his way behind his mate. He placed his hands on her hips and pressed his front against her back.

"It's your own stupid fault for believing Ronald about my cooking," Hermione retorted, turning the sausages to cook the other side. She leaned into George's embrace though and sighed at the wonderful feel of him wrapped around her. It had been a strange feeling, sleeping alone for her first night in the packed house.

George grinned against the back of her head, then trailed a kiss down her neck. He paused at the junction of her neck, and rather uncharacteristically, stuck his nose there and inhaled deeply. "Merlin, Bill was right. Christ."

Hermione glanced over her shoulder and met a pair of black eyes. He had a dark and hungry expression on his face, reminding her of Bill during the full moon when he could truly feel the wolf in his veins. This time, the full moon had passed, and it was her fertility that was the cause of the problem. "Are you okay? Maybe you need to go sit down."

"Or I have a better plan," George smirked and leaned over to get everything out of Hermione's hands, then spun her around. He pressed further into her, front to front with his erection digging deliciously into her hip. "Let's go to my room, Freddie is leaving soon, and it'll just be you and me."

Normally Hermione would have jumped at the idea because she loved being with any of her boys, especially now she felt so connected to them all after finishing the bonding. However, this wasn't the George she knew. This was pushy wolf George that had no experience controlling his desires. Hermione never felt in any danger, and she knew that none of the boys would hurt her, even if they all had been able to take wolf form.

"I don't think that's a good idea, George," Hermione replied gently, placing a hand on his shoulder to try to put some distance between them.

"Sounds like a perfect idea to me," George countered. "I'm sure I could change your mind."

"I'm sure you could, but..."

Hermione was cut off by a figure appearing in the doorway, the dark frown on Charlie's face as he took in the situation. Fred was just behind his older brother, a worried expression on his

face.

"The lady said no and you heard Bill's instructions last night," Charlie commented, then walked over to the pair. He pressed a hand against George's shoulder and pulled him back and away from Hermione a few steps. "Go change, you can take Fred's shift at the shop today and sort your head out."

"This hasn't got anything to do with you," George growled back. His voice was harsh, and the words looked so foreign on George's face. The sweet joking boy was gone in an instant.

Charlie looked just as scary, though, stepping up to his brother. He had a big of height on George, a bit more bulk to his body from his years of handling dragons. "I know this isn't you, so I'm going to let that slide for now. Bill isn't here, which makes me, the Beta in charge. Go get changed and ready for the shop. If you sort your head out up there in the next twenty minutes, you can join us for breakfast. Hermione's fertile, but she's not for you or any of us. Don't listen to the wolf. Remember the promise you made to your mate, stop trying to hurt her by going back on your word."

"I wouldn't hurt her," George protested, his tone softening. "I'm sorry. I just can't control it sometimes. I've never smelt anything like that before."

"I know little bro," Charlie smiled, back to his old self. "It'll get easier. You're learning to control it. We all know that. Granger won't be hurt by you thinking she's irresistible, will you?"

Charlie looked Hermione's way, and she blushed but shook her head.

George's gaze turned to his mate, and Hermione wanted nothing more than to cross the distance to comfort him, but she knew that would only make things worse. He was already on the edge without her tempting him even more with her scent.

"Go get dressed and I'll finish breakfast," Hermione ordered.

"Bossy," George smiled.

"Always," Hermione replied, picking her spatula back up. "Now go on."

George left, and Hermione was surprised when Fred didn't join him, but stepped into the kitchen and walked over to stand beside Hermione. He had a concerned look on his face, which Hermione couldn't figure out if it were for George or her.

Charlie took a seat at the table as Hermione dished up breakfast, Fred close to her side and taking a seat next to her.

"He's just struggling with it being his first time, with you smelling however you do," Fred defended his brother, like Hermione, somewhat blamed George for what happened. "He was talking about Bill overreacting last night, he wouldn't ever mean to do that to you."

"I know," Hermione swore to him as she placed a plate of cooked toast on the table and then took her seat next to Fred. "It's going to take us all some time to figure this out. Now I know

the reaction it can have to the pack, well except you, of course, Fred, maybe I can figure something out for next month."

Charlie raised an eyebrow and started loading his plate, not bothering to wait for George, "Like what?"

Hermione shrugged, "I don't know, maybe there's a conception potion for werewolves or something to hide the scent. It might make everyone feel a little less on edge."

"We'll manage if you can't find anything like that, but to be honest, I wouldn't mind you finding a potion that will work," Charlie agreed. "You do smell delicious, even to my weak nose."

"Unlike my brothers, I want you for your body, not your smell," Fred joked. "I'm rather open minded like that."

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Remus raised an eyebrow at the daring witch in front of him. Since the pack had gotten together, he'd had nothing but trouble from them. He didn't mind, though, he cared for Hermione and the Weasley's of course. His heart just ached for his mate and having the pack around was a reminder of what he never had. His love and devotion was focused on his son now, Teddy. Maybe, over time, Remus would find another companion, but he was quite content with caring for his son.

Presently, Hermione Granger was sat in front of Remus, asking for information. It seemed the pack had already hit lots of snags after only being together for a few weeks.

"So?" Hermione pressed. "Professor Lupin I know this can't be easy..."

Remus raised a hand and gave her a soft smile, "I haven't been your professor for quite a while. It's not easy seeing a pack, I've always longed for my own, but I sort of got that with my friends, before they died. I don't have the first-hand experience, but I do know about wolves and about what other packs are like. Let's start with the easy thing, shall we?"

"Please," Hermione agreed, leaning forward to pick up her tea cup. Her eyes drifted to the little baby in the Moses basket before going back to Remus.

"You're the only woman in the pack, and I know they did that to create more power. For some reason, more females in packs weaken them. The female is the ultimate container of the power. Most have the ability to control who has what amount of extra power," Remus explained. "Let's say Charlie got injured. As the pack female, you would worry about him and have the ability to draw power from the pack and give it to Charlie to heal him quicker. The more females in the pack, the less power each female has to play with. It seems you don't have much control on your abilities yet, so that's probably why people within your pack are sensing an increase of power or abilities."

Hermione blinked at Remus, her mouth agape at the information. The books said nothing about that. She quickly made notes on her pad, and once she was done, she looked back at

Remus. "That's fascinating. It makes perfect sense too. George has been struggling. Lately, he's sensing more of his wolf than the others and maybe it's because I'm worrying about him? Maybe my subconscious feels like he's in danger and it's passing power to him, making it even worse for him to control his urges."

"Perhaps, but I think that's a conversation you need to have with George. He may be able to shed a bit of light on his ability to control his wolf." Remus glanced at his sleeping son and smiled, a look of peace on his face for the first time since the battle. "Now, let's talk about the children aspect, shall we?"

Hermione nodded her head, her cheeks coming out in a bright red blush. It was embarrassing getting sex ed from her old Defense against the Dark Arts teacher. "Yes please."

"Your alpha Bill can help with your worries over getting pregnant," Remus told her. "He can mix a fertility potion with a drop of his hair in it. It's not a hundred percent, and if Bill truly wishes for you to create a child, it will lessen the chances of the potion working. It is the only option, though. He won't know about the potion; I'll send him the instructions to mix it."

"What would you say the percentage of the potion would be? Even during my fertility days?" Hermione questioned. "It's so new, and the boys are struggling, with us living in a house together now it's..." Hermione's blush brightened, and she averted her gaze from her ex-professor.

"I would say about eighty-five percent effective during your high fertility days, close to ninety for your other days," Remus said. Then he leaned forward, his hand reaching to hers to offer her comfort. "If the pack wants their mate to carry their cub, it will happen. You have an understanding with those boys, and it's truly nothing you should focus on. When you're ready, it will happen. For now, enjoy the role you have and try to learn your new abilities. Every pack is different, and I've never seen one with so many half breed werewolves, plus two humans."

Hermione smiled at Remus, grateful that he was able to ease her worries. "Thank you, profess... Remus. If you ever need anything, I'm here and so are the boys. Even if it's just babysitting that cute boy for you."

"I was actually hoping you would say that Hermione," Remus straightened. "I have something I would really like you to help me with."

"What's that?"

"Revenge."

Chapter 17: chapter Seventeen

Chapter Summary

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the Death Eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Beta: Thanks to the wonder historygirl1863

"Fred! George!" Hermione shouted from the upstairs bathroom. She was furious. They had sworn that their pranks would remain at the shop, or in their room, but no. They just had to go against their word and leave things lying around, the most recent of which being a pranked bottle of Charlie's shampoo.

Hermione had always liked the peach smelling shampoo from Romagna so had pinched some during her shower, but she'd stepped out with wet hair, wet BLUE hair. Obviously, the twins had set that prank up for Charlie, but it had caused her hair to turn blue, and she was going to the ministry in three days' time for an interview. Hermione was interviewing for an office job at the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures. She couldn't turn up with blue hair!

The twins appeared in the bathroom doorway, a grin on both their faces as they took in Hermione, dressed in only a towel until their gazes fell on the blue hair poking out from under a head towel.

"If you don't have a way to reverse this straight away, I'm kicking you both out to go back and live with your mother," Hermione warned, furious at what had happened to her. They weren't meant to be pranking in the house; they had sworn the day they had moved in. However, the rest of the pack had been suspicious, not trusting the twins to go even a day without tricking or pranking someone.

"Technically, we did this out in the yard," Fred defended.

"So we didn't break the rules, we weren't in the house when we did it. Charlie was the one that found the bottle and brought it in the house," George continued.

"So really, it's him you should be angry with," Fred agreed.

"He brought a prank into the house."

"Let's kick him out."

"We can put it to a vote," Fred suggested, "All for throwing out Charlie?"

Both Fred and George raised their hands and Hermione throw the bottle at them, but missed. She glared at them both and turned her back, ready to storm away when a hand from each twin went to both her shoulders, stopping her despite her rage.

"Sorry Hermione," Fred apologised, and he closed the distance between them, his hand went to the edge of Hermione's towel, which only made her clutch it tighter around her. She knew what that pesky twin was thinking of doing. "Luckily, it just needs a good few washes to get it out. So, how about George and I go in there and wash your hair a few times each until it comes out? It can be our way to apologise."

"It'll be a big sacrifice," George said sarcastically.

"I'm sure it will be," Hermione said, her lips pursed as she glared at the twins. She didn't trust them, especially when it came to joking around and pranking. "You can save your energy though boys; I can manage to wash my own hair without you two providing aid. I've been washing it for years."

Fred made his way into the bathroom with George and he turned the shower on, testing the heat of the water. "I think it's our responsibility to make sure we get that dye out," Fred pointed out. "It is our fault."

With Hermione's eyes on Fred, she sensed George's intentions a little too late and before she had time to react, her towel was whipped away, leaving her naked in front of the twins. It wasn't a first of course, but it was still shocking and embarrassing to be naked, wet and angry at them both. "You're both in so much trouble after this," Hermione growled at them, her arm going across her chest and the other covering her privates.

The boys grinned at her but didn't reply as they both started removing their clothing, in sync. Their clothes all came off. Both of the twins had a semi-erection, but neither of them seemed fazed by the state of their bodies, their soul focus was on Hermione, their mate. Fred climbed into the shower and held a hand out towards Hermione with the sweetest expression he could muster. It was the expression he normally saved for when he was caught doing something naughty. Although, the 'sweetest' expressions on the twins still looked like they were up to no good.

Hermione was still hesitant to take a shower with them both, it was a big step, and she felt rather embarrassed and exposed. It had been different that night on the beach. It had been dark, and it had been more intimate. This was silly and playful.

The twins didn't seem to have Hermione's nerves though as George came up behind Hermione and placed a hand on her hip. The other hand went to her arm, drawing it down to her side to stop it covering her bare breasts, giving Fred an eyeful. The red head stood in the shower flashed her a smile, his eyes going down her body before he held his hand out further, encouraging her to walk towards him.

"Relax love," George told her, his hot breath hitting her neck. "Let us look at you." George released her hand and went to the other one, pulling it away from her center. He held her hands at her sides, now leaving her completely bare to both of their greedy eyes. "It's just a shower love, nothing more if you don't want it to be. Let's give this hair a bit of a wash and then we can see what happens."

"Don't bother George," Fred dismissed, he was now leaning against the tiles with his arms folded, the spray of the shower hitting his chest and running down his body. "She's not an actual lion, more Eagle than a lion."

Hermione narrowed her eyes at the twin and stepped forward, climbing into the shower. She wanted to prove she wasn't truly bothered by their thoughts of her body. Deep down, though, it did matter, but she wasn't going to give them the satisfaction to think they'd won. Although, she was doing exactly what they wanted.

"You know, I'm going to tell your mother about my blue hair and then we'll see how Lion you two are," Hermione threatened, turning to give George a just as furious glare. The twins smirked at each other, and Hermione felt the pride, arousal, and humor through the bond connection. She was still getting used to it, but every now and again she could feel the twins so close to her, feel their emotions and ideas. "I mean it."

"We know you do," Fred said, laughing as he peered down at her. "No true Gryffindor could turn down a dare like that, not in front of George and I."

"Don't listen to him Hermione, we both know I'm the favorite anyway," George dismissed from behind her.

"Keep lying to yourself Georgie," Fred replied. He moved Hermione under the spray and stood in front of her with his twin behind. The space was tight so their bodies pressed together. Hermione's back was to George and her front to Fred.

"You're both just trying to change the subject," Hermione pointed out, through the running water. She looked down, letting the water soak into her blue hair. "Don't think I can't feel it."

"Damn," George joked, "Forgot we couldn't get much past her now. We'll have to be sneaky from a distance."

"Before long she'll have the hang of it and not even distance will keep our devious plans safe," Fred pointed out and then let out a heavy, fake sigh.

George turned and grabbed the bottle of shampoo, the good stuff that Bill used. He squeezed a good amount into his hands and then reached up to massage the shampoo into Hermione's

hair. The water was still on her, and George leaned her back against his chest so her hair was out of the water. The action pointed her chest out and in Fred's direction.

Never one to turn down an offering, he leaned forward and took one peak of her nipple into his mouth. Hermione moaned, the feeling of the heavy massage off George and the sucking off Fred sent her arousal through the roof. They were always so in sync. They always knew how to unwind her and make her feel more comfortable.

The twins took turns lavishing Hermione's hair in shampoo then rinsing the blue dye out. They also took turns in lavishing her body in kisses. It wasn't long before the hair dye was forgotten and the twins showed Hermione the advantages of sharing water.

Forty minutes later Hermione stepped out of the shower with brunette locks, stated and with two jubilant red heads.

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With the twins in the new house, they hadn't spent much time on fixing up their old flat. However, the flat would bring in a good bit of rent for their new house so Hermione had pushed them both to finish it up when they got some down time at work. They had both finally agreed, knowing she could tell if they were lying to her. The new house was beautiful, an older building, which was something Hermione had wanted from the start. Not many people had come over for a visit yet, so when Ron and Ginny turned up at the floo, it shocked Hermione.

"I told you we should have fire called first," Ron grumbled from beside his sister. He turned to look at Hermione's shocked expression, guessing they'd come a wrong time. "We can come back later."

"No, we won't," Ginny dismissed, sweeping a hand over her green pants to get rid of the floo dust. "If you have one of my brother's tied to your bed, go untie him or let him wait it out for an hour. "

"Ginny!" Hermione said, shocked. Her gaze flew to Ron, who groaned in disgust, scrubbing a hand over his eyes as if he was trying to burn the image out of his head. "They've all gone to work, and no one gets tied to my bed."

"Merlin Gin, they're your brothers too," Ron moaned. He shot his sister a look of disgust, then turned towards Hermione. "She's been unbearable, wanting to come over the minute you lot finished moving in. Mom made her promise to wait. Said you lot needed time to settle in."

"They can settle in after we've visited," Ginny replied, waving a hand. The two arrivals followed Hermione through the corridor and into the kitchen, where they sat and waited as Hermione boiled a muggle kettle. "How is it living with my brothers? Awful isn't it? Bet they all leave the loo seat up, don't they? Mum used to get that fed up of it that she spelled it so they fell in every time they forgot."

"Don't remind me," Ron grumbled. "Fred and George reversed the spell so I fell in whenever one of them forgot to put the seat down."

Hermione wrinkled her nose in disgust. "They've all been rather good so far, but it is only a few days into the new house, so things could change. I'm sure your mother wouldn't mind giving me a few tips if things change too much."

"Charlie's pretty clean, so you should be okay," Ginny agreed. She reached into the biscuit tin that sat in the middle of the kitchen table and grabbed two biscuits. "Always thought he had a bit of OCD."

Ron watched Ginny and soon copied, taking four biscuits and casting Hermione a look when she caught him. "I didn't get lunch at work today," Ron defended, through a mouthful of biscuit.

"They don't have any bad eating habits at least," Hermione commented.

Ginny snorted.

"Can we not talk about this? It's still weird," Ron asked, then shoved another biscuit into his mouth. Ginny rolled her eyes as then smiled up at Hermione as she passed both of them a warm cup of tea.

"The twins are off trying to fix the flat up to rent out," Hermione informed them. "Thought it would be a good way to get some money in to help pay for the house's rent. Although, we don't really need the money too badly, especially with five incomes."

"They're thinking of renting the flat out?" Ron asked, his head perking up. "How much for?"

Hermione shrugged, "You'd have to ask them, why?"

Ginny looked at her brother with a smile on her face. "Oh, maybe it has something to do with a little shop called 'Lovegood Creatures,' is it?"

"Luna's got a shop?" Hermione asked, her eyes going to a blushing Ron. "It's not full of empty boxes she believes has new creatures in, is it?"

"No, she has pets and stuff," Ron defended, the tips of his eyes turning red. "She's opening next week."

"And our Ron here got an exclusive look," Ginny pointed out and then shared a smile with Hermione.

Ginny and Hermione chatted for most of the afternoon, with Ron skulking around the kitchen trying to steal whatever he could. Apparently his mother had reduced the amount of food she was keeping in the kitchen now there were less people. They were watching their money, wanting to save up for a good headstone for their son, Percy. Harry and the older Weasleys had offered to pay, but Arthur and Molly had refused. They wanted to do it, for their son.

A little later, Bill came home and was greeted by his sister. Ron wasn't so forthcoming, but eventually, they got a bit of conversation out of him before he left, stating he had something on with a friend. Ginny left soon after, telling Hermione she had a date with Harry.

"How's the rest of the pack been?" Bill asked, a cheeky smile on his face as he looked over at his mate.

"Troublesome, but that grin on your face tells me the Twins have already owed you and told you about what happened this morning," Hermione answered.

Bill flashed her a cheeky grin, "Not much pet, just said you were looking a little blue this morning. Anything I can do to cheer you up?"

"I'm going to kill the both of them."

"We could do it together?" Bill offered.

"Make it three!" A blue haired Charlie shouted, stomping his way into the living room. He looked furious. "Do you know how many people saw me like this before I even found out what those dicks had done to my shampoo? I've spent the whole day at work as a laughing stock and to make things worse the Dragons took a freight to me having blue hair. I nearly lost my eyebrows earlier."

"It washes off," Hermione promised.

Charlie still looked furious and quickly grabbed his mate. "Then you can help me wash it out, and we can spend the rest of the time plotting the twins' death. Sound good?"

"Sounds brilliant!"

"Just don't get any of their blood on the new carpet!" Bill called after Charlie and Hermione, who disappeared out of the door.

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"Stop mucking about Jack," Robert growled at the younger werewolf. Robert bent his knees and on three, the pair picked up the heavy, long object and carried it further into the woods. "We need to get this done and get back to Fenrir. The way he was acting tonight, I think we might have another one to dump later."

The pair made it further into the woods, heaving as they carried the weight of the object. "You don't think he's losing it, do you?" Young Jack asked, puffing out air from exhaustion. "I mean, he's always been a bit nuts, but we've followed him still. Now, though, now he's gone a bit bonkers over that pack. I mean, doesn't this all feel a little too much just to stick it to one pack?"

They continued to carry the object into the woods and for several minutes, Jack didn't get a reply. Robert, the older and more experienced werewolf had to be careful with his wording. He knew exactly what was wrong with the crazy looking wolf. "Some magic shouldn't be touched," Was Robert's reply, then he cast the young wolf a stern look. "Don't go saying things like that to anyone else or it'll be your body we're carrying into the woods."

Jack wasn't fazed, at sixteen years old, he felt unstoppable. "Who is this anyway?" He asked, gesturing towards the body wrapped in blankets. "Didn't recognize him when I saw Greyback

kill him. Some muggle kid?"

"Na, he's a wizard. A good friend of Potter's from what I hear," Robert replied. "Think Greyback's sending a message to them. He's never liked that kid since he gave them the slip during the war, and especially with him being friends with that Mudblood girl."

They made it further into the woods and finally, they came to a clear lake. It was a spot the golden trio had stopped at during their time on the run. It was the main reason Greyback had ordered them to drop the body off at that location. He was sending Potter and the Weasley pack a message.

Greyback always won.

With a heave, they lifted the body off their shoulders and laid it on the ground, the blankets covering the dead person's face. Jack moved forward for a look, but Robert hit him away. The kid had no decency. Robert might not have been fond of anyone connected to Harry Potter, but that didn't mean you could disrespect the dead.

"Come on," Robert ordered, grabbing Jack by the collar and pulling him in the direction they came. "Let's get out of here and find someone to scare into making a call to the Auror office."

"Won't that just lead them to the body? Won't we get caught and into trouble? They have evidence finding stuff now you know, my dad was telling me about it before he died," Jack questioned, his gaze falling on Robert.

"The witch cleared away any of the evidence. Finding the body is exactly what we need them to do," Robert replied.

The pair made their way into Diagon Alley and just as they found their perfect target, a crow landed on Robert's shoulder, a note in its sharp beak. Carefully, Robert got the note off the beast, and the shooed it away.

'Don't call the Auror's yet, got another one for you.'

That was all the note said. And no one had signed it, but they both knew exactly who it was from. Robert cast Jack a look of caution, both wondering who the crazy werewolf had grabbed and killed now.

"He has gone mad, hasn't he?" Jack asked with a look of fear in his eyes.

"Yeah kid, he has."

Chapter 18: chapter eighteen

Chapter Summary

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the Death Eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Beta: Thanks to the wonder historygirl1863

Warning: Character death, I warned you.

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Early Friday morning, Hermione made her way to the Ministry for an interview with the Department of the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures. Kingsley was one of the people interviewing Hermione for the office job, which mainly would have been organising appointments for the department head and some other tasks. It was basically just going to be an office job, but it was getting her foot in the door which was the main reason she was going for the job.

It turned out that the department didn't have a department head leading it, and it had been on the back burner for quite a while. Kingsley had come along to the interview to offer Hermione the opportunity to lead it. He was very confident in her abilities and after his promotion to Minister of Magic, he had come to Harry, Ron and Hermione offering them whatever positions they wanted in the ministry. Ron and Harry had jumped at the opportunity to start their Auror training. It was only last week when Kingsley had asked Harry to lead the Department. So, Kingsley had a lot of respect for the trio's abilities, and he wanted them to achieve their dreams. They had been right from the beginning about Voldemort's return so Kingsley wanted more forward thinking people like them working for him to help the magical community.

So, Kingsley offered Hermione the opportunity to head the department. She had argued for a while of course, not feeling like she was getting the opportunity because of her skill, but it

was mostly due to the fact she was friends with the Minister of Magic. Kingsley had been quick to point out how well he respected her. She was the cleverest witch of the era; the one person he knew could truly turn around the department after Umbridge's care of it for several years.

Hermione had still been hesitant until he promised to hold voting in the Ministry for new laws to be passed regarding magical creatures. He couldn't guarantee to pass each one, but they would go to a vote, and if they had the majority, the law would then be seriously considered by himself, then hopefully, passed.

She had the opportunity to change the law, to give people like Remus the chance to live in a free world. She took the job instantly.

Of course, the department was nowhere near the standards Hermione had expected. She turned up the next day to find out she had a handful of employee's who didn't have much respect for magical creatures, but they had the job because of Umbridge liking their biased views. Hermione fired them instantly and was left with one young woman called Helen who was currently in a relationship with a vampire. Hermione's entire department consisted of herself and Helen.

After a busy day of advertising and booking interviews for job roles, Hermione went home to tell the pack. They were all still at work, except for Charlie.

"I can't promise my research would be quick, but I can try to work on it when I get some downtime at work," Charlie promised. He was lying on the bed with Hermione, both dressed and on top of the covers.

"That's fine Charlie, no hurry. I just want your research on Dragons and the current problems we have with them," Hermione told him. "I'm going to do hiring on Friday, I just hope I get plenty of people turning up for their interviews. Once I get enough people, we're going to start a list of the various creatures within the community and compile a list of things that need to be reviewed. Dragons are your specialty, I can read the research and see if the department has anything we need to change."

"Who exactly are you going to hire?" Charlie questioned, an eyebrow raised. "Not going to run around with vampires, are you? They're only a few select members that are allowed anywhere near that delectable neck."

"No," Hermione replied, smacking her hand against his chest with a laugh. "I've got a few people I know will be coming to the interview like Firenze. The rest are humans, creatures or people qualified to argue the new laws in the Ministry courts. I'm still building up a structure of course."

"Of course," Charlie agreed. He liked when she went into her lecture mood and moved over and on top of her. His lips went to her neck, pressing kisses down to her collar bone. "Just don't hire a vampire as your receptionist, or else I'll have to take our pack on its first hunt."

Hermione smacked at Charlie's shoulder but giggled as he pretended to growl and bite her neck. "Vampires don't growl your prat."

Charlie's head popped up, "How do you know?"

"Books."

"Your dirty books?"

"Romance books!" Hermione replied a blush started to heat her cheeks, though. She had books that were from the muggle world, which were romantic and erotic. The twins had found the books yesterday and had been shocked at the thought their little mate read porn. Hermione had quickly dismissed them, telling Bill and Charlie it was romance stories in the muggle world. It wasn't porn.

"Okay," Charlie said, his tone suggesting he didn't believe her in the slightest. "Just don't let these vampires hit you with their 'heated rod of steel.'"

"Charlie!"

"I'm quoting love!"

0o0o0o0o0o0

"Hermione!" Her new office assistant called, knocking on her door before entering the newly furnished office space. The new assistant was called Reece, he was over six foot, with a well-built body and jet black hair. He was exquisite looking and made all the ladies swoon in the office. However, Hermione had hired him due to his experience with being an assistant as well as the fantastic references he was able to give her.

"Yes, Reece?" Hermione asked, glancing up from her paperwork late Thursday evening. He'd come through the door rather quickly, which wasn't like him. He was normally quite laid back and calm.

"You have an urgent message from Harry Potter. It says to give it to you instantly, it's got the emergency sticker on it," Reece explained, holding the letter out towards Hermione.

Her heart immediately plummeted at the news. It wouldn't be good news. Usually, Harry would have come to her and tell her whatever was going on. He rarely sent news by letters when he was just a floo away. He had been busy with his department for several weeks, so Hermione hadn't seen very much of him.

"Thank you, Reece," Hermione said, grabbing the letter and falling back in her seat. Reece nodded and left the office, returning to his desk. Hermione wasted no time and pulled the letter open, her hands shaking with nerves as she dreaded the news it contained.

Please don't let it be about Neville. Please let him come home safely.

Hermione,

They've found a body. I've got to go and identify it. But they... they think it's him. Ron can't face it, but will you come? Just to the department and I'll go in? I can't ask anyone else. It's not something I want other people to hear about yet until we know for sure, either way.

Love

Harry

Hermione felt sick at the words. She had been dreading this result for weeks, but as the more time passed, the less likely it was for Neville to return home. Harry and Ron had been working so hard on finding him, but all the results came to a dead end.

A tear fell down Hermione's cheek, and she quickly swiped it away. Without bothering to clear her desk, she strode out of the office and. She immediately called for Reece to cancel her appointments, before rushing to the floo.

Hermione arrived at the magical deaths department. She hadn't ever gone to the department just in the lower floor of the ministry. In the past, there had been no reason to.

When a person had an unexplained death, they would come to the magical deaths department where qualified witches and wizards found out the reason behind the death and informed the Aurors.

"Hermione," Harry called, rushing to her side. He looked just as worried as she felt. They both worried so much for their good friend.

"Maybe it's not him," Hermione whispered, her voice low. "Please, he's stronger than this and after everything, he's gone through. Harry, it can't."

"There's only one way to find out," Harry told her and then offered his hand to hers. Together, they walked into the department and went to the desk to inform them of their arrival. Hermione took a seat and moments later someone came through the double doors at the end of the corridor and called Harry's name.

"Harry, you don't have to do this," Hermione pointed out. "Someone else could."

"Who?" Harry questioned. "His grandmother died in the battle, the only other person would be Hannah Abbott, but I think that's a bit cruel, she loves him."

Hermione didn't say anything else, and she threw herself at Harry, hugging her brave best friend. He was doing something to save a woman that loved Neville. He was so selfless that it still amazed Hermione. With a teary nod, Hermione pulled back and waited in her seat.

Hermione waited twenty long minutes until Harry came out of the double doors, a dark expression on his face. The whole experience had brought back memories from the Battle of Hogwarts. There had been so much death that day, for everyone.

"Harry?" Hermione asked, standing.

She waited. Hoped.

"It's not him Hermione."

Emotion filled Hermione, and she grabbed Harry, a smile on her face at the news. Except, Harry wasn't smiling. He looked just as defeated from his viewing of the body. He looked just as troubled as before. Clearly, whoever the body was, wasn't good news to either of them.

"It's Seamus," Harry told her. "That wasn't the only body they found too. They asked me to look at another they called John Doe."

"Harry, please," Hermione said, her lips trembling with the news. She wasn't close to Seamus, but he was someone she had grown up with at Hogwarts. He was a fun-loving student that always got into trouble at school. He made the entire Gryffindor house laugh each day with his stories and bad attempts at magic.

"It was Lee Jordan."

Hermione's mind went blank and her knees threatened to give out under the weight of the news.

"The twins' best friend," Harry continued. "Hermione?"

Hermione couldn't think. She couldn't breathe. Oh gosh, this couldn't be happening.

"Hermione!" Harry shouted. She felt him shift her, pulling her back down to her seat. "It's okay Hermione. It's okay."

It was several moments before Hermione pulled herself together. Her heart broke at the news about Seamus and about the boy the twins cared for so much. She couldn't even think about their reaction to the news.

"How Harry? What happened to them? The twins are going to be devastated. They were only talking with Lee last week," Hermione asked him, looking up with her tear-filled eyes.

"They were killed by werewolves," Harry asked, then seemed to get a lump in his throat. "I erm. I think maybe that Fenrir is trying to kill people that could join your pack, stop it getting bigger and becoming a threat."

Hermione looked up at that. It was a very odd thing for Harry to say, but if that's what he thought, he had to have a reason behind it. He was more rational now, after the Auror training and experience. "Why would we want it bigger?"

"I don't know Hermione, he might not realise how much power your pack has. He has about twenty in his pack so he's probably not threatened by five new pack members. If you got your Gryffindors on your side, then he would have something to worry about. He's trying to reduce the chances of your pack evening the numbers," Harry told her. "It's the only thing that makes sense. Maybe Seamus and Neville visited the shop or perhaps Bellatrix, and the Lestranges brothers told Fenrir that they were your close friends. Who knows?"

"We need to find Neville, Harry."

"I know."

It was at that moment that Hermione realised she had to make a tough choice. To get Neville back, she had to go along with Remus' plan, and that meant betraying her pack.

It was the only way to end of all this.

0o0o0o0o0

Telling the twins had been the hardest thing Hermione had ever done. They were devastated to find out their best friend had died and they were both furious. Everyone had thought that death was behind them, now they had all fought and won the battle against Voldemort. It was a devastating blow to everyone.

The shop was closed for the rest of the week as the Twins took time to recover from their friend's death. They spent a lot of time with Katie and Angelina, remembering stories about the troubles they got up to with their best friend, Lee. Fred and George seemed to be managing, a little too well, but Hermione knew better. She felt how much their hearts hurt from the loss, and she could feel their need for revenge when they came into the house each night.

Hermione hadn't told the pack about Harry's theory of reducing their ability to grow the pack. Fenrir must not have known the Weasley pack was strong, he couldn't have known that George had been bitten and that they had bonded with a twin spell with Hermione. Due to all that, the pack was just as strong, plus Hermione had the Malfoy ring to make them even stronger if the time ever came for them to need it. She hadn't told Bill about it, she wanted to save it for a time when he truly needed to strengthen the pack. Hermione didn't want him using the ring in case of an impending attack only to cause Bill to turn each full moon.

Hermione was keeping secrets, but it was all because of a plan she had. She couldn't tell them the truth yet, they wouldn't understand, and they wouldn't let her go through with it. They would die to protect her.

"You're going to have to keep him distracted for a while," Remus told her. "You need to give me time to check the pack den for Neville, and we don't know what I'll find when I get there."

"I understand," Hermione said with a nod. They had met up at the Hogshead, deciding to go over the details of their plan. "Bill will be furious with both of us when he finds out."

"If this works, we'll be able to end him, though, finally bring him down."

"It'll be worth it in the end then," Hermione agreed. "What if they don't let me go alone? I can't see them agreeing to this, even if I spring it on them last minute. Perhaps if I give them time to talk and think it over, they'll understand."

"No," Remus dismissed. "If you give them time to think about the plan, they'll all just go over what could go wrong. We all want Fenrir dead, and if this works, we'll finally be able to get rid of him for once and for all."

"I'm not doing this if I have to lie to them. I want to help you Remus, I do. It's a good plan and you know Fenrir the best. I won't lie to the Pack though. I'm telling them tonight,"

Hermione stated, standing firm. She was fed up with keeping the secrets, but she knew they were going to be worth it. Enough was enough and she needed the pack to know everything.

Remus sighed and rubbed a hand over his face. After a moment he moved closer, a smile on his lips. "I should try to persuade you but I'm well aware how strong you and pack are bonded. Perhaps it will be best if you tell them the truth and give them some time. If you are certain they'll agree the okay, tell them tonight."

"What if Fenrir's pack kills you? What if they don't listen?"

Remus raised an eyebrow and smirked slightly at her words. "If your pack manages to kill Fenrir, they will need a new alpha. Besides, I've known most of them for a while when I worked undercover for the order. I have enough friends in that pack to get in and out safely. If Fenrir catches me, though, he'll order his pack to kill me. Luring him out and away from his pack is the only way I can get in and find out who else is being held there."

"Okay, I trust you," Hermione said, with a nod of her head. They needed to bring down Fenrir, and this was the only way. Remus was the only one that could get in safely. If more of them went then they would be too obvious. The Auror's couldn't get in because of the powerful magic permitting only wolves and select humans into the den. "So I lure him out and get him to meet me somewhere, you'll sneak into the pack while I distract him. What if he just grabs me and runs?"

"He won't."

"What makes you so sure?"

"Fenrir likes to play with his food first," Remus said with utter disgust. He hated the wolf, the man that had cursed Remus at a young age. Fenrir was the reason Remus was a wolf, the reason he had such a troubled life being unable to fit in. Hermione was trying to change that, though. She wanted new laws to make werewolves lives easier in society. Having access to free Wolfsbane potion was just one way she could help create a safer community.

"Besides, I have plenty of faith in you and your pack. You'll be able to call the pack and let them know where you are. Then, they can surround him and get him. They are a pack, when their mate is threatened, they'll hunt like one," Remus continued, his eye's flashed with familiarity. No one knew what Remus did the night his pack was destroyed, all those years ago on Halloween night. No one dared to ask. "Just remember what I said about the bite."

"I know, I need to get Bill to bite me, that way he'll be more connected to me that night and will be able to sense where I am," Hermione said, her eyes meeting her old professor. "I'm good with details, I'm not going to mess up our only chance of getting Neville back alive and finally being able to kill that werewolf for good."

"I'll see you next in five nights," Remus agreed, standing. Five nights until the full moon. They were doing it a few hours before the full moon. It was the most dangerous because they were on such a short time span, but it was the only way. Remus would have a better sense of smell to find Neville, the pack would be more united, but they would all be weaker. Fenrir

was a very strong alpha male, but a few hours before the full moon he would be at his weakest, especially being a full wolf, unlike the pack.

The pack was going to kill Fenrir, in five nights.

Chapter End Notes

I know, I'm sorry. I'm horrid. Killing them hurt, especially Lee. I love him so much.

Next Chapter: Hermione is there for the twins as they struggle to get over their friend's death. Bill gets jealous of another wolf sniffing around his mate and puts his foot down. And things with Fenrir take a turn for the worse when someone close goes missing.

Chapter 19: Chapter Nineteen

Chapter Summary

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the Death Eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Beta: Thanks to the wonder historygirl1863

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Note: I'm going to be posting the next few chapters quite quickly over the next two weeks, want to catch up with the other sites as chapter 26 is rather smutty so the full version will only be posted here. So, next chapter will be this weekend.

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

A throat clearing tore Hermione's focus from her assistant to a very unhappy looking alpha, standing in her doorway. It was Friday evening, the day before the full moon, and she was sat in her office talking with her receptionist Reece. He was going over her plan for the next week, although he was sat a little too close to Hermione. She hadn't noticed, too focused on making notes about the meetings and conferences she had for the next week. However, it was evident her alpha, Bill, had noticed the receptionist sitting very close to her, and he looked furious.

"Mind leaving my mate and I alone for a while?" Bill asked, taking a threatening step closer to the man. Reece quickly jumped up and moved out of the office, but not before he gave Hermione one last lingering glance before he left.

The moment he was gone, Bill turned on Hermione, "Fire him."

"Excuse me?" Hermione asked, dropping her paperwork on the desk and turning to her mate. "Why exactly should I drop my receptionist? To sooth your jealous ego?"

"Because I don't like another alpha male in my territory," Bill growled, stepping closer to her. He pulled Hermione up and spun her to face him, her back pressing against the edge of the desk. "He's too close to my mate, and I don't like him being around you all day. I can smell how much he wants you."

"He's not some alpha or a werewolf," Hermione dismissed, then she pointed a finger at Bill's chest. "You just don't seem to trust that I can defend myself or resist another male that wants me. I can do both of those things."

Bill pressed closer to her, his lips moving to her ear. "That man isn't just a man, pet. He's got a bit of wolf in him and has some alpha vibes coming off. You know what happens when you get too close to alpha males. He shouldn't be working for you. Keep him in the office or send him to another department if you have to. I don't want him around you when you are fertile. If he tries to touch you because he's got no control, I might have to kill him."

Hermione felt a wave of shock flood her. He hadn't shown any signs of being a werewolf, but it made perfect sense. He wasn't a full wolf; they were much easier to spot. He had good senses, though, he was quick with his jobs and always seemed to know what Hermione wanted before she even voiced her opinion. He always appeared to have perfect timing with getting her lunch, for example. It wasn't just a coincidence. He could smell her hunger, hear her stomach growl with hunger. "His file never mentioned him having any werewolf genetics."

"No, it won't. Most don't, at least the partial wolves don't. George's file doesn't have anything about him being a wolf, and I made sure it stayed that way. He knows exactly who you are, though, and he can smell the pack on you. He's got an alpha vibe; I don't like him near you. It's sending my wolf on edge," Bill told her. He pressed further into her, his tongue tracing a path from her throat to her ear. "You smell delicious pet, edible. Us boys don't share; we won't share with anyone else."

"I know Bill," Hermione replied, smoothing a hand down his pack. She could feel the tension in him, his wolf on edge because it thought there was a threat to his female. She wouldn't cater to the boys wishes; Hermione was robust and independent. However, she would bend slightly on a few issues that meant the boys had an easier time controlling their wolf. "I know Harry lost an assistant last week, I'll send him up to the Auror department with a bit of a cash promotion, then I'll get Hannah to front the desk from now on. Happy?"

"Yes pet," Bill growled against her skin. "If he hadn't been an alpha, I would have controlled the urge to rip his throat out. But the wolf sees him as a threat. A young wolf that wants a fumble with a mated female."

"He wouldn't have gotten me, even if he had tried too," Hermione dismissed. "I can quite easily defend myself. I have for years now. Now, is that ego of yours all soothed?"

"Not completely, it could do with some stroking," Bill chuckled. He pulled out his wand and with a quick wave, the blinds fell around them, shielding everyone on the outside of the

office. Bill and Hermione were alone, with no one able to watch them.

Bill pressed Hermione against the table edge and lifted her to sit on it. His hands went to the small office skirt she wore, and he slid it up to reveal the creamy bare flesh above her lace garters. "Sexiest thing I've ever seen," Bill remarked, undoing the clips attached to the lace straps and sliding the material down her legs. He pulled off her shoes, his fingertips gently tickling the heel of her feet which earned him a squeal from Hermione.

"Stop it!" Hermione laughed, trying to tug her foot from Bill's ticklish fingers.

Bill chuckled and continued pulling the material and shoes from her lower half. With a bit of help from Hermione, he slid her red lace knickers down and pushed them into his pocket. "Let's see what I've got to work with," Bill joked, pushing her thighs apart to reveal her pussy. His eyes fell to her center, his eyes flashing amber before he looked up with a heated express. "Eager love?" Bill smirked as he ran a finger over her, the glistening of her excitement evident on his fingers.

"For you? Always," Hermione told him. Her hands went to his jeans, and she felt the heated erection pressing against his tough denim. He was aroused and had to be in pain from the restrictive material. Carefully, she undone the buttons and then zipper, before pulling him out of the jeans and freeing him to her gaze. Bill never wore boxers, so his erection was free and bobbing in the air.

Bill swept down for a heated kiss, his tongue going into her mouth to deepen the kiss. As their kiss heated up, Bill pulled Hermione closer to the edge, and one hand reached down between their bodies. His erection lined up with her pussy and with one thrust, he was seated fully inside her.

Hermione moaned, dropping her head onto Bill's chest as he found a deep and hard rhythm. They rocked against the table, and Bill looked down amused at Hermione's behavior. He would never have guessed the bookworm would have sex with him on her work desk. The table rocked with their weight, and they both knew there was a high chance someone outside the office knew what they were up to. At that moment, though, neither of them cared.

Hermione wrapped her legs around Bill's waist, her heels digging into his butt as he drove faster inside her. Bill's hand came up to caress her face, stroke along the line of her chest and waist before he settled it on her hip. After a while, the heat building from Bill being inside her was enough to send Hermione over the edge, and she buried her face in Bill's chest, too worried someone would hear her calls of his name. Bill's shirt muffled her moans, and Bill came after her only a few moments later, spilling his seed inside her.

"Office sex," Bill grinned down at her. "Guess I can be the first to cross that off the list. The others are going to be so jealous."

"The list?" Hermione asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Didn't Charlie tell you about the muggle tradition? About having sex in every room in the house?"

"This isn't our home."

"We both know this is home for you, Hermione."

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Bill had left that morning, and Hermione had blushed bright red every time she saw one of her employees. She had a feeling every single one of them had known what she had been up to because she hadn't thought to put up a silencing charm. She hadn't been planning to have sex with Bill; she never wanted to be one of those people. However, what she didn't know was Bill had put up a silencing charm, with a quick wave of his wand the moment he entered the office. It was much more fun for him to see his mate blush at the thought of everyone knowing about her sex life that day.

Later that evening Hermine arrived home, and the twins were already there, slouched on the sofa and silent. It was very unlike the twins and Hermione turned to them in worry. They had taken the death of Lee hard. The boy had been their friend since they had been kids. More than ten years of friendship gone. On the first day, on the news of their friend's death, the twins had gone to the Jordan family, spending some time with Lee's younger brother. It brought some peace to the twins, being around his family, but they were still hit rather hard by the news. Now, they couldn't even seem to face the shop.

"You know, I was talking to Professor McGonagall earlier," Hermione said as she walked into the sitting room. She took a seat beside the boys, in the middle of the sofa. They both glanced her way, but Hermione could feel the sadness from them both through the bond.

"That's nice love," George commented, with little emotion.

"Yes, I had a fire call with her, and I know she's been hit rather hard by the news," Hermione continued, finally catching the twin's attention. "She wanted to do something, so we managed to come up with an idea. Both the boys loved Hogwarts, so she's building a part of them in the school. She's going to have a statue of Lee by the Quidditch pitch, and I was suggestion wiring some of your fireworks up to explode out when one of the team's win. She was thinking of having a status of Seamus near the Gryffindor common room, having a few playful explosions to keep the kids on their feet when they walk past. What do you think? She wanted to work with you two for the Lee one. She thinks you two would have a good idea how to make it more interactive and playful, like your best friend was."

The twins looked at her, grateful. They cared about Lee and were really touched by her effort. Both twins leaned forward and pressed a kiss to her cheek.

"We would love too," the twins said together.

"Think she'd let us charm him to commentate?" George asked, with a small smile. "I always loved listening to that bit, especially when he was getting threatened by McGonagall."

"Yeah, that was funny," Fred smiled sadly at Hermione and his twin. "Remember when he swore so loudly down the microphone that McGonagall chased him around the stand with her wand?"

"Yes!" George smirked back.

"I'm not sure how far she'll let you go with the statue," Hermione warned them with a soft and caring smile. "But it would be rather fun to have him part of the games. It's something to work on, right?"

The twins nodded. With something to hold their attention and work towards, they were going to be alright.

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It was kind of late when Bill got home that night. He'd been sent to Egypt to meet with a client, but apparently, a contract meant he couldn't say much more about it. Charlie still wasn't home, which had Hermione on edge. He was usually late, but never this late. The twins had seen him leave that morning just as they were getting up; he had to have worked over fifteen hours if he was still at work.

"He's probably crashed at his place," Bill suggested, as they all sat around in the sitting room, waiting for their remaining pack member. "I can go check up on him if you're so worried, Hermione."

"Knowing Charlie, he's probably lost track of time and is still watching some dragon's hatch or something," Fred pointed out.

Hermione shook her head, "He's probably fine, and I'm just overreacting. It's just strange, you know? He promised to come home, even on his late nights. I'm just worrying; I don't like the pack being separated and can feel the strain of it."

It was a stupid thing really, but she did feel something in the pack. It was probably down to the fact that one of their pack members was so far away. It wasn't a comfortable feeling; Hermione felt the prickles of worry through the pack and she knew it was mainly coming from her.

Finally, after some convincing Hermione went to bed. She needed her rest, especially with her plan going into motion tomorrow. It was the full moon tomorrow night, and Hermione was finally getting to her plan with Remus, to bring down Fenrir. First thing tomorrow she was going to have to tell her pack the plan, let them in on what herself and Remus had been plotting for over a week now. She would have told them tonight, but with Charlie missing she wanted them all there. Bill wouldn't be happy with the plan, but at least if Charlie was there, he could calm him down and keep control. Besides, it was a good plan, but the boys weren't going to like Hermione being used as the bait.

Only a few hours into her sleep, though, Hermione was snuggled up in her own bed, alone for a change when the bedroom door boomed open. Hermione gasped, sitting up in the sight of a worried looking Bill.

"Get dressed," Bill ordered, glancing around her room. "Charlie's gone."

Without waiting to answer any questions, he was gone, and she heard him say the same thing to the twins before the alpha wolf stomped down the stairs.

Hermione threw on her running clothes that she'd left draped over her chair for the morning. Quickly, she made her way downstairs and rushed into the kitchen. The Weasleys were all there and Harry. Hermione couldn't believe how full the kitchen was, and she had slept through it. The twins appeared just behind her a moment later and looked just as bewildered at the sight. Arthur, Ron, and Harry were all talking together off in a corner of a room, deep in what looked like a serious conversation. Molly and Ginny were making hot drinks for everyone, and Bill was sat at the table, waiting for his pack. He looked utterly devastated.

"What's happened?" Hermione asked, her voice tight with worry. She made her way over to Bill, standing behind one of the chairs. She clutched it for support, and her legs shook with fear. The twins seemed to notice, and Fred pulled out a chair, with George moving her towards it to take a seat. Then, the three of them turned to Bill for answers.

"I don't know how to describe it," Bill began. "I felt something about one o'clock this morning, like a stabbing sensation, but it went instantly. I knew there was something wrong, so I checked on you three then I knew it had to be Charlie. I thought it must have been a dragon or something. I floo'd over there and spoke with his work mates. They hadn't seen him for hours. Apparently, he was only at work for a few hours before he had an emergency call from you and had to rush home."

Hermione's eyes widened. "But that morning I was with you," Hermione pointed out, blushing slightly at what they had been doing at that time in the morning. "I never even saw Charlie that morning because he was on the early shift. Where is he?"

It was Harry's turn to take over, and he gave Ron a grim look. "We've been looking into the death of Lee and Seamus, as well as Neville's disappearance. The bodies show that they were killed by a wolf. We found Fenrir's DNA on a bite mark on their necks. I think Fenrir took Charlie. Your pack threatens him. He wants to bring it down, and the only way to do that is to go after you one at a time."

"You really think that he killed Seamus and Lee because he wanted to stop us growing the pack?" Hermione asked, shocking the twins who hadn't been told about Harry's theory.

"It's the only thing that makes sense, plus I had a word with one of our werewolf experts, and that's his opinion on the matter," Harry explained. They both knew the 'expert' was Remus, but Harry didn't seem to want to put the theory's blame on him if it turned out not to be true.

"Unless it's a trap," Bill pointed out. "Taking Charlie would naturally cause the pack to go looking for him. Maybe that's what Fenrir wants. He could be trying to lead us away from our home because it's heavily protected. Charlie's the easiest one to grab being so far from home. He's further away, and it's harder to feel any problems through the pack when there's distance between us."

"Then when he steps back into this country, with Charlie, you knew instantly that something was wrong with the pack," Hermione continued. "It makes sense."

"We need to map out his known locations," Ron offered, pulling out a map that had been lying rolled up on the kitchen table. "We've been doing some research in the department of his sightings, but as you can see from the dots, there have been a lot of calls but not all of them can be right. Where do we start? Harry?"

"I know where to start," A voice said from the kitchen door. "And Hermione and I have had it all planned out for a while."

Hermione's heart thudded loudly.

She could feel the anger off all three boys building already.

Oh, Merlin.

Chapter End Notes

Coming up: A fight breaks out between the alphas when the plan for Hermione comes to light. George makes a confession which could be a game changer. And someone has to put their life on the line to rescue Neville and Charlie.

Chapter 20: Chapter Twenty

Chapter Summary

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the Death Eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Beta: Thanks to the wonder historygirl1863

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Note: Chapter went a bit longer than I normally write, but I couldn't find a better place to break it up. I'm sure you won't mind lol

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

"We need to map out his possible known locations," Ron suggested, pulling out a map that had been lying rolled up on the kitchen table. "We've been doing some research in the department of his sightings, but as you can see from the dots, there have been a lot, but not all of them can be right. Where do we start? Harry?"

"I know where to start," A voice said from the kitchen door. "And Hermione and I have had it all planned out for a while."

Hermione's heart thudded loudly.

She could feel the anger off all three boys building already.

Oh, Merlin.

Hermione turned to look at Remus Lupin, the man with dark shadows under his eyes. He stepped into the kitchen, his eyes on Bill, as he moved behind the seat Hermione was in. Everyone had gone silent, watching and waiting to see what was going on.

Bill and the twins had their eyes on Hermione. A look of hurt on their expressions. She'd been keeping something from them, and they knew it. She hadn't meant to, but she had to protect her pack and that had been the only way. She had planned on telling them, but with Charlie missing it hadn't been the right time. Hermione was honestly going to tell them the moment Charlie had returned home.

"Talk," Bill ordered, his eyes on Hermione. Remus went to speak, but Bill cut him off. "Not you," Bill pointed at his mate. "Her."

Hermione swallowed a lump in her throat. "I went to see Remus the other week ask about that erm... that potion I mentioned to you that I was researching on. He had a few ideas, and we were discussing some other things. The conversation got around to Fenrir and Remus wanted my help with a plan."

"What is the plan?" Harry prompted with a frown. He looked just as shocked that Remus and Hermione had been keeping something from him.

"I know most of the wolves in Fenrir's pack because of my undercover work with the Order, during both of the wars," Remus explained, taking over from Hermione. Bill didn't look at all happy as he turned to listen to the wolf. Hermione could feel how upset the twins were, but they were more hurt that she had lied to them.

"If I can get into the pack I know I have enough connections that I could find things out and get to Neville. There will be a few people that know me from the Hogwarts battle of course, but this close to the full moon I could protect myself. The only problem is Fenrir," Remus went on. "With him there, I had no hope of getting in and out safely, especially if there was any chance of bringing Neville back alive. He has an abuse of power over his pack. He didn't share the blood both ways like Bill did. His word is law over there. He has it so they can't go against anything he says. If he orders them to kill me, my good friends wouldn't be able even to hesitate."

"So what were you going to do?" Ron asked, frowning.

Remus' eye's flickered down briefly to Hermione and in an instant, Bill was on his feet. In the blink of an eye, Bill was across the room and had Remus by the throat against the kitchen wall.

"You don't ever think of using her as bait again," Bill growled, dark and low. "She's not some toy that can be used as war fodder for a cause. She's our mate. She has four linked mates to her that would do anything to save her. Now, get out of this house before I kill you myself!"

"Bill! Don't!" Molly called, but her husband held her back. He wasn't going to let his wife near two angry wolves.

With a fight of strength, Remus was able to flip the situation and had Bill pinned against the wall. Both of the wolves were growling at each other, angry. However, Remus' power meant he had an edge over the young alpha; he was a lot more commanding than Bill.

"Remus!" Molly called once more, a hand going to her mouth in shock at the way the pair were acting.

"You aren't a pack; that's why I've come to help you," Remus pointed out with an angry growl. "You have a member missing and don't you ever think so low of my intentions towards Hermione again. I watched that girl grow from a child. Every life matters to me. It was going to be a risk of course; we both knew that but she agreed to it. She agreed as long as you got to know, you and the rest of her pack would have known the truth before it happened. She was going to tell you as soon as you were all together, all of it. It was a plan she was going with or without your support. We both know which it would have been in the end, so let's cut to the chase. What are you really so angry about?"

Bill growled harshly and threw Remus' weight off him. Both of the wolves stared at each. The rest of the Weasley's were stood in shock in the kitchen. They knew not to get between a battle of the alphas. The twins, however, stood on either side of Bill. They weren't in a threatening position, but their pack status had them needing to do something to protect their alpha, to be close to him.

"Bill, we had it all planned out," Hermione swore, standing from her seat. "I knew it was a risk, but it's Neville. It was a chance to kill Fenrir too. I know I should have told you earlier, but it was the only way to make sure you couldn't do something to prevent the plan from happening. I was going to meet with Fenrir, then through the pack, you and the rest of the boys would be able to know where I was. You would have been able to come to me and then the five of us could have taken Fenrir down."

"And I would have saved Neville," Remus said, his voice calming.

Bill glared at Remus and then Hermione before he stormed out of the room, angry. Hermione went to follow, but Fred caught her shoulder.

"Get Hermione here a cup of tea, mom," Fred called towards his mother. George passed by his mother, slipping her a calming draught as his twin spoke. "George can go talk to Grumpy William, and we can all have a nice calm cup of tea."

Molly quickly slipped the calming draught into the pot of tea before she poured it into the cups. She handed them out and then took a seat at the table. She was lost for words. The first time for Molly Weasley.

"It'll work out," Fred said in a low voice, while the rest of his family turned to talk. Remus was having a heated discussion with Arthur, Molly, and Harry. "Give our alpha some time to cool off that hot head of his. George can talk him down."

"You're sure? Aren't you angry with me?" Hermione asked, turning to look at the twin. He looked sad, and Hermione could feel through the bond the disappointment in him. It wasn't a good feeling to have any of the pack upset and disappointed in her, but most especially the twins, they never really got too upset over anything, other than a death of course.

"A little bit," Fred admitted. "I get why you planned this out and what your intentions were. Can't say I'm happy you didn't include us in it. Right now though it's not the main issue and I

think we all know that's not why Bill's upset. He's feeling a little lost. He's the alpha and all that toss. I'm sure the idiot's angry that hasn't been able to keep his pack safe and together."

"That's stupid! Of course, it isn't Bill's fault."

"He's always been a bit numb," Ginny supplied, edging over and away from her mother's watchful eye.

"Ginny!" Hermione called, but a little bit of a smile crossed her lips.

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Bill growled in frustration and fell onto the couch with his head between his hands. He was so angry, furious at Hermione and Remus. He knew Hermione would never try to betray him or the pack, but that's how it felt. She had betrayed them. Lied to them. So, Bill was absolutely furious. The whole point of the plan had been to protect her, but she was so eager to give up her life to save another.

Bill let out another growl of anger as the door creaked up. If that was Remus, there really were going to fight to the end this time. He needed the time out to get away from that dastardly older wolf.

"Don't bite my head off, alpha," George joked, taking a seat on the couch, but he made sure to give Bill enough space between them. "I know you don't want to talk about it, but it was either mum or me. You know she would have focused on your bad table manners, rather than getting straight to the juicy stuff."

"I don't think I'm in the right mood for you, George," Bill dismissed. He still felt the anger bubbling under the service. All his wolf could focus on was the betrayal. It was so angry that his mate had gone to another wolf, an alpha. Bill wasn't strong enough so she'd sought another for help.

"Bill," George said, his tone going serious. "I don't know what's going on in that head, but I'm sure it's similar to what the wolf is saying in mine. Be pissed all you want at her, but we both know she did it because that's the kind of person she is. She's a Gryffindor of course. Can't you remember all the stories about her, Ron and Harry? They fought first and thought later."

"This time was different though George, she was walking into her death, she knew damn well what that wolf would have done to her if he got his hands on her," Bill pointed out. "He would have killed her, probably worse first. We've fought so hard to keep her with us. We built this pack for her, and we care for her. She was just going to walk away. She's happy. I know she is."

"Course she is," George agreed. "Four good looking blokes like us, she's a lucky girl. But Bill mate, I don't think she saw it like that. Haven't you thought that maybe the reason she's doing this is because she's so certain of her pack? Maybe she never even thought about the possibility that her pack would fail. They say the female's more in tune with the pack. She knows our strength better than we do. Perhaps, our little lioness in there knew this was a fight we could win."

"With three part wolves and a human?" Bill questioned. "I know the twin bond helps, but we still don't have the power we need."

"We're not three part wolves," George said, his voice dropping slightly. "Definitely more than a part."

Bill looked at his younger brother, a frown on his face. "You swore you never changed; you completed the bond with Hermione and nothing happened."

"Remus thinks I'm not full, but closer to it than a half wolf," George explained. "Said something about emotionally magic. I become a wolf voluntarily during an emotional time. It's the trigger for my wolf apparently. Or so he's heard. It's a bit like Potter's mother, saving him because she loved so much and gave herself up. I guess my love for my twin did something uncommon."

"What does that mean then?" Bill asked.

George held up a hand, but the fingertips weren't like any regular human nails, but longer, thicker and sharper, pointed like spikes at the end. He moved to lift up his lip showing a slight point to his teeth. "Happened in the kitchen when I heard about Hermione plotting with another wolf. Guess I could feel my anger and yours through the bond, and it set it off a bit. That's why Freddie sent me out here."

"He knows?"

"Doesn't he always?"

Bill laughed at that, then he picked up George's hand and ran his fingertips over the nails. "These are kind of cool; you know that, right?"

"Say's the guy with a tooth through a hole in his ear."

"Jealous?"

"No, just worried you might try breaking off one of these fingernails to shove through your lug."

"You're a right pain in the arse George; you know that right?"

"Love you too big bro."

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After everyone had time to calm down, they held a meeting in the kitchen. Bill and George had returned, but they both kept back and out of the way of Remus and Hermione. They both looked mad, but Fred was at Hermione's side, reassuring her that everything would work out. They had bigger things to focus on, and they were all worried about Charlie.

"So the plans going ahead?" Fred asked, glancing at his alpha. "For Charlie?"

"If that's what she wants to do," Bill replied. His eyes didn't go to Hermione, but she knew the 'she' was aimed at her. It was rude to be addressed that way, but Hermione wasn't going to let it get to her. He was hurting, and he had a right to be hurt. She was sure after all of it blew over, things would be resolved.

"Let's do it then," Hermione declared, glancing at Remus. "We just go with the plan Remus?"

"It should still work out," Remus agreed. "I can be ready to go soon. Send an owl to Fenrir. I suspect he'll send you a portkey or something to meet him."

"Fenrir doesn't have that kind of power," Arthur spoke up. "He never has had that ability to create something like that. He's magic, but not a strong wizard."

"Someone in his pack will be strong enough," Remus informed them. "It's how I first got into his pack to spy. He sent me a portkey to meet up. Get ready to go Hermione."

"Someone in the pack goes with her, though," Bill demanded. "She's not going alone."

"If anyone goes with her he'll know in an instant that it's a trap. She can draw him out as long as she can manage before calling for help. The more time she gives me, the longer I have with Neville. You need to sneak up on him. He'll be there before she arrives, he'll see in an instant if anyone comes with her," Remus replied, his voice strict. "Trust your mate to handle herself for a little while."

"I do," Bill growled at the wolf. "That doesn't mean it can't be a trap. He will suspect she's up to something."

"He doesn't know we're all here helping her," Remus pointed out. "He probably knows you lot will all turn up, but he won't ever imagine I would dare enter his pack territory at a time like this to rescue the boys. He's not a smart wizard, he acts first and thinks later. He will probably have a load of other wizards turn up, as soon as he sees any sign of you lot. That's what we have to prepare for. We'll need numbers there to fight what pack he brings with him."

"I don't like this," Bill said. "If you're wrong about this I'll kill you."

"He probably can't imagine you would ever let her go alone," Harry spoke up. "He probably is prepared for everyone to turn up so if it's just Hermione it will throw him. She can talk with him, try and draw it out a bit and give Remus some time. Once everyone turns up he'll know it's a trick, and he'll send people back to the pack to kill Remus. Hopefully, enough time will have passed for Remus to have gotten Neville and Charlie out."

"It's a risk," Remus said. "But I'm the only one that can get in. George and Bill, probably could, but that's what he wants. That's what he's suspecting. He knows you wouldn't leave Hermione, keep him distracting with fighting and protecting Hermione, his mind won't be on what's going on in his den. He'll still have people in the pack, but I can get in and out without being seen."

"Unless someone else has thought this out for him," Bill said. "You're assuming this is his plan, someone else who is smarter than that could have worked this out."

"Either way, we'll be drawing people from the den, and that's what I need," Remus said. "You have to make a choice. I need this if you want me to go in and get them. It's the only way or else I'll be killed instantly. Charlie won't live past tonight; he won't risk there being a chance you could eventually come to his rescue."

"We have to," Hermione said, turning to Bill. "I don't like it, and it feels like a trap, but if it's getting them back then we need to do it. We have to try. We've been through one battle; we can get through another."

"Call the Aurors and the Order," Bill commanded, then he turned to Hermione. "I'm giving you a portkey. If you can't reach us and tell us the location he's at, you get out of there. He doesn't know about the connection we have, the power. Surprising him is the only plan we really have. If he's there, then tonight, I'll kill him."

Hermione nodded. It was a better plan than what she had. It was a risk, but this was the only option. Either way, there was going to be a battle tonight. It was better to meet and draw Fenrir away from his pack den. Bill was going to put a curse on her that prevented her entering another wolves pack den. That meant if Fenrir were trying to trick her into entering a trap in his den, then she wouldn't be able to travel with whatever portkey the wolf sent.

Tonight they were going to try to kill Fenrir and save their pack mate, and Neville. They had to move quickly; Charlie wouldn't last the night, and they all knew it. Hopefully, with all their friends, Order and family they could fight to the end.

Despite how angry Bill was at all of this, he had to show some respect for Remus. The man who had a child was risking everything to help save Charlie. He was the one putting himself at risk and most likely walking into the trap. No one could follow if it were a trick, there was no way Bill could walk in because they all know he would die soon after Remus. Bill and Remus might not have been happy with each other tonight, but it was Remus really putting himself at risk.

Remus left to change and to say goodbye to his son, Teddy. It was probably very emotionally for him, and everyone took into consideration that Teddy only had one parent left. However, Remus was the only one strong enough to go into the pack and search out Charlie and Neville. If they all walked in, they would be killed. Fenrir had over fifty pack members on the Auror department's last count. Plus, Remus informed him that during the war Fenrir spelled it so only a werewolf or someone with special permission could enter his territory.

Hermione went to her room and got dressed, putting on a pair of jeans and a shirt. She felt nervous but determined to do this. She had to do this, to give Remus enough time and chance to bring back her missing pack mate. Charlie was an amazing person, and they all cared for him so deeply.

Hermione was just brushing her hair in the mirror when she saw a reflection, she looked into the mirror, watching as Bill came up behind her. He wasn't touching her, but she could feel

how close his body was to hers. They were inches from each other. She looked up to meet his gaze in the mirror and his eye's looked back, dangerous. He was still angry with her.

"You don't take any risks," Bill ordered her. "I don't care what he says or what he threatens; you don't go anywhere with him."

"It won't come to that," Hermione dismissed, straightening up.

Bill grabbed her waist and spun her to face him, his face moving closer to hers. "I don't ever command you. I promised that. Now give me your word you won't go with him. If he threatens Charlie's, Neville's or anyone else's life, you won't go with him. You will apparate away."

"You want me to choose between myself and the life of my friends?" Hermione asked, her chin raised in defiance.

"It's not a choice for me or anyone else in this pack," Bill told her, his face moving even closer. "I'm so furious with you Hermione, but if you don't come home to me safe and well, there will be a war on. If he takes you, I'll march right into his pack territory, and I won't give a damn who will be following behind me. He will do much worse things to you than he would to Neville or Charlie. Now, give me your word, mate."

Hermione swallowed hard and had to build up the nerve for her promise. "Okay, fine. I won't go anywhere with him. I'll keep my distance and then I'll try to sense you. I know you'll be able to find me."

"Is that why we had sex yesterday morning? Was it part of the plan? I know it strengthens the bond between you and me," Bill asked. He looked very much like a little boy, worried his favorite friend had been fake best friends with him for so long. Hermione felt terrible, but she wasn't going to let Bill's doubt's come between them in a time like this. They would eventually make it up.

"I've always slept with my pack because it was my choice and what I wanted to do," Hermione told him. She held his gaze, making sure he understood and believed her words. "Remus told me, and it was something I was going to approach you with after I told you about the plan. I knew you would be angry, but I know your wolf always puts my safety first. I wouldn't use you like that Bill. I never knew you would turn up in my office that morning, and I would never use sex as a weapon against anyone. You should know me better than that." Hermione's words were laced with hurt and her eye's shone with unshed tears. She wasn't going to let everything crumble, not when she was trying so hard to keep everything together.

"I'm sorry pet," Bill said, his tone soft and light. He had unshed tears in his own eyes. "I'm pretty sure I'm falling in love with you Hermione, you come back to me and the boys, right?"

Hermione nodded her head quickly, a ripple of shock running through her. "I'll come back to all four of my men, Bill. I promise."

They had a lot to work out, but at the moment before they parted ways to go into unknown territories to face a fierce wolf, they truly cared for each other. Bill pressed his lips to Hermione's and they shared their passion and growing love for each other. They were still infuriated with each other, but all that could be talked about after, when Charlie was back home and safe. When the pack was back together.

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Hermione had sent Fenrir a note stating she wanted to meet and exchange her life for Charlie's. In return, Fenrir had sent back a coin, with simply the word 'come' on a piece of paper. It was finally the moment they had been preparing for. Hermione was going to meet Fenrir and Remus was leaving in a minute to find Charlie and Neville.

It turned out that George wasn't angry with Hermione, and he proved his point by the deep and fierce kiss he had given her before she left on the Portkey. Hermione had blushed fiercely at being kissed so thoroughly in front of his family, but they hadn't commented. It was the full moon after all and George always grew rather protective of his mate near the full moon. Fred had given her a sweet kiss and Bill had simply stroked her cheek and reminded her of the promise she made to them.

After saying farewell to them all, she touched the coin and vanished.

Hermione appeared moments later in a dark wood. It was pitch black and silent, apart from the hooting of owls. It was dark and eerie. There was a bad feeling about the place, and it wasn't right. Something was wrong with the forest. Hermione couldn't tell what, but something didn't feel right. She held up her wand, the end of it lit.

The crunching of leaves had her spinning around. Then, she heard the cackling laugh of a witch she hadn't seen since the fall of Voldemort.

And there was no sign of Greyback.

Chapter End Notes

Coming up: The fight begins for everyone. Remus finds himself in a very bad position and time is running out for someone on the edge of death.

Chapter 21: Chapter Twenty One

Chapter Summary

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the Death Eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Beta: Thanks to the wonder historygirl1863

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Remus managed to get into the camp unnoticed. There were close to eighty people in the forest camp, so his presence wasn't detected. People didn't care about another wolf walking about their packed camp. As he moved around, he started to pick up the scent of blood and followed it closer to the back of the camp. There were wooden builds, some poorly built but the closer he got to the blood source, the better the shelters looked. The building right at the back had to belong to Fenrir. It was big, well built and the blood source was coming out from it.

Slowly, Remus crept behind the back of one of the other buildings, and when no one was about, he made a dash to the side of Fenrir's house. He moved slowly around the back and was very surprised when the door was unlocked. But then again, he couldn't imagine anyone would dare enter their alpha's house without his permission. Everyone in Fenrir's pack was scared of the werewolf. Fenrir Greyback was known for his cruelty, his violence, and thoughtless actions. He didn't hesitate to kill someone. With so many people, Remus could only imagine the number pack members Fenrir had killed. It was, after all, alpha's right to kill amongst his pack if it kept things in line and under his ruling.

Some packs were cruel and a horrid way to live.

Slowly and with great effort, Remus moved into the house, and the stench of blood filled his nose. It was disgusting inside the house. The blood scents were so mixed it was hard for

Remus to pick up just Neville's or Charlie's. This was probably where Lee and Seamus had been held and killed.

"Back to me again, you great fluffy chinchilla?" A voice Remus knew very well called. "Thank Merlin, been crying myself to sleep because I've missed your damn ugly mug so much."

Remus raised an eyebrow and made his way into the back room. He pushed the door open to find Charlie and Neville, both spelled up to the back wall. They both looked surprised to see Remus, but they were looking behind him, thinking he'd been trapped too.

They both looked badly wounded, black eye's, no shirts on which meant their beaten torsos were displayed. Neville had dropped a lot of weight too. Charlie, however, looked the worst, with a pretty nasty abdomen wound. It smelt infected to Remus' nose, and he could taste in the air the plant that was so poisoned to his kind. It would kill a full wolf like himself or Fenrir instantly. For Charlie, it was probably slowly killing him.

"Sorry mate," Charlie wheezed out. "Thought you were that great big arsehole coming back to give us some more love taps." Despite Charlie's funny and charming behavior, he didn't look good at all. Neville was casting the boy a worried look before his hopeful gaze fell to Remus.

"Is everyone else here? Are you coming to save us?" Neville asked hopefully. "He said he'd see us soon, so we need to get out of here quickly."

"He's not coming anytime soon," Remus promised. "We've got him distracted. Now, let me have a moment to get these bounds from you so I can get the both of you out of here. I only hold so much power in this pack. If they smell Harry or anyone else in the Order on me, I'm done for."

"Is Hermione okay?" Charlie asked, his tone turning serious.

"Doing a lot better than you, from the looks of things," Remus replied, assessing Charlie's wound. "You've only been gone less than a day, what did you do to piss him off so much?"

"Couldn't shut up," Neville answered for the dragon tamer. "Weasley here has a dirty mouth, worse than his brothers. I've never heard so many colorful things you can do with a wand."

Remus stifled a laugh and began working on the magical bonds holding both of the boys hands up. Leave it to Charlie to use his sarcasm to get him close to death in less than twenty-four hours. It had to be some kind of record. Greyback liked to play with his food for a while before killing them. Charlie really must have given him a headache to kill the boy off so quickly.

"I think we all know where the twins got their behavior from," Remus replied. He worked for twenty minutes on the bonds before he finally got both of the exhausted boys free. They were frail and could barely stand, so Remus did some quick healing, focusing mostly on Charlie's bad abdomen wound. It was hard because Remus couldn't risk removing the poison without the risk of killing himself. He'd asked Neville to remove it, but Neville had revealed that

Fenrir had bitten him, on which day Neville couldn't say, but Fenrir had warned him that if he did it could make it worse, which was true. If a wolf tried to remove it, the poison would spread deeper within the person it was affecting. The best course of action was to get both boys to a healer to fix them up. That meant getting them out of this place. Dragging two captured boys out of Fenrir's home was going to be a lot harder than it was getting into the pack camp in the first place.

Remus was just about to help the boys to their feet when he heard the scrape of boots on the wooden floor. Remus spun around, and his stomach clenched painfully.

"Come to play with us, Pup?" Greyback asked, with a crooked grin. He peered down at Remus, taking in the situation with a glint in his eye. "Killed that Mudblood girl, then came here to finish you three off. You don't really think the two of you could walk me so easily into a trap, do you?"

Remus felt his blood run cold. He wouldn't believe anything happened to Hermione until he saw it.

"You mangy soddin' dog," Charlie cursed. "How about you go off and bug Bella, give us all a break from that ugly face and even worse personality?"

"Charlie!" Neville hissed. "We talked about this."

"I killed his mate, Longbottom," Fenrir said, his face nearly splitting from the size of his grin. "I'm sure his comments will get a lot more colorful when he feels the pack bond breaking in a few moments. Beautiful girl, you had there ginger, nice and tight she was."

Then, a furious Charlie lunged forward at Fenrir.

Chaos ensued.

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After saying farewell to them all, Hermione touched the coin and vanished. She appeared moments later in a dark wood. It was pitch black and silent, apart from the hooting of owls. There was a bad feeling about the place, and it wasn't right. Something was wrong with the forest. Hermione couldn't tell what, but something didn't feel right. She held up her wand, the end of it lit.

The crunching of leaves had her spinning around. Then, she heard the cackling laugh of a witch she hadn't seen since the fall of Voldemort.

And there was no sign of Greyback.

She stood face to face with Bellatrix Lestrange. The witch had on her usual black corset. Her wand raised in Hermione's direction with an eery grin on her face. The witch knew she'd beaten Hermione in this round. They hadn't expected her to come in Fenrir's place. They hadn't expected Fenrir to back down from the opportunity to finally get Hermione. Now, though, now things were really really bad.

Hermione tried desperately to reach out for her pack, to focus on them like Remus had instructed her. Bellatrix was moving forward; her wand raised ready for battle.

"Poor itty bitty Mudblood thought she was smarter than me," Bellatrix screeched. "Sorry little girl, your boyfriend had more important things to do. Off killing one of those ginger rats, but I'm sure dear Molly won't notice. Got so many of them, hasn't she?"

"Shut up," Hermione spat back, her wand raised in her shaking hand. She couldn't go against Bellatrix and win. She had no chance against the most powerful witch. Bellatrix had been taught by Voldemort and had an unknown amount of curses keeping her strong.

Once again, Hermione tried to focus on her pack. Perhaps if they came, Harry and Ron would be able to take on Bellatrix and bring her down, along with whatever other Aurors Harry had gone to fetch while waiting on Hermione's information to the pack. Then, Hermione and her pack could go to Fenrir's camp and save Remus, Charlie, and Neville. It was there only hope.

Hermione ducked as Bellatrix shot a killing spell her way. Hermione moved behind a gray boulder and shot up to find a disarming spell at the witch. Bellatrix was too quick though and shot spell after spell at the boulder, hardly giving Hermione a chance to breathe before firing another spell her way.

After a few spells the boulder cracked and a nasty curse got Hermione in her side, causing her to crumble to the floor in agony. She felt her nerves on fire at the spell and Bellatrix laughed. The pain, though, it was the right trigger for Hermione to feel the power finally in her pack. She pulled on the power to gain enough strength to stand up, to hobble towards a tree for protection as Bellatrix reduced the distance between them.

Hermione was a good witch, quick with spells and powerful, but even she wasn't strong enough to take out Bellatrix. The witch was powerful, known to take on a lot of the Order members at once. Bellatrix had so many bodies to her name; she wasn't adding Hermione's. The only hope she had was getting the Order here. Where Bellatrix went, others weren't far behind. If the witch was here, that meant it was a trap, and it was only a matter of time before more past death eaters turned up to fight and kill Hermione.

"Come find me, Bill," Hermione whispered. She didn't know how she did it, but with her eyes shutting briefly, she was able to allow Bill to see through her eyes for a brief moment. She was able to show him where she was. However, as well as feeling Bill, she could also sense that something wasn't right with her pack. Her thoughts went instantly to Charlie, and she knew something was wrong. Fenrir wasn't here so he must of have known that it was a setup.

Hermione wasn't entirely sure if it had worked to connect to Bill because a second later she was dodging another of Bellatrix's killing spells. It hurt to move, with the previous spell to her side still making it hard to move.

With a pop, witches and wizards starting appearing around the enclosed woods where Hermione hid from Bellatrix. First, she saw Bill, then the twins, Harry, Ron, but then some of Bellatrix's friends appeared. Both the Lestrage brother's turned up, despite the fact one of them was meant to be in Azkaban.

Bill took in the scene instantly and quickly shot a spell at Bellatrix to gain her attention away from Hermione. Bellatrix looked glad to see him and turned her fight to him. She shot spell after spell at him, but with the force of the pack strength behind him, Bill was fast enough to keep up with her. Some of the order joined in to help Bill, but Bellatrix was quick to knock them out and away from them. She seemed to want Bill to herself, gunning to take him down.

Harry and the Ron took on the Lestrage brothers, along with some other order members that showed up. People were arriving thick and fast. Soon the woods were filled with people, fighting and battling each other. Some of them had masks on, the old masks they used to wear under Voldemort's rule.

Hermione looked around for the rest of her pack and felt relief fill her at the sight of her twins. They made their way over to her, a grim look on their faces as they took in her appearance.

"No Fenrir?" Fred asked. George scrubbed a hand over his face, obviously guessing what had happened.

"No, just Bellatrix," Hermione said, leaning against the tree. She looked down at her torn shirt; the opening revealed a dark patch of skin from where Bellatrix's spell had hit her. It was still really painful. She touched a hand to it and yelped in pain at the touch.

"Nerve curse," George guessed, anger glinting in his eyes. "I've got some soothing cream at home, and we'll get it to you as soon as we get a handle on the Lestranges' and Bellatrix. Unless we can convince you to go home now and get it?"

Hermione shook her head, "Not a chance."

"Thought so," George said, a soft smile on his face as he rolled his eyes. "Stay out of it, though. I'm not having that woman hurting you anymore."

Fred move towards Hermione and placed a hand on her shoulder to gently support her weight. She eased into him, a shooting pain running down her side. "We'll get rid of this lot and then we'll figure out something for Charlie and the others. Packs stick together."

"He's really sick," Hermione told them. "Through the bond, when I was trying to reach out to Bill I kind of just felt this agony within the bond. I think he's really bad. Fenrir has him, and he knows it was a trick. What if we can't get to him in time?"

"Charlie can hang in long enough, he's a fighter," George promised her. "Fighting dragons is easy for him, what's a wolf?"

Hermione and the twins turned to watch the fight. More wizards in black cloaks and silver masks appeared and joined in on the fight. Bill was fighting Bellatrix, but she wasn't easy to take down. She was unyielding, and her wand work was fantastic to watch if you didn't take into consideration how evil and horrid, the woman was. She might be an evil witch, but she was incredibly powerful. She was overpowering, the pack worried for their alpha.

Harry and Ron were still working on the Lestrangle brothers, but they got distracted when more dark witches and wizards stepped to them. They all seemed to target Harry, probably wanting revenge for killing their master.

The twins stepped forward, with Fred carefully leaning Hermione back against the tree trunk. With a sly grin to each other, the twins stepped towards the Lestrangle brothers.

The twins got in a battle against the Lestrangle brothers as more Aurors started to turn up. Harry must have put out a call to his department. The more Aurors that turned up, the more death eaters that appeared. A lot of them had died during the war, and most of the ones remaining had been locked up. However, Hermione had already spotted a few jailed wizards that were there. Something must have gone on at Azkaban, with Charlie missing she hadn't had much time to think of anything else. This meant a lot of the dark forces were here with no care if they made it through the night. They knew they'd end up back in Azkaban so killing themselves along with a few of the Order wasn't such a big deal to them.

Hermione's eyes swept across the scene, Bill was still fighting with Bellatrix, he had a slight limp to his right leg, but he was holding his own. They both looked tired, but the alpha wasn't going to give up. With all her might Hermione tried to send more strength Bill's way through the pack, but nothing happened. Just as she was about to turn to check on the twins, she heard the crunch of leaves as someone approached.

Hermione had her wand held out when someone with a hood stepped closer. She eyed the man, despite not seeing his face there was something familiar about him.

He fired the first shot and Hermione managed to move away from the tree just as it burst into flames from the intensity of the man's spell.

"Nearly," the man commented, a cruel smile touching his lips. "Pity, I could have taught you better than your lame alpha."

Hermione's blood ran cold. She knew that voice. It was her assistant, the new one, Reece. The one Bill had caught the morning before sitting too close to her and demanded him to be moved departments. Hermione had thought he'd been overreacting, but with all things considered, Bill had been spot on.

"Reece?" Hermione questioned, but she already knew the truth. That was him. "Why?"

"Perfect Granger thinking she could just walk in and change everything for us," Reece spat. He had a horrible grit to his voice. He sounded so angry and nasty. "We had things sorted, away from the humans and they didn't even know about me. Your mate let his mouth run to a friend on his way out of the office after marking his territory. Yeah, Granger, I could smell him all over you after he'd left. But now the whole of the ministry knows about me, a secret I've kept for fifteen years."

"But you didn't have to live like that!" Hermione objected. She had her wand aimed at him but hadn't fired. She wanted to get him back on side; he was here for another reason. He wasn't dark like the rest of them. "I'm going to change things, give everyone an equal right in this society. Being part or full wolf shouldn't make any difference in the magical community."

"You think this is all over my right in society? Ha," Reece pulled off his mask and glared at her. "I don't even care about that. That's just my final straw; that's the reason I tipped off Fenrir that something was going on. I told him about you two going at in the office, so he knew where the rest of the pack was. He took that opportunity to take your other mate. The Dragon tamer one."

"But why? None of this makes sense."

"Fenrir promised you to our pack," Reece said, angry. "He promised we could have you after he got the information he wanted. You were meant to be our bitch, not the Weasley bitch."

Hermione's blood ran cold, and she lifted her wand to fight.

Chapter 22: Chapter Twenty Two

Chapter Summary

Beta: Thanks to the wonder historygirl1863

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Chapter Notes

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the Death Eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Charlie staggered to his feet, the blood from his wound dripping down onto the floorboards. He was making things for himself a lot worse, but at that moment he didn't. His only thoughts were to the disgusting wolf in front of him. Charlie threw himself at Greyback, despite the fact he was barely able to keep himself upright. Charlie's lack of strength meant he fell into Greyback, but he did manage to get a hard punch to the man's jaw, catching the wolf off guard.

Greyback was quick to react and grabbed Charlie, a smirk on his face at seeing how riled up he'd caused Charlie to get. Greyback held Charlie upright by his shoulder, then swung his other hand back and punched him in the stomach, right on the bloody open wound which sent the dragon tamer back head first towards the floor.

Remus was quick to react though and grabbed him, tugging him back and out of the reach of Greyback.

"Charlie," Remus growled at the boy. He moved Charlie back a few steps near to Neville, but he made sure to keep his gaze locked on Fenrir. "Stay here," Remus instructed Charlie. The dragon tamer didn't get a chance to object, as he slid down the wall and moaned in pain. He was really feeling the agony of his wound now, especially with Fenrir's punch sending the poisonous plant deeper into his wound.

Remus turned his body to Fenrir, and the two alpha wolves stared at each. Their eyes flashed amber and without hesitation, they lunged at each other. It was a fight, a hand to hand combat because of their nature. Fenrir had always been more of a physical fighter, especially when it came to fighting against another alpha.

Fenrir bit into Remus' shoulder, and the old professor shouted in pain before his hand came around and punched Fenrir in the side of the head, knocking his grip off his neck.

Remus and the other Marauders had messed around in their younger days. They had play fights and the occasional real fight, so Remus was pretty good fighting in his human form. With the full moon approaching, though, they were both weak from the upcoming change.

Remus lunged at the wolf and grabbed him by the throat and pushed Fenrir back against the wooden wall. Remus kept his hand tightly gripped on the older wolf's neck, his fingers tight as he felt the beat of his pulse under his fingertips. Fenrir had his gaze locked on Remus', he looked angry at being in the weaker position, but his eyes were dancing with plans and mischief.

"I've waited my entire life for this moment," Remus spat, his voice full of venom. "You ruined my life, took away any chance of a future I had when I was just a child. This is ending, today. And we both know there's not a soul in this world that will mourn your loss. I hope the life you have after this world is full of pain and despair."

Fenrir choked against Remus' hand, but then he slammed his knee up and into Remus' groin, sending him flying back and loosening Remus' hand from his neck. Fenrir used the opportunity to grab Remus and push him up against the walls, just like Remus had him.

"I gave you a life," Fenrir growled at Remus, his lips near Lupin's ear. "I'm the reason you made those pitiful friends. Do you think you would have held their interest if you hadn't of held such an interesting secret? You've played the pity me part for so long, and it's all a crock for what you are, a nothing of a man. The only good thing about you is the wolf inside you, the one you hate so much."

"If I don't kill you today, there will be many more people wanting to step into my place and do it," Remus choked out against the hand around his throat.

Fenrir laughed, "You mean ginger over there that's got about thirty minutes of life left? Or that older brother of his? I'll wipe the entire pack out and enjoy every death. I'll make sure to drop that ginger at his girl's doorstep first, dead. I'll take out the alpha, then pup, I'm going after your cub."

Remus had been through so much pain in his life. He'd lost his parents as a teenager; his best friends had all been killed. He'd even suffered through the loss of his mate. However, to hear someone threaten his child, his baby, it brought so much rage and anger. For the first time, Remus felt the real and horrid feeling of his need to kill. To end the threat to his baby.

Remus felt his wolf rear its head inside of him; he was threatening not just his baby, but the person his wolf considered its cub. With the wolf's strength, he pulled against the hand on his throat and threw the man off him with a swift kick to the abdomen. Fenrir was caught by

surprise at the man's strength and went to grab Remus again when a sharp pain slammed into the back of his head. He only had time to howl in agony before he fell to the floor.

Remus blinked in surprise and glanced up at Neville. The Gryffindor was covered in bruises and scars from his weeks held captive, but he still held a plank of wood in his hand and a proud smile on his face from sending Fenrir to the floor in pain. The slam of the wood against the wolf's head should have been enough to kill him, but Fenrir was still alive and moving. He was in pain, but clearly not killed by the impact. Something was protecting him and from the way, the wound was quickly recovering, it was something dark, something they didn't have the strength to fight today.

"What do we do now?" Neville asked, his eyes on Fenrir, who was trying to get himself off the ground. "Are you going to kill him?"

Fenrir managed to lift his head, his hard gaze on Lupin, then, he howled.

"We run," Remus demanded, his eyes' wide as he moved to Charlie. "The pack's coming for us."

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Hermione lifted her wand and shot a spell at Reece. She should have known that Fenrir would have sent a spy to her department, but she had done strict background checks. Reece was either a very good liar or he was really new to Fenrir's pack.

Reece wasn't that strong of a wizard, but in Hermione's weakened state he was a good match. Every time she moved the nerves down her side sliced her with pain. It made spell casting hard to focus on, but she was managing. A lot more Aurors had appeared, and their presence was starting to scare away the death eaters.

Hermione sent a stinging hex at him, a spell she'd learned from Ginny. It was powerful and painful enough to knock Reece off his feet, but not before he sent a slicing charm her way.

The spell wasn't powerful enough to cause much damage, but it did cut into her arm. Hermione barely noticed the cut, but a harsh growl coming from not too far away proved that someone definitely had.

Hermione moved towards Reece and pulled him to his feet; he was sluggish from the fight and Hermione nearly smiled in pride at her wand work. The battle wasn't over yet, though, and she didn't want to be too cocky about things. The battle had lessened in the last twenty minutes. Several people had been hurt, but a lot of the death eaters had left when the Aurors had begun to show up. The death eaters were starting to become outnumbered.

Just as she was tying him up, she heard the soft pop of apparition and then a thunderous angry growl. The noise distracted Hermione, and she turned to see what was happening when Reece used that opportunity to turn the tables and pull Hermione down to the ground. His elbow into her cursed side left her gasping for her breath, and Reece eased the wand out of her hand.

"Not so smart now, are you, bitch?" Reece spat angry at her, pinning his body over hers. His hand dug into the exposed side over her, the place where Bellatrix had damaged her nerves. It was agony, and Hermione was gasping to catch her breath, the pain shooting through her body.

Hermione lifted her knee and slammed it as hard as she could into his groin. The wolf howled in agony, but that noise was overriding by a furious growl that came from just above Hermione's head. She looked up just as George grabbed the back of Reece's collar and pulled him off Hermione.

George threw Reece towards the tree, and Hermione had just sat up in time to see the shocking changes to George. He pulled Reece up to his feet and pinned him against a tree by his throat. Long dark nails dug into the man's neck and sharp teeth peeked out from under George's lips. Everything else looked the same, but the furious expression on George's face was unsettling. There was a sickening snap and Reece's head flopped to the side, dead.

Fred moved to his twin's side and tried to reason with him, but the words didn't seem to affect George in the slightest. Hermione called his name, but George wasn't listening. He was too enraged with the man that had threatened his mate. Fred managed to get Reece from him and levitated the dead man's body over to where some of the Aurors were. George didn't move from his place, though, his chest heaving with rage still.

"Hermione," Bill breathed at her side, making her jump. "Fuck."

"Bellatrix!" Hermione said quickly, glancing around for any sign of the Lestranges or Bellatrix. She couldn't find the witch, but she quickly spotted the brothers. Rodolphus was on the ground on the other side of the clearing where the twins had gone off to take the Wizards on. He was dead, a blank look in his eyes. He had no visible injury apart from a few red blotches to his skin. Rabastan was alive and tied to a tree, and Harry was next to the wizard with a few auror's surrounding them.

Bellatrix was nowhere in sight.

"Gone," Bill told her, his eye's fixed on George.

"Dead?"

Bill looked away from his younger brother to look at his mate, "No, she went pretty soon after the twins took down the brothers. Mom came over to join in with me, just before she apparated away so I think mom's pretty pissed about missing out on her."

Hermione looked up and saw Bill's eyes move to her arm.

"It's a scratch," Hermione promised.

"Not to him," Bill informed her and then moved closer to the twins with her. "He's more wolf than me, he can't change, at least I don't think he can fully, but he's got a lot more wolf than the rest of us in the pack. He's been struggling for a while I reckon. This battle is too much

for him; it's too close to the moon, and then he saw that alpha wolf on you, he snapped. I bet he's smelt your blood too. I was just on my way to deal with that kid myself."

"He said it didn't affect him!" Hermione protest.

"Well, apparently he's been hiding things from all of us," Bill replied.

"You didn't know?"

"I found out today, actually."

Hermione looked at Bill, but he didn't spare her a glance before he moved over to Fred's side. He was still upset with her and Remus, clearly. Now wasn't the time to fix that, though. She would have to speak with them, once this was all over.

Hermione watched as Bill moved to George's side and started speaking to him in a soft voice. George offered no response, his chest heaving from his heavy breathing. Hermione could feel how lost he was in his emotions and to the wolf. George was fighting, which was the only reason he was stood still and facing away from everyone. He was embarrassed and ashamed off his actions, but the wolf wasn't and it was ready to do more to protect its mate, and its pack.

Bill looked up and motioned towards Hermione, his hand held towards her, "Come here Hermione," Bill instructed calmly. He looked like he wanted to say more, but didn't want to risk upsetting George. Hermione knew she was safe, though, especially with Fred and Bill so close.

As she moved closer, Fred came to her side, his hand on her back to encourage her. "He won't hurt you," Fred promised her, but he looked like he said the words to encourage himself more than her.

Bill reached for Hermione's hand when she was close enough and tugged her to his side. His hand swept to her messy ringlets and pulled them aside, away from her neck. She had some faint marks from Bill's and George's bit. Bill made sure to display both marks and then he placed an encouraging hand on her side.

"George," Bill said, his voice firm as he spoke. "Here's your mate, she's been fighting so come have a check on her for me."

Hermione saw the alarm in Fred's face at Bill's words, but he didn't say anything. If anyone knew what to do at that moment, it was Bill.

It seemed to work, and George's head snapped up to Hermione. His eyes were black, and he moved over to her, his tall body looming over her. Bill stepped back but kept within arm's length of them both.

"Easy Georgie," Bill commanded, his voice full of authority. "Don't scare our girl."

George's teeth lengthened, and he let out an angry growl at the command, but he moved slower towards her, shuffling to prove that he wasn't a threat to his mate. Carefully and

slowly, he moved to her neck, and Hermione felt the tickle of his breath as he took a sniff of her. A growl rumbled from his throat. He scraped his teeth over her neck, not sharp enough to pierce, but just enough for Hermione to let out a squeak of pain. Bill rumbled a growl at George in warning. George pulled back and glared down at her bloodied arm.

"You got the guy that made her bleed," Bill told his younger brother. "Calm."

"You sure this is going to help?" Fred whispered to his oldest brother. "Doesn't seem to be helping."

"She'll help," Bill said, sure. "That's why packs are meant to have one female. They have the true power."

Hermione wasn't listening; she was lost in George's eyes. They were black, but she could see the faint sparkle of colour from the human George fighting regain control. She reached up slowly and placed her hand against his cheek. He was hot to touch, and a rumble of approval came from him at the contact. His face was twisted slightly, he was still human, but there were lines on his face that made a normal happy and relaxed face of George look so fierce and angry.

"You're okay," Hermione promised him. She reached up to stroke his ginger locks away from his forehead. "You saved me. Now, I need you to focus George and speak to me. It's pretty busy here; we need to get you back to us so we can sort out what we're going to do now. Okay?"

"Hurt?" George grunted, his face going back to the crook of her neck to inhale.

"It's only a scratch, come back George."

It took fifteen minutes of reassurance, but eventually his black eye's faded and brown eye's sparkled. He took in the events hard and gasped in shock. He could remember everything and was ashamed of his lack of control. It had been a battle, though; lives were lost in most battles.

It didn't take long for the Aurors to clear away the dead bodies of Death Eaters and cart the rest of the captured off to Azkaban. Apparently, there had been a riot at Azkaban, and one of the guards had been a follower of Voldemort. He had slipped one of the inmates a key, who then proceeded to let out a whole host of Death Eaters. A lot were free again, but they had captured quite a lot of them today, thankfully.

"Are you okay?" Hermione asked, placing a hand on George's. The four of them were still sat near the tree, with George reluctant to move away or see any of his family while he still showed signs of his wolf. He looked lost, worried about what had happened.

"You shouldn't be asking me that," George said, giving her a grim expression. "I should be apologising to you."

"Georgie," Fred began, but his twin cut him off.

"No, I should have told them all from the start. I kept it from you lot because I was worried about it being true. Tonight's the first night it's really affected me. Normally it's just been strong reactions, like the evening when I wanted to bite you, Hermione. It was an impulse, a need. Stronger than I expected. My nails and teeth have never done that, except for earlier tonight. I can barely remember what happened; it's like I was dreaming or something."

"It's what you did to save your twin," Hermione replied with a shrug. "Everything has consequences, and you're the reason you two have been able to be part of the pack. I'm grateful for what you are George. It will never matter to me."

"You just need to learn control," Bill told George. "We've been working on it. We'll keep at it. Maybe we should start getting Hermione to help out. She seems to be the thing that sets your wolf off each time."

"Maybe it's just horny," Fred offered, flashing his twin a smile. George chuckled in response.

"Most likely," He replied.

"Now, we'll figure all this out, and I'm sure George will need to talk about what happened tonight, but let's get our pack back together, shall we?" Bill asked, looking at Hermione.

Hermione was leaning into George's side. He was making sure to be careful of the cursed nerve damage, but he took comfort in her being close to him after everything she had seen him do. Fred had informed her that they weren't sure who had killed Rodolphus because they had been firing spells at both brothers. George had been in control, although he was getting closer to the edge. Killing was never right, but in Rodolphus' case, Hermione would never judge the boys. George had killed Reece though in his lost state of control. It would probably affect George for the rest of his life. He had been a bad guy though, a horrible person that had been on the wrong side. George could take comfort in that at least. It would take a while to get George over it, but with Hermione and the rest of the packs help, he would.

They had done well tonight, considering how wrong everything had gone. They hadn't got Fenrir, but they had taken out the Lestrage brothers. Now all they needed was Charlie back.

"I'll try to focus on him, see if I can sense him or reach out for him to let him know where I am."

Chapter 23: Chapter Twenty Three

Chapter Summary

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the Death Eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Beta: Thanks to the wonder historygirl1863

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Remus did his best to help Charlie to his feet, but he was so ill that he could barely hold any of his weight. Between Remus and Neville, they managed to stagger to the door. Fenrir was still in the middle of the room, his head back as he howled for his pack to come. As soon as they got arrived, Fenrir would be sending the pack after the three boys

"What do we do?" Neville asked, panicked. "Your wand?"

"Can't," Remus breathed out, panting at the weight of Charlie. "Got an anti-apparition spell in place. We have to get out of the pack bounds then apparate. We need to move fast. As soon as the pack comes, we're going to have over eighty angry wolves after our blood."

"You don't think they remember that I'm the one that blew up that bridge and killed a load of their friends, do you?"

"No Nev," Charlie breathed out and then coughed deeply. "Probably think it's another Longbottom. You got a sister, right?"

"He can barely breathe but still manages to be a sarcastic git," Neville complained with a roll of his eyes.

Quickly, Remus and Neville pulled Charlie out the back door and into the woods. They could hear the stomping of feet as people ran at their alpha's howl. Pretty soon they were going to

be surrounded by people.

"Let's get over this fence. We'll sneak along the back wall until we've cleared enough houses to run along to the front and towards the entrance of this place," Remus instructed.

With a lot of effort, Remus and Neville managed to get Charlie over the fence, then themselves. By now, they could hear the howls of other wolves that had found their alpha and the empty prison shackles. With everyone running to their alpha's side, it meant they had a few precious minutes to try to escape or at least get a head start.

The three of them moved as quickly as they could, but it wasn't enough. Within minutes, they could hear people coming. They could hear the stamping off feet as the chase to get them began. They didn't stand a chance, especially with Charlie unable to support himself. Remus halted them, despite Neville's protests and rested Charlie back against a brick wall.

"Open your eyes and look at me Weasley," Remus demanded, a growl escaping with the words. Charlie opened his tired eyes but struggled to focus. "Your mate is in danger; you need to get to her. You have a strong pack. Think of her, focus really hard and take us to her."

"Dunno how," Charlie replied, his eye's slipping closed. Remus shook him enough to get him to focus.

"I'm serious, try or she'll die," Remus threatened. "If you love her, you can find her. You have a strong pack. Draw on their strength, search for your mate and focus on her. A pack can overcome all magic, if they're strong enough."

Neville looked confused, "Has this worked before?" He asked Remus.

"Yes," Remus replied, but his eyes told another story. It was either no, or he truly had no idea if his last hope would work. "Charlie, do it. If you don't do this, Fenrir will find your alpha, kill him then take your mate. Do you hear me wolf? Your mate is in danger. Find her. Now."

Charlie's eye's opened more and he managed to focus on Remus. He did his best to nod and then his eye's closed. He looked more like he was focusing then trying to sleep.

The three boys could hear the stamping off feet getting closer, the shouts of the people threatening to kill them. Remus knew it was mostly down to Fenrir's order because some of them had been his friends. However, that wouldn't stop them from killing the three men once the pack caught them.

Charlie's eye's opened, and he looked at Neville. "When I go, you'll tell her what I asked you to, right?" He asked Neville. An understanding passed between the boys. Clearly, they knew things were serious for Charlie.

"You can tell her yourself," Neville said to him, his stance firm. Remus still had no idea how Neville was managing to stand up straight, with the damage done to his body. He wasn't anywhere near as bad as Charlie, but he had still been battered, bruised and probably had a few Crucio spells too.

"Hermione," Charlie whispered, his eyes closed once more. When the air around them began to heat up, they knew it was working.

On the brink of death, Charlie used his love to reach for his mate, to say a goodbye.

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Hermione was reaching out to Charlie, trying to find him as she had done with Bill. However, when she tried, she couldn't feel him at all. A moment of panic came over her, but then she heard gasps from people around them, including the twins. Her eyes opened, just in time to see a flash of light and then three people appeared in the middle of the clearing.

Remus, Charlie, and Neville.

They were back.

Charlie looked bad, and he was being held up by Remus and Neville. His abdomen was bleeding quite badly, and Hermione heard a loud sob escape from Molly. She rushed towards her son, but Hermione couldn't feel her legs. She couldn't move. She could feel how weak the bond with him was. He was about to die, and there was barely any time left.

"Bill," Hermione whimpered, her voice catching.

"I know love, come on," Bill said, pressing a hand to her back to urge her on. She followed on shaky legs as the twins and Bill rushed to their brother. They crowded around as Harry rushed off for a healer.

"Remus, what's happened to my son?" Molly demanded.

"Venena Lupine," Remus explained as he lowered Charlie to the floor with Neville. The older wolf dropped to his knees, and Hermione watched as he tugged the shirt up to reveal the bleeding abdomen. "Fenrir put it in his wound, packed it in. We need to get it out, but I can't touch it. Neville can't do it either. It has to be one of you lot, without wolf blood. "

"I'll do it," Hermione proclaimed as she dropped to her knees. She reached out, her nerves jumping at the sight of the wound. But she would remove it, get it out of Charlie to save his life. Just as she reached for it, Bill caught her hand and stopped her.

"You're not a wolf love, mating bonds don't affect you like that, but we can't take that risk," Bill informed her. Hermione frowned at his words, misunderstanding, but then his eye's flicked briefly to her stomach. "Just in case," Bill reminded her. It was unlikely, but still possible.

Molly removed the plant and started to try to restore Charlie's body as best as she could. He wasn't in good condition, and his breathing was starting to increase as he struggled to catch his breath. When the medi-witches arrived, they gave Charlie a grim look and quickly pulled Bill, Molly, and Arthur aside. Whatever they were saying couldn't be good, the three older Weasley's looked devastated, and Molly started crying.

The medi-witches went to Charlie while Bill went to Hermione's side. He grabbed her hand and pressed a kiss to her knuckles.

"They said we need to say goodbye love," Bill told her, his eye's showing how truly devastated he was. "There's nothing they can do but make him comfortable. Go say goodbye love."

Hermione felt the tears roll down her cheeks, the rest of the Weasley family were doing the same, sobbing as they watched Charlie slowly slip away. Hermione moved to Charlie's face, crouching down beside him. His hazy gaze locked with hers and he had a sad expression, but it instantly brightened when he saw her face.

"Hermione," He croaked. "Love you 'Mione. Remember that?"

"Always," Hermione returned, her hand going to his cheek. She bent down and pressed a kiss to his lips. It was light and gentle as the tears from her eyes slid onto his face. She was broken. "I love you too Charlie. Please don't leave me."

"Got no choice in the matter," Charlie coughed out. The twins appeared at his side, as well as the rest of his siblings. "Love you Hermione. Good time, together."

"We had a great time together Charlie," Hermione sobbed, pressing his hand to her cheek. "We have a lot better to come. You need to hang on and let the medi-witches save you." She knew all about the poisonous plant; she'd read about it at Hogwarts. It was a very quick killer, and the fact that Charlie was still alive showed how strong the pack was.

"Can't we use the Felacs plant to counteract the symptoms?" Neville asked, looking at the medi-witches. "It's in one of my plant books. I'm not sure what you're meant to do with it, but I'm sure I could find the plant if some else does the potion mixing. There will probably be some of those plants around here."

"Yes, can't we do that?" Hermione asked, looking towards the medical staff. They looked grim though and had stopped working on Charlie. Hermione wasn't ready to give up; the other Weasley's weren't either.

"It takes an hour to brew, we don't have the time," the medi-witch explained regretfully. "It takes fifteen minutes to work once Mr. Weasley drinks it and it's rarely used. Most people don't have that kind of time once the Venena Lupine gets into their system."

"What if I can give him more time?" Hermione asked. She knew exactly what she needed to do. She hadn't wanted it to come down to this, but they had no choice left. She would do everything to keep her pack together. With her eye's locked on Charlie's face, she reached into her jacket to pull out the wooden box Draco Malfoy had given her a while ago in the hospital. "Hang on for me, Dragon Tamer."

Charlie didn't seem to hear, and his breathing was slowing. "Keep him awake," Hermione demanded of the rest of the Weasley's, then she tugged at the hands of the twins and Bill, pulling them to the side. The rest of the Weasley's gathered around Charlie, talking to him and trying to get him to wake back up.

"Hermione, it's no good," Bill murmured. "Look at him."

Hermione held up the box and opened it, "This ring was given to me by Draco Malfoy quite a while ago. I've had it in my pocket because he said to use it if I needed it. I've never really wanted to go this route with the ring, but it's been kept safe in my pocket since he gave it to me. It comes with a lot of consequences Bill, something we can't decide for you. If you wear this ring, it might give the pack enough strength to save Charlie, but it might mean you'll spend the rest of your full moons turning."

Bill's eyes were locked on the ring, a second later with no hesitation he reached it. With the ring between his fingers, he looked up at his mate, then the twins. "If it's got a chance of working, it's worth the risk. Why am I just hearing about it?"

Hermione blushed, she had a lot of making up to do with the pack. "I honestly forgot about it. I was going to tell you about it that night, but then one thing after another happened. It's from Malfoy too; we can't trust him, Bill."

"Bill mate," George said, his eye's glued to the ring. "We all love Charlie, all of us do. However, you need to think what this means."

"The consequences," Fred agreed. "Plus we can't go trusting a snake too much."

"I know exactly what this means," Bill dismissed. Then he looked at Hermione. "You need to take me somewhere safe, away from here. I'll take whatever risk comes with the ring if it means keeping this pack safe. My job is to keep all of you safe."

The twins looked grim, but with everything going on, there was very little in the way of options. Bill picked up the ring and slid it on his finger, his right index finger. It sparkled red and then the gem turned black. A low growl escaped Bill, and the whole pack felt a rush of power. It was doing exactly what Malfoy had promised. They could only hope that it worked long enough for everyone to save Charlie.

"He's looking a little better," George observed, looking at Charlie. "You two get out of here, we'll work with them to get the cure. You don't have very long before the full moon."

Hermione looked conflicted, especially when she looked over at Charlie. He was breathing better, although he wouldn't last very long if they didn't get the potion into him soon. Bill needed to get away, though, and he needed Hermione's support. Turning into a werewolf had to be a terrifying experience for Bill. It had looked painful when Hermione had watched it happen to Remus all those years ago.

"You'll take care of Charlie?" Hermione asked the twins. She wanted to take care of their alpha, but leaving Charlie when he was so close to death was the hardest thing she had ever done. "You swear to me? You need to get that antidote into him quickly; you heard what the medi-witches said."

"We've got this," Fred promised, then he pressed a kiss to her cheek. "Take care of our Bill love, and we'll look after Charlie. You know we're going to do everything we can for him."

"Come back to us when he's starting to change," George ordered, his gaze on hers.
"Remember his wolf isn't him, he won't recognise you so keep away. We'll go back in the morning after the change to take care of him. Okay?"

Hermione nodded, and the twins both pressed a kiss to her cheek. Bill was quiet and looked a bit on edge. Maybe it was the fast approaching full moon or perhaps it was just down to the fact that everything was happening at once. The whole night had been full of drama.

Bill stayed to whisper with the twins while Hermione made her way back to Charlie. He seemed a lot better, but he was still gravely ill. He was able to talk, answering questions for the amazed looking healers and responding to his mother's sobs of questions.

Hermione crouched down beside Charlie, next to Mrs. Weasley. "I've got to go Charlie, but you're going to be okay. You can feel the strength in the pack now, can't you?" Hermione asked. She ran a hand through his hair, ruffling the ginger strands. "I love you, Charlie, the pack loves you, and you're going to be okay, aren't you?"

Charlie turned his head to see her, his eye's flickering over her face as if he was trying to cement the image of Hermione into his memory forever. "I'll be okay love; I'll hang on till you come back to me." He didn't ask about what they had done, perhaps he knew or maybe he was just too weak to form the words to ask. The rest of the Weasley family, Harry and the medi-witches looked intrigued about what had gone on, but they too never asked. The pack business felt sort of private; it wasn't for Hermione to share with everyone what went on.

"I'll be back in a few hours," Hermione announced to everyone. Her eyes landed on Harry, and then a worried looking Molly Weasley. "Get the potion to him and he'll be okay. The twins will be here, but Bill and I have to go for a few hours."

"We'll look after him dear," Molly promised, her eye's glistening with tears.

"He's strong," Ron put in, "He's come through a lot worse over the years."

Hermione pressed a kiss to Charlie's cheek and said a tearful goodbye, Bill came over and whispered in his brother's ear. Whatever Bill had said drew a few determined nods from Charlie. Then, with a hug to his family, Bill came over to Hermione, ready to leave.

"What did you say to him?" Hermione asked, glancing to her side at Bill.

He reached for her hand, the ring on his finger grazing her knuckles. "I gave him an alpha order."

"For what?" Hermione asked, shocked. Bill had never given orders using his alpha status, well, apart from the one time he'd ordered Charlie out of the burning building.

"To stay alive, to fight."

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They were getting so close to the full moon; Remus had already left before them ten minutes ago. Hermione knew the perfect place for Bill to turn. With the moon fast approaching, they

needed somewhere close by and quick. If the turning happened on a regular basis then over time, they would create a place for Bill. They would have somewhere close to home, their packs' home so Bill was always nearby. For now, though, Hermione took Bill to the only place she knew that had been used and created for a werewolf. The Shrieking Shack.

They made their way there quickly, apparating close by the village then making a rushed walk to the shack. Hermione climbed in first, with Bill close behind her. She could see from the pained expression on his face that it was getting close to the full moon. They had just made it inside when Bill punched a fist against the rough textured wall. He shouted out as his fist connected obviously in pain.

"Bill," Hermione pleaded, worried. She took a hesitant step towards him, but when Bill spun to face her, she caught herself tripping back. Luckily, Bill caught her before she went slamming to the ground.

"I'm okay pet, just hurts quite a bit," Bill told her. "I'm going to change, I can feel the wolf coming through with this ring on my finger, but fuck, I can feel the power. Can you?"

Hermione nodded, the pack's power had definitely increased now they had an alpha that turned. Bill was stronger with the ring, more connected. "I can feel it Bill, but I don't know if that's a good thing or a bad thing right now. We don't know what that ring will do to you."

"If Malfoy wanted me dead, he would have done it a different way," Bill dismissed. "Besides, I know a few secrets about him and his mother, from working at that bank a few years back. He wouldn't cross me."

Bill seemed certain, so Hermione didn't question it. She would find out at a later date, but not when Bill was facing the worst night of his life. "What can I do?" Hermione asked.

"Leave," Bill pleaded, his eyes on her. "I can feel it. Hermione, it's so close, and if you're here, I won't be able to control myself. I don't know what the wolf will do, but I don't want to hurt you."

However, like a good mate Hermione stayed. Half an hour passed when Bill finally started to change. He screamed in agony, shouting through the pain of his bones breaking and his skin changing. It was horrifying to see up close. Hermione stayed through the pain, and it was just before the transformation was complete when she left. As she got out the end of the tunnel, she heard the wolf howl, a lonely and distressed sound. Things weren't alright, but she could feel the strength of the pack, and she knew Charlie was alright. At least the pain Bill had suffered had been worth it.

The Weasley Pack would be alright, they always were.

Chapter 24: Chapter Twenty Four

Chapter Summary

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the Death Eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Beta: Thanks to the wonder historygirl1863

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Hermione crawled into the small space of the Shrieking Shack the next morning, her arms full of clothes, healing potions and Bill's wand. She found her alpha on a heap in the middle of the floor, scratches to his back and he was fast asleep. He looked terrible, with bags under his eyes from the scary and hard night he'd spent for the first time in werewolf form. There were marks on his body from his own claws. The wolf hadn't been able to get out or get to anyone, so it had taken its anger out on itself. Luckily none of the wounds looked deep, just painful and red. Hermione did her best to treat them, knowing they wouldn't ever truly heal.

It was still very early in the morning, but Hermione took her time to clean Bill the best she could. She washed away the blood from his skin from his wolf's claws scratching itself. After half an hour Bill was looking better, but he had barely opened his eyes since Hermione's arrival. He had briefly woken up, mumbled an apology and then promptly passed out again. Turning for the first time had taken its toll on Bill's body. The ring on his finger glowed red. Hermione had tried to remove it, but it seemed to have clamped around Bill's finger, stuck in place. After a few attempts, Hermione had stopped. Bill was a curse-breaker; he would be able to deal with the ring after some rest. Now that Charlie was hopefully safe and on his way to recovery, Bill had the time to look properly at the ring and see what charms were on it. Bill had done so briefly the night before, but it was either a now or never decision with Charlie only moments from death.

"We'll get you home, Bill," Hermione promised her mate, a hand stroking through his damp hair from the quick wash she'd given him. Bill grunted in return, too tired to speak. Carefully,

Hermione apparated them both from the shrieking shack to their home.

"Is he okay?" George asked as Hermione staggered in with Bill over her shoulder. The twin helped take most of the weight of Bill, and together they carried him up the stairs to his room. "He looks pretty battered."

"He's okay," Hermione promised him. "He just needs to sleep it off. How's Charlie? I didn't dare leave Bill. I was so worried he would get out of the shack. He wouldn't have forgiven himself if he'd bitten someone."

"Charlie's doing good," George promised her. They moved Bill to bed, tucking him under the covers and closing the blinds to his window. With the room pitch black, Hermione left some healing potions on the bedside table, and they quietly left the room.

"Fred is with him," George continued, once they were out of Bill's room. "They got the potion to him in time. It looks like Bill saved him. He wouldn't have lasted more than a few minutes if Bill hadn't put that ring on. It took a few hours, but they finally got him back around. Charlie's been talking everyone ear's off ever since. Mum was ready to strangle him when he made his first back from the dead joke."

Hermione felt the tension in her ease; her pack was struggling, but they were all still alive. "That's good; I was so worried about him." At the very least her instincts in the pack were working. During the night Hermione had felt Charlie's connection to the pack getting stronger. Hermione had tried to move some of the pack magic towards Bill and Charlie, but she still didn't have enough skill or knowledge about her role in the pack yet.

George put a hand on Hermione's back and led her through to the kitchen. He pulled a chair out and Hermione took a seat. "Harry's with Ron and the other Aurors trying to work out how the hell all those prisoners got out. They're thinking Bellatrix, but there's no clear sign of who was behind it all." George popped some toast in the toaster and then took a seat beside Hermione. His eyes were on her, taking in his rumpled appearance. She still had the torn shirt on; her painful side exposed from when Bellatrix had cursed and damaged her nerves. She'd taken a potion last night to ease it, but it was still painful.

"Are you okay?" Hermione asked, looking George over.

He nodded, his gaze forced on her. Then, George leaned forward, his hand cupping her jaw as he pressed a soft kiss to her lips. The kiss deepened, their tongues caressing each other as they got a taste. "I know nothing went to plan last night, but you took care of all us last night," George said to her, pulling back. "You took care of your pack. I don't think any of us would have made it through the night if you hadn't of been there."

Hermione turned her head as a tear dripped down her cheek. She was exhausted and emotionally drained from the last day. It was so much to get her head around. "I don't know about that, but at least we all made it through the night. I was worried about all of you. I wouldn't have forgiven myself if anything happened to any of you. Especially when we've all just created this pack bond."

"It's not a total loss," George informed her. "We got the brothers' last night. Rodolphus is dead, and Rabastan is being held in the Auror department until they fix the prison issues. Plus, we might have some news on Fenrir. Charlie wants to talk to us."

Hermione's eyes lit up. "He knows something?"

"The medi-witch knocked him out just after, but he thinks he's discovered something about Fenrir. He was off his head on the pain meds though Hermione. Don't put too much hope in what he says."

"I want to see him," Hermione stated. She stood from her seat, eager to leave. George smiled, he knew his mate so well. The toast popped, and George put a light layer of butter over them and forced them upon Hermione. With a quick floo call to his mother to come and watch over Bill, they both left for the hospital.

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When they arrived at the hospital, Charlie was awake, lying on his bed playing exploding snaps with Fred. Charlie looked a little worse for wear, but at least he was alive. Fred didn't look much better than George. None of them had gotten any sleep in the last day, and they were all suffering from sleep deprivation. However, when Hermione walked into the room with George, both Fred and Charlie's eyes lit up at the sight of her.

"Bill?" Charlie asked instantly.

"Sleepy," Hermione answered. "He's had a rough night, but he's going to be fine."

She made her way over to his bed and Charlie shuffled back for her to take a seat next to his hip. His hand went to hers holding it with his rough textured ones. Hermione cast her eye's over him and took in his full appearance. Apart from being tired, he looked pretty much like the others. However, he looked a lot cleaner and had on some hospital scrub trousers. He wasn't wearing a shirt and Hermione could see the bandage wrapped around his abdomen. There was a bit of blood on the bandage, but overall he looked okay. He looked a lot better than Hermione had expected.

"You look good," Hermione assessed, smiling at him.

"So do you love," Charlie smiled back. He tried to move up to kiss her but groaned in pain at his attempt. Hermione took pity on him and leaned down, pecking his lips with hers. "I love you," Charlie told her, his eye's filled with love as he said the words.

Hermione felt her heart thud harder at hearing those three words. It was one thing hearing them moments before your lover died; it was quite another hearing them when he was well on his way to recovery. "I love you too, Charlie," Hermione replied, then kissed him again. "I'm glad everyone's alright, I've been worried sick all night."

"Fred caught me up," Charlie informed her, nodding at his brother. "Heard what happened. You lot shouldn't have done that for me. It wasn't worth the risk."

Fred snorted, "Like we could have left you behind. No one messes with our pack."

"Yeah, what else would we do besides save your ugly mug?" George teased. He moved closer to Charlie, slapping a hand on his shoulder to show some affection. The three Weasleys all stared at each other for a moment; their eyes showing all the emotions they'd held for the last twenty-four hours. They loved each other. However, like a spell their gazes moved from each other to Hermione, a soft smile on their faces. All three of them had the look of mischief and Hermione was well aware that the twins had learned their troublemaking from Charlie.

Charlie reached his hand for hers, keeping her close to his side on the hospital bed. "You know you're in trouble for scaring us half to death, right?" Charlie told her. "That's the last time you're ever used as bait, and I don't want you ever to plot with Remus if it means putting yourself in harms way."

"We still need to figure out a way to kill Fenrir," Hermione pointed out.

"Ah," Charlie replied, his gaze moving back to his brothers. "Just what I've been dying to tell you lot. I wasn't there very long, just long enough to piss Fenrir off. He thought I'd spill my secrets and tried to use pain as a motivation. I guess he didn't take into consideration that dealing with dragons every day meant I had a high pain threshold."

Hermione's hand tightening on Charlie's at the information. She hated to think about him in pain. Charlie's abdomen wounds had to be extremely painful. She was so grateful that Charlie kept everything from Fenrir though. She had no doubt that everyone in the pack would go through any pain rather than give up the pack's information. If Fenrir learned too much about the pack, it would put them all in danger.

"Anyway," Charlie continued. "We had a bit of a battle, although he made sure to weaken me before he took me on. While we were fighting, I got my hands on his neck. He's got this necklace on. It burnt my fingers when I touched it, which is how the git got the upper hand."

"Any idea what it was?" Fred pressed.

"Remus mentioned last night there was something different about him," George commented. "Just before he left he said Fenrir felt strong, too strong. He said he might have dabbled with dark arts."

"He's running around with Bellatrix," Fred pointed out. "Merlin knows what those two are getting up to."

Hermione bit her lip, thinking over the possibilities. "She's using him, for what I'm not sure. Whatever that necklace is it has to be making him stronger. I know Remus isn't as strong as Fenrir without a pack, but from what I heard of last night Remus had the chance to kill him and he couldn't."

Charlie smirked, "Lucky for us we all know a wizard that's pretty good at curses and dark magic. When the big hairball wakes up, we can get him on the case. Now, who's going to steal our mate a medi-witch outfit so she can give me a sponge bath?"

"No overexertion for two weeks," Fred reminded him, with a smirk on his face. "George and I can take your place, though."

"You two are really a pain in my fu..."

"Charlie!" Hermione snapped, smacking his thigh. At least her boys were back to their themselves. Just as cheeky and naughty as they ever were.

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Hermione spent the rest of the day taking care of Bill, as well as sleeping off her exhaustion. It had been a bad night. Nothing had gone to plan but at the very least, the Lestrangle brothers were out of the way. They were out of the way, one of them were dead, and Rabastan was never getting back out.

Charlie had to spend a few more days in hospital to recover. He was making a fantastic recovery, but he was driving the medical staff and his family mad. He wasn't a patient person; he was no good at staying in bed or following the instructions from the medi-witches. When Charlie had gotten up for the fourth time despite being bed bound, the twins had called in their mother. Mrs. Weasley was now watching over Charlie, none of the pack dared to visit with her presence. She was already mad with what had gone on. So, they let her fuss over her injured dragon tamer. Charlie had a glare in his eye's that promised revenge on everyone in the pack once he was released.

"We'll have to get a truckload of shaving foam," George stated. They were all sat in the living room. Bill had his feet up on a stool, sat beside Hermione. Crookshanks had taken the spot on Bill's lap, curling up on him.

"Why?" Hermione asked with a frown, looking towards the twin. She leaned over to scratch at Crookshanks ear and cat purred, digging it's claws into Bill's trousers. He quickly shot her a warning look. The claws were far too close to a spot he was rather attached to.

"For our furry friend here," Fred continued for his brother, pointing at Bill. "Can't go scaring all the muggles around here with your extra hairy legs. We don't want them calling the muggle Aurors saying next door have a bigfoot living in the basement."

Bill glared at the twins, but there was humor in his eyes. He had taken to changing rather well. None of them had expected for Bill to accept the truth so easily. It was going to be hard for them all to adjust. However, if it was what the pack needed, then Bill was happy to change. He wanted them safe, his pack's safety was above everything else.

"It is a side effect," Hermione commented. She bit back her need to correct Fred once more that muggle auror's were called the police. Hermione was sure he was doing it to get at her. "Remus did have a pair of hairy legs until he started taking some potion to reduce it. The wolf gene stimulates the hair growth."

Bill's head whipped around to Hermione, "How have you seen so much of Remus, mate?"

The twins grinned, Hermione could feel how happy they were for their alpha to be back to his old possessive self. She sent them both a look of warning before turning to Bill. "I'm doing research into werewolves for my job, which you know about. Remus has been working with me to do some research and articles before I take my funding requests to the ministry. I've got a list of all the potions he uses each month."

"The hairy legs are a thing?" Bill said, looking unsure. "I've never been affected before."

"Yes," Hermione smiled. "Don't worry, though; I've got some razors in the bathroom. I can teach you how to do it. Your ankles are the hardest part."

"Wait," George put in, a look of disgust on his face. "I take back everything. The thought of being in bed and getting yours and Bill's legs mixed up is enough to sicken me forever. I only want one pair of smooth legs in this house."

"Christ George," Fred said blanching.

Bill looked just as worried, his eye's widened. "The potion," Bill said, quickly turning to Hermione. "I'll take the potion."

Hermione laughed and made her way to the kitchen to make some food for the boys. They spent the rest of the day together in the living room. They needed to be close and it helped them all recover from being with each other. Bill was well on the mend. His first night as a wolf had been rough.

A little later that night they had all headed up for any early night. The twins had left a book out while Hermione had done some work for the werewolf act she was trying to take to Kingsley and the rest of the ministry ministers. Just as she was tidying everything away, she picked up the twin's book and noticed the page it was on.

Animagus: The Guide for ambitus witches and wizards:

It takes skill, practice, and patience for wizards and witches to become Animagi. The process of becoming an Animagus is long and arduous and has the potential to backfire and cause the transformation to go horribly wrong. Many witches and wizards simply feel that their time might better be employed in other ways, as the skill is of limited practical use unless one has a great need of disguise or concealment...

The book went on for several pages. Hermione saw a few scribbles in the margin; the writing looked like one of the twins. A piece of paper fell out as she inspected the dark arts book. The paper was a list of ingredients, all of which had been mentioned in the Animagus chapter. Hermione was well aware that Animagus transformation was hard to accomplish, but it was very good for keeping werewolves comfortable. The Marauders had done it during their school's years, and although it was very hard, Hermione was quite confident in the twin's ability to accomplish it if they wanted to.

Hermione ran her fingers through the list of ingredients. Some were very hard to find, but with the twins' sources, they could probably very easily get their hands on them. It was the process of getting to become an Animagus which was going to be the hardest thing to do.

It was a good idea, though. Something she was just as interested in. If the Twins were going to do it with or without ministry permission, then Hermione wanted to be a part of it. She was pretty sure Charlie would want to as well. The only problem was the werewolf genes some of the boys had. She knew Remus couldn't turn into an Animagus because of being a werewolf. Hermione had no idea what the effect would have on part wolves. They needed to find out before she had three uncontrollable werewolves on her hands.

Chapter 25: Chapter Twenty Five

Chapter Summary

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the Death Eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Beta: Thanks to the wonder historygirl1863

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Charlie arrived home after only five days in the hospital. He had argued with all the medical staff on endlessly and in the end, they'd grown tired of him. Charlie had signed himself out against medical advice, much to the relief of the medi-witches that had been taking care of him. They had all driven him mad. When Mrs. Weasley had threatened to return to take care of him in a letter, Charlie had dashed around his hospital room and packed his things. Within an hour, he'd gone, and floo'd home.

Hermione had been furious at Charlie walking about, and the fact he'd floo'd home hadn't helped matters. He was recovering, which meant he was supposed to be in bed and not moving around. Hermione wasn't a push over like the medical staff and had quickly ordered him back to bed, for rest. He'd protested, but between Charlie and Hermione, everyone knew the witch was far stubborn.

"Charlie!" Hermione growled at the wizard. She'd spent two days so far playing medi-witch to him, and he was by far the worst patient she'd ever met. Despite being bed bound, he'd made sure to pinch her bum, each and every time she walked past. "I hope you weren't doing this to the witches at St. Mungo's, or we're going to have to sell the house to pay all the sexual harassment fines."

"Only you, witch," Charlie replied, placing his dragon keeper weekly magazine down. "Come on. I'm fine. I was fine five days ago and ready to get about. They're all just over reacting. I'll take it steady, but if I have to stay in this bed another day, I'm going to end up mad."

Charlie reached towards her and Hermione quickly slapped his hands from her waist. She knew his game, and there was no way he was dragging her to bed when he was recovering. "You have internal damage; those potions take two weeks to finish healing your insides. If you move too much, you can break the healing going on inside. I'm not having you relapsing because you can't keep it in your trousers. If you don't behave, I'm going to switch with the twins. See how you like them playing medi-witch for you."

Charlie grinned, "I think you would look far better in the outfit than them. How's that coming anyway? I'd love to see you in that short skirt and black robes."

"I'm not getting you a costume," Hermione told him. She stepped back from his hands, which had reached out to grab her sneakily. "You're tired, your reflexes are as quick so get some rest, and I'll bring you some soup. You only have another week then you can get out of bed and start moving around."

The door creaked open, and Hermione glanced around to see Bill. He was leaning in the doorway, a smirk on his face as he watched Charlie and Hermione.

"I wasn't meant to be listening," Bill told them, then tapped his ear to indicate his increased hearing abilities. "How about an Incentive?"

Hermione narrowed her eye's, while Charlie visibly brightened.

"What kind of Incentive?" Hermione asked.

"What do you want from Charlie?" Bill pressed. "For him to remain in bed? To behave? Anything else?"

"To take the pain potions. I know he keeps throwing them in the plant pots and giving them to Crookshanks," Hermione answered. She sent Charlie a glare, which he returned with a look of pure innocence. She really hated how adorable the boys could look when she was trying to be angry with them.

"Okay," Bill agreed. He stepped forward into the room, a feel of power and authority coming across Charlie and Hermione in his presence. "Charlie will behave, but in return, after the two weeks are up we get to finally share our witch. Both of us."

"Deal," Charlie grinned, straightening in the bed. "Definitely a deal."

Hermione's eye's lingered on Bill for a few minutes. He hadn't been with her sexually since finding out about her working with Remus. She knew he'd forgiven her, but now he had completely gotten over the incident, and it made her emotional. She hated any of the boys being mad at her, but especially her alpha. The man that had risked so much to fix the messed up plan that night. It had taken a while and many talks for Bill to come around and had truly forgiven her. Bill had needed time away from her and spent extra time at work. Finally, after getting Hermione's word that she would never lie to them again, he'd forgiven her. Bill had made her promise that using her as bait would never happen again. It wouldn't, she understood now.

"His stitches..."

"Will be fully healed by the end of the two weeks," Bill cut her off. He stepped closer. "Unless there's another reason you don't want to agree to the deal?" Bill moved his lips to her ear and Hermione automatically leaned her head to the side, presenting her neck to the wolf. "Charlie and I have a few things we can teach you. A few ways to show you how pleasurable two wizards at once can be."

Hermione licked her lips, "Both of you?"

"Together, at once," Charlie confirmed.

Hermione knew exactly what they were asking for. So far they'd taken turns having sex with her, she hadn't been too adventurous, but she had grown more and more curious about the other ways she could be with her boys. She wanted to be with two of them at once. Explore them together. Hermione felt the flutter of nerves building in her stomach. She was nervous, anxious about the question she'd been dying to ask for weeks now.

"I have something else I want to ask for," Hermione said, a blush creeping on her face.

Bill raised an eyebrow, "Anything love, what is putting that delicious blush on your cheeks?"

Hermione hesitated, but it was both the boy's hands on her own that got her to finally kick down her nerves and speak, "I want all of you. Not at once, but together. The pack. It's my birthday in a few weeks, and I was hoping that all of us could be... together."

Both boy's eye's widened at the admission, and a look of passion crossed their faces. "You want all four of us pleasuring you? Together?"

Hermione nodded, the blush bright red on her cheeks. "Yes."

"Deal," both boys agreed, quickly.

"The three of us after the two weeks for Charlie. We'll ease you into things. Explore a few things with you. Then, for your birthday we'll all have you," Bill agreed.

"We'll all have you, together," Charlie nodded. "I knew my kinky jokes would rub off on you eventually Hermione. The twins are going to faint when they hear this."

"They'll be upset?" Hermione asked, biting her lip.

"Absolutely not," Charlie replied, a heated look in his eyes.

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After taking some time off, Hermione eventually returned to work when it was only two days from the end of Charlie's two-week recovery. Her apartment was in disarray. There was so much to do at work. She had a lot more staff now, and Hermione had focused them on certain creatures and researchers. There was a list of things she wanted to change in the wizarding

world for magical creatures, but getting the funding and approval for things was a different matter.

To get a law passed Hermione had to present the law request, which was a big binder full of information on the proposed law. The binder had to detail the problems that it could encounter and ways in which they could overcome them. Finance was one of the biggest problems and getting funding off the ministry was a battle in itself. It had a lot more to it, and it was a long process. After two months the law went to a vote. If seventy percent or more voted for the law, then it was approved.

The long process meant Hermione had a lot of work on her hands. She'd been working with a lot of experts as well as close friends on the different magical creatures. For werewolves, she wanted to change the law on them being unable to work. Bill was a full werewolf now, not that anyone outside the family knew. If they did find out, he could lose his job. Remus had trouble his entire life getting work and Hermione wanted it to change. They all had families and loved ones to care for too.

"You could get the employer to supply them with wolfsbane potion each month," One of the new girls suggested, at the department meeting for the werewolf act. "Take it out of the tax they have to pay each month. That way they don't end up giving the employee slave wages, and they won't avoid hiring them."

"I like that," Hermione agreed, making a note. "Perhaps only half of the money could come from the employee, the rest the person has to provide for. It makes the potion cheaper, and I'm working on getting the price of it down. If wolfsbane potion becomes more readily available, the price will drop drastically."

"That could work," the financial advisor for the department agreed, shuffling throw his papers. "However, I did want to comment on the dragons' protection law. I know this is a big deal for you to offer protection to these creatures. However, they are big and dangerous beasts. Many people use them to guard things, like the bank. If we stop them from using their new dragon, Gringotts goblins could turn on us."

Hermione bit her lip. It was one of the things she'd worked hard with Charlie about. The dragon Harry and Ron had flown out on had been terribly beaten. She'd seen the photo's a few days later in the prophet. They were wild animals that needed protection. They shouldn't be forced to hide down a small and dark dungeon just to protect purebloods money. "I'm not changing my mind on that anytime soon. They used to burn and beat that dragon. What right do they have to do that when other countries work so hard to raise and care for dragons? England is the only place without such strict protection, and that's why we barely have a dragon reserve worth mentioning."

"You're well versed in all of this," Kingsley replied, looking impressed. He'd been in the meeting, but hadn't said much. Kingsley had been making notes mostly and taking in what the department was working towards. He hadn't come to any of their other meetings, but he wanted to keep track on what they were working on. It was also to offer some help and guidance to Hermione, his friend. "Your source?"

"My partner, Charlie Weasley who has worked with dragons since the age of eighteen. He's worked at reserves across the world, mainly Romania. England has the worst dragon protection and reserves in the world," Hermione told him. "He's recovering at the moment, but once Charlie does recover he'd quite happy to do some interviews and present his argument to panels."

Kingsley looked impressed, "I suggest you gather some other sources too, dragon keepers from other reserves and have them present together. Perhaps find someone that's worked in this country," Kingsley told her. "Apart from that I'm very impressed, and I can't see many problems with any of the acts so far. Work out the details, in particular with the werewolf law and the comments on the wolfsbane potion, then get them to the ministers to enact. I look forward to seeing you fighting for these rights in a few weeks' time."

Kingsley stood up and moved towards the door, on his way out he left a piece of paper, his notes in front of Hermione. There were some suggestions, a bit of feedback on the things that had been brought up. With a squeeze of her shoulder, Kingsley left to go to another meeting. While Hermione and her team were left behind with a lot of work to do. Thankfully, she loved a good challenge.

A few hours later Hermione was working on her paperwork when the door creaked open. She glanced up, spotting her twins peeking around the door with matching grins on their faces. They made their way in, closing the door behind them as they moved as one towards her desk.

"Fancy place here, Miss Granger," George quipped, glancing around the room.

"Going up in the world," Fred agreed. He eyed the fruit bowl on her desk a look of disappointment crossed his face. "That's the worst candy dish I've ever seen."

"Sweets rot your teeth," Hermione argued. She placed her pen down; her eye's settling on the twins with curiosity. She felt the anxiety coming off them, but Hermione couldn't tell why. They were trying to hide something from her, and she didn't like it one bit. "What are you two up to?"

"Just need a bit of help," George replied.

"A bit of advice from our expert creature tamer," Fred continued, winking at Hermione.

George reached into his work robes and pulled out a book; the one Hermione had found left behind by the twins over a week ago. She knew they were working on the Animagus magic, but she hadn't gone to them about it. The twins were smart, if they were serious about it, then they would bring it up to the pack when they had decided.

"We want some help with the research part of this," George explained, placing the book down on her table. "We know you found out what we were up to. We haven't started anything yet. We just want to know what affect the spell will have on me before we go any further into it and take it to Bill."

Hermione watched the boys for several seconds before she reached forward and grabbed the book. She flicked quickly to the bookmarked section and noticed the increase in notes in the margin. They had been doing their homework. "I can try my best, but no promises. I know it's impossible for werewolves because they can get stuck in their transformation if they try. However, for part wolves like George I'm not sure what affect it will have. I can help, though, I'll try too."

"We've found some research," Fred supplied. He moved and took a seat on the corner of her desk. "Some articles say part wolves can turn into a wolf, but with their sanity."

"Like using wolfsbane?" Hermione asked, surprised.

"Not really," George answered. "You can change at will, you keep your mind and can control your instincts a lot more. It's sort of the same, but it's easier for Animagus witches and wizards that are part wolves."

"If your true form isn't a wolf, though," Fred commented, his eye's going to his twins with worry. "You can get stuck."

"Stuck?"

"Forever."

Hermione sucked in a breath. She hadn't expected that; the twins had been busy with their research. "I'll look into it. I'll do what I can and help with research, but you'll need to tell the other two soon. Professor McGonagall might be a good place to start with too. She'll offer plenty of insight if you're both so serious about this."

"Definitely," both twins replied, grinning.

"Now," Fred began. "A little bird was telling us about your birthday present."

"Kinky Granger," George joked.

"What happened to the bookworm?"

"The one that wanted a good book."

"Not a good f..."

"Fred!" Hermione shouted, jumping in her seat.

"Good Friday night," Fred defended, his arms up.

Hermione didn't believe them for a moment. She glared at them, but both twins chuckled before they made their way over, standing either side of her. They perched on the edge of her desk, their hands going to her thighs. She had a mid-length black pin skirt on. Something she'd just recently bought for work. The Twins took full advantage as they slid the material up higher, exposing her thighs, but not high enough to reveal her center.

Luckily the blinds were down, and the desk blocked anyone else from the view. However, the door most certainly wasn't locked.

"Not here," Hermione scorned, pushing at their hands, trying to hide her thighs. "Someone might come in."

"I don't think you'd mind," Fred joked, his hands moving hers out of the way. He moved his hand to the skirt and pushed it up her hips, and then both the twins cursed when they found out their witch wasn't wearing knickers. Her neatly trimmed pussy came into view, a light glistening from the excitement that was being to build up. "Tell us to stop and we will Hermione." They both watched her and not a word passed Hermione's lips, but a jolt of excitement ran through her body.

"Merlin," George muttered, his hand darting to her center. He ran his finger along her seam, gathering the wetness on his finger. He kept his eyes on her as he used that moisture to push the finger inside her, earning a gasp from his witch. "You've been walking around this office all day without any knickers on?"

"No knicker lines," Hermione said in gasps of breath. Her toes curled as Fred pushed one of his fingers in to join his twins. "You'd see them in this skirt."

"Better than anyone seeing anything else of you in this skirt," Fred argued. The twins slowly moved their fingers, they worked together as they moved them in and out, curling them inside her body as she was increasingly wet. Hermione tipped her head back; her eye's closed as she enjoyed the sensation of the twins manipulating her body.

It wasn't long before the twins managed to bring Hermione to the peak of orgasm. They kept a finger inside of her; thumbs rubbed against her clit and moments later they brought her to orgasm. Just as Hermione feared she was going to lose her control and shout out, Fred buried her head into his neck, quickly silencing the calls that were caught in her throat.

After a few moments of deep breaths, she leaned back against her chair. Her eye's flickering between the two naughty twins. They had a matching pair of smirks, pleased with their work. They both placed their own finger into their mouths, tasting the juices and they made sure Hermione saw them. She couldn't help but blush at the sight of them.

"Never gotten you there so quickly," George pointed out, an eyebrow raised. "Didn't get a bit excited, did you?"

"Think about getting caught, Hermione?" Fred asked, looking just as smug.

"Our kinky witch."

"Our naughty witch better get some bloody knickers on!" Fred said, standing up. "We're having a pack meeting tonight."

Hermione rolled her eyes, "About my knickers?"

"Our meetings should always involve the status of your knickers," George agreed. Then, he turned to his twin. "Think our alpha will do it as a pack command if we tell him she went to work without them?"

"We can wait till it's closer to the full moon," Fred offered. "More possessive and jealous then."

"Perfect idea Forge."

Hermione reached for the book the twins had given her not too long ago and made aim at their heads. The twins made a dash for the door, their laughing interrupting everyone in the department hard at work.

Chapter 26: Chapter Twenty Six

Chapter Summary

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the Death Eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Beta: Thanks to the wonder historygirl1863

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

My next chapter is all ready to go, but I want to give people a chance to read the last two posted chapters. So, I would love to hear what you lovely readers think and you've had the chance to read them! New chapter either tonight or tomorrow.

A week by and Hermione had put the boys off her side of their deal. She used the excuse of wanting to give Charlie a few extra days to recover. They hadn't been too happy until Charlie had started walking around and realised how much pain he was still in. It was one thing escaping from the hospital full of adrenaline, but quite another walking around throughout the day unaided. Now, though, Charlie was nearly back to himself, and they all were ready to celebrate to their health. They had gone through a lot over the last few weeks.

The opportunity arose when they received an invitation to a night out with Neville. They hadn't seen him since the rescue. He's spent two weeks in the hospital recovering alongside his girlfriend, Hannah. Apparently, Neville had been bitten, but it hadn't been on the night of the full moon, so he was only a partial wolf. Bill and George had visited him, offering him comfort and advice. Neville had been reluctant to see anyone else and took some time to recover and get over the ordeal. Now, he was ready to see his friends and continue with his life.

"Those Muggles leave nothing to the imagination," Charlie commented, his eye's glued to Hermione's backside. She had on skin tight dark denim jeans and a black glittered top that dipped at the front just to show a hint of cleavage. She was ready for her night out.

"Jean's are comfy, and they're meant to show off curves," Hermione argued, then gestured towards Charlie's long hanging and loose fitting jeans. She's bought them a while ago, but he rarely wore them. Tonight they were venturing out into muggle London, hitting up some of the bars. "Ready to go?"

"Yes," Bill called making his way in the kitchen, he grabbed his black jacket off the side of the couch and then crossed over to Hermione. "The twins will meet us there. They're coming from the shop. Apparently, Angelina got too close to the potion mixer and got her eyebrows burnt off."

Hermione had to hide her laugh. Those boys were in for a world of trouble when Angelina got her hands on them. Hermione didn't feel uncomfortable with the boys spending time with the Angelina or Katie. Through the pack and twin bond, she knew they were only going to want Hermione. They were faithful, and they cared deeply for her. Angelina might have been Fred's ex, but she was also a close friend to both the boys. Hermione would not be that girl. The overly jealous and bad tempered girl.

"Let's go then," Hermione agreed. "Do you both know where you're going?"

"Yes dear," Charlie said, which earned him a pinch to his arm.

They all apparated to an alley beside a muggle pub called 'Weatherspoon's,' it was a popular muggle pub which none of the Weasley boys had been in before. Hermione led the way to the bar, and they ordered a road of drinks. Bill and Charlie's eyebrows shot up into their hairline when Hermione ordered a cocktail called 'sex on the beach.'

"It's a drink," Hermione promised the two boys, they were both glaring daggers at the young male bartender, daring him to take Hermione up on her offer. Charlie and Bill didn't look convinced until the bartender brought the drinks and Hermione gave them both a taste of her drink.

With disgusted faces at the cocktail, the three of them made their way over to a booth where Harry, Ginny, Neville, and Hannah were seated. They waved at each other as the three newcomers pushed their way through the crowd.

"Nice jeans," Ginny commented, shoving Harry along the booth to offer Hermione a seat. "Where's your other two at?"

Charlie grinned at that, "Trying to reattach Angelina's eyebrows."

"I see some things never change," Neville laughed. He had an arm around Hannah, but still looked nervous around them all. It was so unlike Neville, but he was still dealing with the trauma Fenrir had put him through for weeks. They were all so glad to see him, though. "I'm glad you're all free tonight. I won't wait for the others; I'll tell them when they get here. But, Hannah and I are too excited to hold it in much longer."

Hannah smiled up at Neville and leaned in to kiss his cheek. "Tell them before you burst."

"We're getting married!" Neville announced. A loud group of cheers erupted, and Ginny squealed with excitement, lunging over the table to hug Hannah and offer her congratulations. When everyone had finally settled down, Neville continued, "It's going to be a quick wedding, on the small side because we just want to get married without all the fuss."

Hermione knew what the real reason was, neither of them had any family left to attend the wedding. Neville still had his parents of course, but they were at St. Mungo's and they would remain there for the rest of their lives.

The news of the wedding was fantastic; Hermione was so happy they were finally going to get there happy ever after. "Congratulations Neville," Hermione smiled. "I'm so pleased for you."

"Thank you," Neville smiled, beaming with pride. He leaned in to press a kiss to Hannah's lips. "I'm surprised she said yes, to be honest."

"Like I could say no to you," Hannah waved off.

"When is the wedding?" Ginny pressed, leaning forward in her seat. Harry had a hand around her shoulders; their bodies pressed close to the side.

"We're plotting something small in three weeks. Invites are going out tomorrow, but we wanted you to know first," Neville explained. He reached forward for this drink, taking a sip before continuing. "It'll mean a lot to us if you're there. Between us, we don't have any family that can come."

"You are family Neville," Harry reassured him, a firm look in his green eyes.

Charlie picked up his drink, a smile on his face, "Let's celebrate tonight, shall we?"

They all had a few drinks in Weatherspoon's before moving on to a cocktail bar. All the purebloods were genuinely confused by the drinks menu, so it was down to Hermione and Harry to teach and explain things. They were just drinking their first drink when the twins, Ron and Luna turned up. Neville eagerly announced his news, and they were all happy for him.

After a few more drinks, it didn't take the inexperienced purebloods long to get tipsy. The twins had quickly caught up with all the drinking and Ron had downed several extra drinks to prove how lacking the muggle alcohol was compared to the wizarding drinks. However, the Muggle drinks apparently won when Ron's latest trip to the toilet resulted in a lot of shrieking from startled woman.

"Which one do you think will throw up first?" Harry asked, sliding along the couch of the booth, closer to Hermione. They were watching the Weasleys and Neville dance along to some popular muggle songs, most of which they had never heard before. "Ginny's a lightweight."

"She looks in the best condition," Hannah commented, seated opposite them. "I've been out a few times with muggle friends, I tried to warn Neville not to drink too much, but he wasn't

having any of it."

"He's happy," Hermione waved off. "I'm more concerned how I'm going to get four drunk Weasleys back to the house."

"Bill looks alright," Harry offered, indicating the man in question, who was on the dance floor keeping most of the Muggle boys away from his sister. "He's saving me from having to get up."

"And muscle in?" Hermione grinned.

"Rather discretely direct Ginny in the other direction," Harry countered. "I can't see Ginny taking my jealousy very well. You know how fierce and independent she can be."

The two girls shook their heads, amused and turned to watch the rest of the group attempt to dance. They were mostly copying the people around them. The twins were drawing a lot of attention, making up bizarre dance moves and causing a lot of chaos as usual. After a little while of watching, Neville came back to Hannah and took a seat, a little out of breath with a huge drunk grin on his face.

"I love you, Mrs. Longbottom to be," Neville told her, leaning in for a kiss. When Hannah returned the kiss, Hermione quickly looked away, with a pat to Harry's leg, she stood and made her way over to the dance floor. Hermione had lost track, a few moments ago, of everyone while discussing the wedding with Hannah. Now, her boys weren't in sight.

It took a few minutes for her to spot Bill, who was leaning against a bar stool, while Ginny leaned across the bar waving her muggle money trying to get a bartender's attention. Bill called Hermione over, and she continued to scan the place for everyone else.

"I want the sex on the bench," Ginny asked as the bartender approached. "In the biggest cup you have."

"Beach," Bill corrected, "And I could have gone my whole life without you saying those words."

Hermione laughed and stepped into Bill's embrace, "Do you ever stop being the over protective one?"

"What can I say? It's instinct," Bill called over the loud music. His hands moved to her hips, bring her between his legs. His hand went to her face, brushing a stray curl back. "Besides, I'm watching Harry's girl while he watches mine."

Hermione spluttered, "I can look after myself," she defended.

"I know you can," Bill confirmed.

"You're saying that to stop an argument, aren't you?"

"No, I've seen the hexes you've thrown at people, I know you can. I just don't like to see anyone slaving all over my girl," Bill explained. He leaned in to press a soft kiss to her lips.

"Thank Merlin I put that defense charm on myself before leaving, or my ears would be ringing with this music."

Hermione smiled and leaned in for another kiss. Bill was smart. When Hermione had warned him about the music, he put on a charm to reduce his senses for a few hours. He'd done the same to George, once the twin had arrived. It seemed to be working rather well; both boys were able to act like everyone else. Of course, Bill appeared to be the only one that wasn't affected by the alcohol and he'd told Hermione about the disgusting taste of all the drinks he'd tried so far. Apparently, his taste buds were still oversensitive.

"You look good tonight," Bill told her, then he leaned in closer, his chest pressed to hers so he could whisper into her ear. "I want you in my bed tonight. With only those heels left on Hermione."

Hermione pulled back, licking her lips with excitement, "Yes."

"And Charlie?"

"If he's not drunk," Hermione agreed. Bill gave her a wolfish grin, and he stood up straighter, moving back.

Bill looked over her head, indicating someone behind before he leaned back close to Hermione's ear. "I'm going to make sure he's not, stay with Gin and Harry or one of the pack, okay?" Bill requested. "We still have enemies."

"Okay," Hermione promised. She felt someone approach her side and glanced over to see Harry approach. He nodded at Bill, then moved closer to Ginny who had a fishbowl full of her ordered cocktail. Harry sent Hermione a pleading look, then went to work trying to pry the drink from the girl's death grip.

"I'll see you in a few," Bill told her, pressing another kiss to her lips. He once again looked over her head, then nodded in that direction. "Might want to go show those girls how overprotective you are of your guys."

Hermione turned with a frown, looking in the direction Bill indicated. The twins were in a booth, with two leggy blondes and a brunette crowded around them. The twins were showing off, using some muggle magic tricks to impress them. They knew how to be careful around Muggles; they had done research of muggle magic before they'd opened the shop. Hermione knew it was their love of entertainment that had them showing the girls, but the three women around her twins were most definitely not there for entertainment. All three were leaning close, with the tightest and shortest dresses Hermione had ever seen.

"Go claw their eyes out," Bill joked, far too amused at seeing her jealous expression. He gently slapped her bum, then went on his way to find Charlie.

With a fake smile on her face, Hermione made her way over to the booth. The three girls were doing their fake giggles, listening to whatever story Fred was telling them.

"So are you identical everywhere?" One of the girls asked, her indication clear.

"Yes, that's why they're called identical twins," Hermione answered. "The only place there not identical is none of your business."

Fred and George looked over at her; a grin plastered on their faces. They knew exactly what was wrong with her.

"Sorry girls, our story tell is over, our girlfriend has managed to drag herself away from my sister, so our time is all hers," Fred told the group. All three girls started to get up, sending Hermione a deathly look.

"You can come with us, and we can keep you two entertained," one of the girls offered, a childish pout to her lips. Hermione hated when girls did that.

"No," George said directly. "We made our status very clear from the beginning."

The girls turned and walked away, bitching to each other about their lost opportunity. Hermione moved into a seat opposite the two boys, a frown on her face.

"Hermione," George said, a far too pleased look on his face. "You weren't jealous, were you?"

"Even just a little bit?" Fred questioned.

"More than a little bit from the way she looked at them."

"True, they were lucky to make it out of here without Hermione's wand coming out their..."

"I wouldn't pull my wand out on a muggle," Hermione argued. She didn't bother denying her jealousy because it was true. She had been jealous when she'd seen those girls surround the twins. They were good looking so of course girls were going to try to get with them. Hermione could feel their faithfulness through the bond, but that didn't mean she liked seeing girls flirt with her boys.

"We told them we had a girlfriend from the beginning," Fred promised. "They told us they just wanted to make conversation. So we did."

"Seeing you stomp over here with that fire in your eyes was the hottest thing I've ever seen Hermione," George smirked.

"Most definitely."

"You had most of the men in the bar turn to watch you."

"They better keep their eyes off your arse in those jeans."

"They definitely should brother."

Hermione rolled her eyes and struggled to fight off the smile on her lips, "You're both just trying to distract me."

"Is it working?" George asked, a grin on his face.

"No," Hermione replied, her arms folding in front of her. They sat for some time, listening to the music and they both ended up on the dance floor. Hermione did her best to contain the twins and their terrible and wacky dance moves. In the end, she pulled them close, and they both danced up against her, a hard and heated look in their eyes as they shared her in a dance.

Hermione had never been this intimately with her boys in public before. It wasn't the wizarding world, but she was still being judged. She also knew Harry, Ron, Ginny, Neville and Hannah would be watching them. Hermione tried her best not to pay it any mind. The twins were good at keeping her mind off it, whispering funny and occasionally dirty things in her ear. After half an hour of dancing, Charlie and Bill approached.

Bill whispered low in George's ear; the music was too loud for anyone else to hear, but Hermione saw George nod his head once, then laugh at whatever Bill was saying. Hermione turned her gaze to Charlie, who was watching the alpha and George along with Fred. Charlie looked brighter, a lot soberer than he had been. Bill must have taken Hermione's warning seriously and tipped a sober up potion down Charlie's throat.

After a few more minutes of talking, Bill slapped George on the back and made his way towards Hermione. The twins both pressed a gentle kiss to Hermione's lips, then walked away together, whispering. Hermione knew they were talking about whatever Bill had said.

"Ready to go home, love?" Bill asked. Charlie stepped closer, enclosing on the little space Hermione had.

"What were you asking George?" Hermione questioned, her curiosity getting the better of her.

"Not here," Bill said, indicating the door. The three of them made their way out, calling a goodbye to their friends and family. Hermione spotted the twins with Ginny and Harry, a fresh round of drinks arriving at their table.

Once outside, the two boys each grabbed a hand, eagerly tugging her down the street. They were both keen. When they got to an alley, Bill led them both down the alley, just enough to keep them out of sight. Once they were around the corner of the alley, Charlie dropped her hand as Bill pulled her up and against the wall.

Bill moved in, pressing against her. Charlie stood at the side of Hermione, both of them were watching her. Their warm breaths blew against the bare skin of Hermione's neck. They were intimidating together. They felt strong and powerful.

It was pure instinct for Hermione when she turned her head, presenting her neck. She never showed weakness, but with her pack, she couldn't help the habits that were ingrained within them. Hermione wasn't a wolf, but she had the bond, and that bond told her these two powerful men, this wolf, and part wolf were so much stronger.

Bill chuckled in a husky tone, his lips moving to press a kiss to her neck. "Calm down pet," Bill told her, his voice softening. It was enough for Hermione to break the instinct within her

and turned to face him. "This is going to be intense, especially for this mate instincts telling you to submit to us. Are you sure you want to do this? With the both of us?"

Hermione kept her eyes on Bill; her head held high. "Yes, I'm sure."

"Let's go then," Charlie announced with a smile. Bill stepped back, releasing Hermione from his hold.

"Wait," Hermione called, stopping both boys in their tracks. "What did you ask George? I felt something through the twin bond; I'm not sure what."

"He asked him for a pain potion, love," Charlie told her.

"Pain potion?"

"For in the morning," Charlie confirmed, his eye's dropping to Hermione's waist, making the indication clear.

"It'll be a good pain," Bill promised. "We won't hurt you pet."

Hermione her nerves flaring, she took a step closer to the boys, feeling like a lamb being led to the wolf den.

Chapter 27: Chapter Twenty Seven

Chapter Summary

In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the Death Eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.
Beta: Thanks to the wonder historygirl1863

Bill, Charlie, and Hermione returned home after the night out in the muggle world. They were all sober after taking a 'sober me up' potion, which had mainly been for Charlie's benefit. Hermione had warned Bill she wouldn't make good on her deal if one of them weren't in the right mind. She wasn't going to explore new things if they were drunk. Hermione wanted them all to happen.

"Relax love," Charlie instructed, running his hands down her arms and over her shoulders. "You look like we're taking you to slaughter." Charlie chuckled and then moved down to press kisses to her shoulders.

"You're both intimidating, like this," Hermione confessed, her eyes on Bill. The alpha was in front of her, his heated gaze moving over her body. Bill's eyes snapped up at her words, and he moved closer, running his hand through the curls of her hair.

"We would rather die than harm a hair on your head," Bill swore to her. One of his hands moved to her hips, and he stepped closer to her. "How about you two head upstairs and I'll finish up a few things down here? Charlie can help you relax."

"I'm good at that," Charlie promised, a hand cheekily running over one of her arse cheeks. He squeezed the curve, then stepped back to reach for Hermione's hand. "Come on beautiful."

Hermione grabbed his hand, giving him a stern but playful look before she followed Charlie up the stairs. Charlie led the way to Hermione's room, one of the larger rooms in the house. With them both inside, Charlie closed the door and looked over at her.

"Relax Hermione," Charlie encouraged, moving towards her. He used his hand to tilt her chin up. "You've been with Bill, and you've been with me. Tonight, we're just coming together for some fun. Now relax my little lioness and tell me what's wrong? We can just have fun; we don't have to go further than you want to. Bill and I won't mind. This is about you."

"I want to, I've just never..." Hermione trailed off, her hands clenching together with worry.

"We have things planned out," Charlie promised. "We know what we're doing. Just go with it, okay? We stop the moment you tell us to."

Hermione breathed out, trying to relax her body as she nodded. She could trust them. Charlie and Bill wouldn't do anything she didn't want them to. Hermione tried her best to relax, but it was Charlie who took the lead and helped distract her. His lips went to hers, gentle at first as their tongues danced together in a battle of power and dominance. His rough textured hands moved to her hips, pulling her in the direction of the bed. When Charlie's knees hit the back of the bed, he buckled and fell back, making sure to pull Hermione with him.

As Hermione stumbled on top of Charlie, she slapped her hand playful against his chest to tell him off. He chuckled, but then his hands went to her waist, and he pulled her down and closer to continue their kiss.

Things heated up as Charlie rolled Hermione onto her back. His hands went to the buttons of her jeans, and he popped each one. Charlie was still kissing her while he worked on her jeans. He trailed kisses along her cheek, down her neck and to her shoulders. Hermione's nails scrapped down Charlie's clothed back, her head tilted back as she enjoyed the feel of her man loving her. When she heard the sound of her own zipper, she released a breath, excitement had started to replace the fear and worry.

"It might take me a while to get you out these tight jeans," Charlie commented, earning a chuckle from Hermione. "Are these plastered on?" He gave them a tug and growled when the material seemed to resist.

"They're skinny jeans," Hermione told him, lifting her hips to him. "They're supposed to be tight fitting."

"Where's my damn wand?" Charlie muttered, glancing over the edge of the bed after another attempt to remove the trousers.

"You boys are all the same, no patience" Hermione joked. Then, she lifted her hips once more and used her own hands to tug them down her legs. "Do you need help removing my bra?"

Charlie turned back to her, his eye's going to her black lace, "Oh, trust me I know how to do that, I'm becoming quite the expert actually."

"So it's you that's been stealing my bras?"

"Only to see how well they fit on me," Charlie joked. He hooked his thumb around the sides of her knickers and pulled them down her legs, revealing her wet and pink pussy to his eyes.

Charlie lit up, his gaze on her center as he moved down her body. "And this is another one of my talents."

Hermione watched the dragon tamer move down her body, her breath caught when he moved over her center. Without any hesitation, Charlie ran a finger over her, gathering the wetness then he brought it to his lips, tasting her sweetness. Charlie leaned in and his free hand went to her left thigh, spreading her legs so he could get closer.

Charlie's mouth touched her, and Hermione's body flopped down against the bed. A moan emitted from her throat, "Charlie," Hermione cried. His tongue pressed into her, thrusting in and out of her opening as his thumb rubbed and played with her clit. The sensation was incredible, and Hermione's back arched off the bed.

Neither of them noticed the creak of the door because they were far too distracted. Bill stepped into the room, his eyes on the couple with so much heat and passion between them. He moved over to the bedside table, placing a small vile of potion on the top.

The noise of it being put on the table was enough to catch Hermione's attention, and she turned his way, her eye's fluttering open to look up at Bill. A soft smile crossed her lips, her eyes clouded with heat and emotion. Hermione's mouth gasped as she tried to catch enough air to breathe, Charlie was still licking her, tasting her with his tongue dipping inside her. Hermione's insides were on fire from the sensation.

Bill reached for the edge of his shirt and pulled it over his head, throwing the material across the room without caring where it landed. With his eye's locked on Hermione's, he moved forward, taking a seat behind her. His legs were folded back, kneeling on the bed. Hermione moved up on her elbows, resting her head, neck, and back against Bill's chest.

"Feeling relaxed pet?" Bill asked.

"Y...Yes," Hermione moaned, her eye's closing. Bill's hands went to her breasts, cupping them with his hands.

Charlie's head popped up, and a sly grin crossed his face as he took them both in, then he quickly went back to work. His fingers moved inside her, pushing one in then adding another two. She felt stretched, but it wasn't deep enough. Hermione's hips left the bed, encouraging Charlie on as she got lost in the pressure. Her breasts were aching with need as Bill squeezed them, his fingers playing with the nipples through the fabric of her bra.

"Our good little mate," Bill whispered seductively into Hermione's ear. "All wet and needy for her men. I can practically taste you love, taste that wet little pussy that needs her mates so much. Are you ready for us to fill you pet?"

"Yes," Hermione pleaded, her hips rocking against Charlie's face. "I want more."

"Where do you want us, love?"

"Anywhere, everywhere."

Bill's hands squeezed a little harder on her breasts at that answer, "There's plenty of places we would love to fill this delectable body. You want us both? At the same time?"

"Yes," Hermione said, the word coming out in a bit of a gasp. Bill pulled the straps of Hermione's bra down, sliding it down her body slightly, so her breasts spilled over the material. Bill moved his hands to her now exposed breasts, teasing the tips with his fingers. With both of boys teasing her body, it didn't take long before Hermione felt her orgasm building, Charlie had his fingers inside her, curling as he searched out that special spot inside her that would give her the final push. Within moments Hermione felt her body rock as an earth-shattering orgasm washed over her. Her pussy clenched around Charlie's fingers, and he continued to move his fingers to make the orgasm last longer. Bill had removed his hands from her breasts and was stroking her face, watching the expression of pure ecstasy that washed over her from the orgasm.

Hermione felt the boys move, but she was far too distracted trying to calm her body down from the orgasm she'd just have. She felt the heat off Bill and Charlie leave her, and she lowered herself down and on the bed.

"Think we broke her Bill," Charlie joked, his voice coming from Hermione's right.

"Eye's open love," Bill instructed.

Hermione propped herself up as both of them made their way up the bed. They were both completely naked, something Hermione must have missed during the aftermath of her orgasm. She took them both in, their erections straining as they moved on the bed. They didn't seem bothered to be bare in each other's presence, but they had done this with other women. Hermione wasn't the first person they had shared.

"We've brought you something to make it easier," Bill explained, gesturing to the potion he held in his hand. "It's a muscle relaxer, might make things easier tonight."

"Plus the tub of lube I brought from that muggle sex shop," Charlie grinned. He reached for Hermione, his hand going to her neck as he kissed her lips. The taste of her was on his tongue, but she ignored it and just leaned into the kiss, after a moment, he pulled back. "It'll still pinch when one of us puts our dick in your bum. Always will the first time, but we are magic, and it would hurt a hell of a lot more in the muggle world without this potion. You sure you want to do this?"

Hermione felt the nerves fill her again, but she fought them back. She wanted to this and had been curious about going further for a while now. Her Gryffindor courage came to the front and center. "Who's going to do it?"

"Charlie," Bill answered. He must have seen the look on her face, the one of worry because Charlie was thicker than Bill, despite not being as long. "I took one virginity; I think this one should go to him. I'll be in your pussy when he does, you'll enjoy this Hermione."

"It'll just pinch a bit?" Hermione asked a hint of doubt in her voice. She had done research on sex, before when she had been a virgin, and even more recently than that. Being in a relationship with four randy males made her grow curious about the things they could do

together. The books had said how much anal preparation was be needed. Of course, those had been muggle books.

"Yes love," Charlie replied. His hand stroked the short curls of hair around her face. "You're a witch, remember? It'll hurt, but this potion has a few different things in it that will make things easier. There's some pain potion in their too, only a drop, though. We want you to be able to feel everything. Now, stop worrying about that. We've got a handle on things."

"Come here, Hermione," Bill ordered, his hand held out towards her. Hesitantly, she reached for it and shuffled forward on the bed, her knees going to either side of his legs to straddle him. Bill lifted the potion to her lips and tipped it back.

Charlie moved forward at the same time, and he settled behind her, undoing her bra and throwing the material to the floor. This meant that all three of them were completely naked, their bodies close together. Charlie lifted one of her breasts, squeezing it gently in his hand and moving the nipple to Bill's lips. The Alpha took the offering, sucking and nibbling on the nipple.

"Our girl is so responsive," Charlie noted. His free hand moved down her waist, taking in her curves before it finally settled on the roundness of her arse. His hand cupped the flesh, squeezing it and then quickly letting go. When Bill took over the job of holding up Hermione's breast, Charlie had both hands free to prepare her.

Charlie placed both of his palms on the globes of her arse, and he teased the entrance of her anus with his pinkie finger. Hermione arched her back into his hands. He spread her juices around the sensitive puckered hole, while Bill moved his own free hand down to tease her clit. The cold plastic of the lubricant caused Hermione to jump, but neither of the boys reacted. With enough lubricant in place, Charlie slid the tip of his finger inside, teasing the entrance before he moved it all the way in.

Hermione's body didn't clamp down like she would have suspected, but that was most likely due to the potion she'd taken moments before. She felt her body tighten around the finger, but she didn't feel the pain, it was barely a pinch. However, it was only the beginning, and it was something so much smaller than what was to come.

"You're alright," Bill encouraged. "Take a deep breath."

Hermione breathed in and on her breath out Charlie slid his pinkie finger all the way inside her. He moved it, thrusting it in time with Bill's fingers that had entered her pussy. The alpha had a thumb on her clit, keeping her aroused and pleased as they prepared her body. After a few moments, Charlie pulled the finger out and inserted his index finger. This time Hermione did feel a pinch, but that quickly faded. Whatever was in the potion was definitely working well.

"You sure you want to do this tonight?" Bill asked. "We can wait."

"I want you both tonight," Hermione responded. "I want you both inside of me. I trust you. I can handle a pinch of pain to have both of my boys tonight."

"She's so good to us," Charlie spoke up. "Our beautiful mate."

"Yes she is brother," Bill nodded, and then his hands took up work on her pussy again.

It took a little while for Charlie to work up her body enough to accept his thumb. After some play, Hermione felt her anus stretch, and it became a dull ache. It wasn't painful, and it just built up the excitement inside of her. However, she knew it wouldn't compare to the pain that was to come. Charlie was so much bigger than a thumb.

The boys surprised her though when they swapped places, Charlie quickly cleaned his hands and pulled her onto his lap, his hands squeezing and playing with her breasts, his kisses on her neck. Bill worked his own thumb inside her anus, as he sat behind her, taking Charlie's former place. It didn't feel any bigger, and Hermione's body stretched to accommodate him. After a few more moments, he placed an index finger in and then he added a second finger. That did pinch, and Hermione felt her breath catch at the pain. But, as magic often did, the potion swept away her pain and set her nerves on fire. Hermione came, crying out as another orgasm washed over her. She wasn't sure if it had been the boys that had stimulated the orgasm or the potion making her body oversensitive to pleasure, but she didn't care.

While she was distracted, Bill continued to thrust his two long fingers inside of her, stretching her hole out as best he could. When the orgasm subsided, the boys pulled away and let Hermione have a few moments to cool down, her chest heaving as she caught her breath and tried to calm her nerves that flared throughout her body.

"I feel so greedy tonight," Hermione confessed after a few moments of silence. "Taking so much from the both of you."

"By the end of the night It'll be us that will be the greedy ones," Charlie told her, his hand reaching out to running through her wild curls. "You're giving us a wonderful gift Hermione."

"And you should expect plenty of orgasms," Bill pointed out with a grin. "You are going with four guys."

Bill moved to the head of the bed, his back resting against the headboard. His legs spread out, and his hard erection bobbed between his legs. His eye's rested on Hermione as he stroked a hand along himself. "Hermione," Bill said, his voice soft. Slowly, the witch shifted forward and moved to straddle Bill. She had her body lifted up, hovering over his erection.

"Slowly," Bill encouraged, holding her waist. Together, they lowered Hermione onto Bill's erection, slowly inch by inch. Finally, when Hermione fully encased Bill's long erection, they both let out a satisfying breath. "Good girl."

Hermione had her legs bent under her, meaning she had the ability to move up and rock against Bill. She moaned as his lips met hers in a fierce and hungry Kiss. Together they slowly moved. A few moments later, Bill took a firm grip on Hermione's hips and pulled her down, keeping her encased on his erection. She had a question in her gaze, but that was soon answered when Charlie struggled forward, behind her.

"Lean into Bill, love," Charlie instructed, a hand on her back. Hermione complied, being over Bill with her arse up and presented to Charlie. The dragon tamer quickly went to work, getting plenty of lube to work into her hole, working his fingers in to prepare her as they had done previously.

"She good?" Bill asked, his teeth gritted. His erection was inside Hermione, unmoving. He had to fight his control not to rock and move inside her as Charlie prepared her back entrance.

After rubbing more lube into her, Charlie shuffled forward and lined himself up with her anus, his erection bobbing with excitement. He was much bigger than any fingers, there was only so much they could prepare her body. They had the potion and lube, which would help. However, neither of them could take away the pain that was to come.

"It's going to hurt," Charlie told her. He couldn't lie to her. "Once I get all the way in, we'll take some time for you to adjust. I need you to listen to Bill love, alright? Do what he tells you."

Hermione nodded, her lip caught between her bottom teeth. Then, slowly Charlie started to press himself into her anus. Her body protested as Hermione tensed up, the tight ring inside her body tried to stop him entering her.

"Relax pet," Bill encouraged. One of his hands went to her clit, rubbing against her to help ease the tension. "Try your best to relax and slowly push back against him. Don't tense up too much."

It took a few seconds to gather herself, but finally, Hermione got her body under control. It was easier to relax with the potion running through her system. After a moment, she started to slowly push back and felt Charlie's groan of pleasure as he made his way past her ring, the hardest part of it according to Bill. Inch by inch entered her, and it was painful, more than the pinch the boys had promised. Tears lit Hermione's eyes at the sensation, the pain flooding her body as well as the pleasure caused by Bill.

"Nearly there, love," Charlie promised, his voice strained. He entered her more, getting himself fully seated inside her. "There we are, all in. Now breath and relax. Fuck, you feel so damn good Hermione, so beautiful."

Hermione breathed out, her head leaned down to rest against Bill's Shoulder. Both of the boys ran their hands over her body, trying to relax and comfort her. It was a strange sensation, the pain had faded and was now a dull pinch, just like they had promised. The feeling of them both inside her was strange as well as incredible. Hermione had never felt so full in her life. "Move," Hermione encouraged, her hands moving to Bill's chest, so she had a better perch to steady herself. "Slowly."

With a grunt from the boy's they started to move. It was obvious they had done this before from their movements, but Hermione tried not to think about that too much. As Bill pulled out, Charlie remained, and when Bill started to re-enter, Charlie pulled out. It was done in turn, with one of them inside her at all times. Flickers of pleasure ran over Hermione's body as both the boys moved. They got faster as Hermione's body adjusted to the feel of them. She

had relaxed enough for the pinching sensation in her bum to fade. Now, she could feel only the pleasure of being incredibly full.

"Merlin," Charlie muttered, "Not going to last long love. So, damn tight and perfect."

Bill grunted his agreement, both of them lost in the feel of her. As they moved faster, both boys moved as one, pulling out and then pushing in at the same time. Hermione could have moaned at the loss of both of them, only to cry out as they both thrust into her body.

Hermione felt the rumble in Bill's chest under her hands. She knew his instincts were building, demanding he claimed his mate. Between the two of them, Hermione had never felt so protected, so wanted and beautiful. She wanted this, wanted it with all four of her pack mates.

Tilting her head, Hermione presented her neck to Bill. He took the offering, his teeth scraping over the skin lightly before he dug his teeth firmly into her neck. It was a deep bite, harder than he'd ever bitten her before. All the other marks would fade away, but this one would remain on her neck, just like the bite on the other side of her neck, placed there by George a few weeks ago.

The sensation tipped Hermione of the edge, and she took both of the boys with her. Together, they reached their orgasm, and three voices called out in pleasure. Hermione rocked, riding out her own pleasure and theirs. After a moment, had passed, the three mates collapsed on their bed. The three had a matching grin, pleased.

"I love you," Bill whispered into her ear, his hand trailing down her thigh. "I love you so damn much Granger."

"I love you, Bill," Hermione replied. "And I love you too Charlie."

"Oh I know," Charlie joked, his hands going behind his head in a cocky gesture of confidence. "I love you, Hermione. I'm pretty sure the twins will love you too, once you show them your new ability."

Hermione slapped a hand against his chest, "You always ruin the moment, you arse."

"It's not my arse I was talking about. Ow, not the ribs."

Bill sighed, running a hand over his face, "Can you two play nicely?"

"We've just played very nicely," Charlie countered. "And I think we should play nicely again once we all recover."

Chapter 28: Chapter Twenty Eight

Chapter Summary

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Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Hermione's heart was pounding as sat on the toilet seat, her hands trembling as she waited. The stick in her hand was going to decide her future. She had always known there was a possibility, but it was far too soon. Hermione needed more time for a career and to spend with her pack. She was five days late for her period, but she hadn't said anything to the boys. They were all busy working and planning to get Fenrir out of the way. Even Bill hadn't mentioned anything, and his nose was the best. So, Hermione had decided to do things the muggle way.

As two minutes ticked by, Hermione finally heard the buzzing of her phone to announce the stick was ready. She flipped it over, her heart pounding in her ears as she read it.

Not Pregnant.

Oh, thank heavens.

Hermione had been putting the test off for two days now, dreading the answer. She hadn't wanted to bother the boys, especially when the full moon had been the night before. Bill had changed like they all suspected he would. This time it had been Charlie's insistence that he took care of his brother. They were all hard at work trying to build a cage down in the cellar

below the house, somewhere that would be safe for Bill during the moon. It wasn't ready yet though so Bill had to go once again to the shrieking shack.

Hermione wasn't sure why she'd been turned down to go with Bill, she had wanted to be there every full moon to comfort him. However, Hermione was able to get a batch of wolfbane potion from one of the black market stalls. Bill had taken them in the lead up to the full moon, and Hermione planned to learn the potion so she could make it for her alpha in the future.

After getting a firm hold on her emotions, Hermione threw the test away and washed her hands. She made her way into the kitchen, her stomach rumbling from going the morning without food. Hermione had felt sick with worry, which had only increased her fear that she was pregnant. Now she knew it was only her fears and overworked mind getting to her.

"Are you okay?" Fred asked, an eyebrow raised. He was sat at the kitchen table, the newspaper spread on it. George was at the shop, while Charlie was sleeping upstairs, just like an exhausted Bill.

Hermione took a seat next to Fred, who moved the paper out of his way.

"Can I tell you a secret?" Hermione asked.

"I know you're a nervous wreck about something, if I hadn't been able to feel it through the bond, I would have been able to tell the moment I saw you. It's not Bill, is it? He's fine, I popped in earlier," Fred told her. His hand went to her thigh, giving her a squeeze of encouragement.

"No," Hermione replied. "I just don't want them thinking I'm overreacting."

"We can keep things between us, humans," Fred smiled. The statement was true, they were the only ones without any wolf in them. They were both connected to the pack but in a different way. They had none of the urges running through their blood.

"I've just taken a pregnancy test."

"And?"

"It was negative," Hermione informed him. She watched as Fred's chest deflated, but she wasn't sure if that was a good thing or a bad thing. "I don't know how I would have felt if it had been positive. Not this early. And with Charlie and Bill not letting me go along with them for the full moon, I started to worry."

Fred nodded, understanding, "I guess that could make you worry, especially with them being over protective. Bill mentioned you smelt different the other night, so they were cautious. Maybe it was just you worrying, or some new perfume Bill smelt."

"That sounds sensible," Hermione agreed. She placed her hand on top of Fred's, giving it a squeeze. "Thank you, Fred. I do want children, but I don't want them yet, not for a few years."

"I want them whenever you're ready," Fred told her. "But I've placed ten pounds on Ginny being the first knocked up, so it would benefit me if you held off a bit longer."

"Oh, and whose betting on it being me?" Hermione asked with an eyebrow raised.

"Pack secret," Fred told her, his fingers making a zipping gesture along with his lips. "But I'll give you one clue, he's Ginger."

Hermione rolled her eyes and leaned over to steal the newspaper off Fred. "Let's just hope my children don't come out with black or blond hair then, you know, as karma for how horrid I get treated."

Fred stood from his seat, a grin on his face as he moved closer to Hermione. His legs were pressed against her thigh, and he placed his hands-on Hermione's chair. "Blond huh? We'll see, you little witch."

Hermione laughed and then made a dash for it out the kitchen, however, she was no match for Fred. With so many siblings, Fred was very quick on his feet. Then, on the kitchen table, he showed her how nicely they could treat her. It made an excellent start to both their mornings.

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There was a little over a week before the wedding of Neville and Hannah. They only had a small ceremony planned, but they both wanted to make the most of it. That meant all the Weasley's had to get an outfit, including Arthur and Molly, who had both been invited to the wedding.

It had nearly impossible for Hermione to convince any of the boys in her pack to go shopping for the wedding. After a few attempts, she went to the aid of their mother. They all took notice of her. Of course, the pack and Harry had insisted on taking care of the cost, but the Weasley's were all too proud to take handouts. So, they were using money out of the war fund, money that was given to everyone that fought in the final battle.

The dress shop was called Wedding Boutique, a brand new wizarding dress shop that had opened recently. It was run by Patil twins, which was the main reason Ron, Harry, and Hermione wanted to go. Times were still hard as the wizarding world rebuilt itself, so they wanted to support them.

"Boys," Mrs. Weasley announced when they all got into the shop. "You go that way with your father and get your robes. No complaining, you don't leave this shop without a pair of dress robes. Do as Miss Patil tells you."

The boys all followed their father, going behind a curtain into the robe's section. They all needed measuring, mostly due to the fact it had been a very long time since the Weasleys had gotten anything new or intended for themselves. Most of their things had been hand me downs.

As the Weasleys and Harry made their way to the back, the girls were led another way by one of the shop assistances. She led them through a large room with a good selection of dresses.

"That section is a muggle designer," the shop assistance told them, pointing to one section. "The section at the back is the sales wrack. I'll leave you ladies to browse, so just let me know if you need any help. Any of the dresses can be resized to suit you."

Hermione made her way to the muggle section and was joined by Ginny.

"I really liked your dress back in your fifth year," Ginny said with a shrug.

As the girls searched through the dresses, the boys slowly made their way to them after their fitting. Bill, Charlie, and Harry were the first to emerge from the robe fittings, they had both been measured plenty of times for robes and knew their measurements, making things easier.

"Is this going to take long?" Harry asked as he took a seat at the back with Bill.

Charlie nudged him, then nodded in Ginny's direction who was glaring at her boyfriend. "Don't ask that question, never in front of the women. They'll claw your eye's out if you get in between them and a new frock."

"Some of us like to take the time to pick out our things for important wedding events," Ginny shot back, glaring daggers at her older brother. "Just because you grunt an agreement to whatever the tailor shows you, doesn't mean us women are the same."

"Some of us look good in whatever we wear," Charlie replied, a grin creeping on his face. "Which is why I take minutes to get ready, and you spend most the day in your room getting ready."

"Children," Molly warned, but she looked towards Charlie with a warning. Ginny smirked at her brother, then turned back to look through the dresses.

After a little while, the Weasley men were making their way into the dress department waiting on the woman. Ron had snuck off to see Luna and her shop, which wasn't too far away. The twins had also managed to get off, claiming they were needed back at the shop. The rest were stuck waiting because Mrs. Weasley said it was rude to be rushed back home.

After trying on a few dresses, Hermione finally found one she liked. It was a vibrant red colour, strapless with a nipped-in waist and a flared skirt. It showed her curves, but it wasn't too revealing or distasteful for a wedding. Feeling happy with the dress, she stepped out into the room with everyone waiting.

"I like it," Ginny announced as soon as she saw Hermione. "That colour really does suit you. I've got some killer heels at home that will go perfectly with that."

"Very nice dear," Mrs. Weasley approved, her husband was beside her nodding.

Hermione felt Bill and Charlie's eyes on her as she twirled in the dress, showing it off. They both had a heated gaze as they took in her dress, signaling their approval. She didn't need to ask if they liked it.

Molly seemed to know what the boys were thinking and quickly tried to divert everyone's attention. "We try not to pry dear, but we were wondering what you and the boys are doing

for the wedding?"

"What do you mean?"

Molly looked Arthur, trying to gather her words before she spoke, "It's a smaller wedding, but there will still be reports and such people at the wedding. I was just wondering if you'll be attending the wedding with one of the boys or all of them?"

Hermione knew what she was asking. Was she letting the world know she was dating four boys at once or going to try to keep up a lie? She honestly hadn't thought of that. She spent so much time trying to get her own head around the situation, she hadn't given much thought to the rest of the world. What would people say? It might be more common in the wizarding world, but people were still going to judge her.

"No one's ever had any influence over who Hermione Granger takes to a party," Harry reminded her, a smile on his lips. And he was right. She took Krum in the fourth year, with the knowledge the majority of Hogwarts were going to hate her. Who she took to a party had always been her decision.

"We're going together," Hermione announced, her eye's going to an approving Charlie and Bill. "Let them write whatever they want in the press. It's never made any difference to me before."

"Good," Charlie approved. "I would hate to be the one to tell Bill and the twins that I was your favorite and you picked me as your date."

"Like you stand a chance," Bill huffed out, nudging his younger brother.

Ginny smirked, taking that moment to get her revenge from earlier, "That's a shame Hermione, the twins were looking forward to taking you alone to the wedding."

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Hermione was in her room getting dressed when the bedroom door creaked open. She was stood in front of the mirror and could see George in the reflection, edging his way into the room. Their eyes met in the mirror, George's gaze was heated as he took in Hermione's bare state. She had her knickers on and a towel held to her chest after just getting out of the shower, but nothing else.

"Anything I can help with?" Hermione asked, moving over to her draws to find a bra. She tugged a pink lacey one out and set it on the top. When she dropped the towel, she heard footsteps and then the looming presence of George just behind her. His hands came up and rested on her hips, his nose buried into her neck.

"You smell good," George muttered, inhaling her scent. "It's becoming that time again. I can't help myself. I felt a pain in my chest just thinking of walking past your door and ignoring the smell."

"It's getting harder?" Hermione asked, worried. She was taking the potion Remus had recommended. It was meant to lessen the effects of the scent she carried when fertile, and it was also intended to help prevent pregnancy. It wasn't very effective, but it was the best she could do.

"Every month the scents stronger," George confessed. "Maybe your body is becoming immune to the potion? Whatever it is, you smell delicious."

George's hands came up from her hips and went to her breasts, cupping the curves in his hands. Hermione bit her lip, leaning into the experienced hands of her mate. George's fingers ran over her nipples, then they began to pinch and tease the nub until it hardened.

"You still taking the potion?" George muttered, his nose still buried in her neck. "Can we...?"

Hermione closed her eyes, enjoying the touch of George. She felt his erection pressing into her bum through the material of his trousers. "Yes, I'm taking the potion," Hermione told him. She arched her back as George moved his hands from her breasts to her hips. He pulled her back against his erection, and they both moaned with need.

"You were dancing around in your underwear," George pointed out. "Teasing four mates when you know how good you smell."

"So, you're blaming it on me? And I wasn't dancing, I was checking my bite marks in the mirror," Hermione replied. She tried to push her elbow back to jab him in the ribs, but George was too quick for her now, with his wolf reflexes.

One of George's hands came around her front, pushing inside her knickers to feel the warm heat of her body. She was wet already from George's teasing. George pushed a finger inside her, then another. He curved them and moved them slowly inside her body, trying to find that special spot that always made her undone.

"Do you like the marks?" George asked, grunting slightly at how tight she felt around his fingers.

"I love them," Hermione admitted.

"Is it just the bite marks you love?"

"And you George, I love you," Hermione told him. She wanted to tell the boys but hadn't felt the right moment. Telling Charlie and Bill had crept up on her first, but she hadn't spent as much time recently alone with the twins. She loved her pack and all the four mates equally.

"I love you too Hermione," George replied. He pulled his hand back and then tugged the underwear down her legs. He left it tangled at her feet and then started to undo his own trousers. With them undone, he pushed them down his legs to reveal his erection, hard and aroused.

"Can you bend over a bit love?" George asked, placing a little pressure to her back with his hand.

Hermione bent her back and gripped the edge of the chest of draws to push her lower half out and towards George. He used the position to line himself up with her entrance, rubbing her wetness along his tip to give him some lubrication. Without a word between them, George slowly moved into her to the hilt. They both moaned as he pushed in and once fully seated, George started peppering Hermione's neck with kisses.

"Still so tight love," George commented, his voice raspy with arousal.

"Pelvic floor exercises," Hermione replied, her eye's closed as she enjoyed the fullness of George. She liked this, getting to see a different side of George, focusing on him. She wanted the same with Fred. Hermione wanted to know the men she was going to spend the rest of her life loving.

George chuckled, "Should have known. Ready?"

Hermione nodded, so George started moving in and out of her body. His thrusts were fast and deep, his pace quick as he pulled out to the hilt and the pushed quickly back in. It was building up a delicious intensity inside Hermione. Normally George was the gentle one, but with Hermione's scent driving his wolf, George had a lack of control over his instincts.

As they made love, Hermione pushed back against George, enjoying the pleasure just as much as he was. She moved a hand up and wrapped it lovingly around his neck. He had his mouth pressed against her throat, his teeth scraping against the bite mark he'd made some time ago. When they were first together.

"Hermione," George moaned against the skin of her neck. He pressed his teeth into her, nipping the mark he'd made permanently in her skin. With his teeth in her and his cock, the sensation sent a shiver through Hermione's body. His hips pumped hard and fast, pushing her over the edge of intensity. Hermione came with a call of his name, her pussy squeezing his cock and making George come along with her. He spilled his seed inside her, and a low groan passed his lips.

"I love you," Hermione told him.

"I love you too."

"Don't tell Fred, I want to tell him myself."

"Can I tell him you told me first?"

George called out in pain as Hermione pinched his right bicep.

Chapter End Notes

Coming up: There's a surprising development in the fight against Fenrir and the pack start training for their ultimate showdown against Fenrir.

Chapter 29: Chapter Twenty Nine

Chapter Summary

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the Death Eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Beta: Thanks to the wonder historygirl1863

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Sorry for the wait! I've had some problems with my muse and a hiatus while I worked things out. Thankfully, after all the kind messages I got from readers to my Tumblr I have managed to sort it out! The next chapter is already with my beta so that will be posted when she's finished with it!

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

"Bill doesn't have any idea what it could be?" Harry asked, picking up a drawing from the table. Charlie, Remus, and Neville had worked together to draw out a picture of the necklace Fenrir had around his neck. Between the three of them, they came up with a decent image. It was black, diamond-shaped hanging on a gold chain. The black diamond wasn't that big, but the chain was long so that the necklace hung low on Fenrir's chest.

"No," Hermione replied. She took the drawing from Harry and placed it on the table so everyone could have another look. Ron and Harry were on either side of her, with Charlie sitting opposite them on one of the chairs. Charlie had just returned from spending the morning with Bill. They had both done a lot of research on the necklace, but without Bill being able to get his hands on it, he couldn't tell what curse was on it. Diagnosing dark magic from a drawing was virtually impossible.

"Bill said if he could get near it then it would be easier to work it out," Charlie told them. "He's made a list of possible spells that could have been used. Remus managed to cross some off when I showed him the list. It could be anything. Maybe if we lure Fenrir out and get close, Bill might be able to..."

"No," Hermione cut off. She glared across the table at Charlie. "No way are either of you going near that wolf until we work out what dark magic he has at his disposal. He could use it

to kill you both."

Ron's laughter was quickly turned into a cough when Hermione turned his way. He was taking the bonding with the Hermione and his brothers better than she suspected. Although, this was the first time they had really hung out together since Hermione had mated with them. Plus, the fact that Ron had started dating Luna Lovegood was helping things. Ron only had one rule, he didn't want to talk about Hermione's relationships, and he didn't want to discuss how he felt about it. They both knew there would come a day when they would have to air out their problems, but for now, they were ignoring them.

"Was she like this on the hunt with you two?" Charlie asked, looking at Harry. The dark-haired boy nodded, not seeming bothered by Hermione's glare. "Poor sods."

"She's been like this since our first year," Ron pointed out. "Don't do that Ron, do your homework, Ron. I'll tell your mother if you do that again, Ron."

"Don't you dare," Hermione warned him, a finger raised. "After all the trouble you two caused, I did my best to help save you. I only told when I had to. Like when Harry got that broomstick from a known mass murder."

"Sirius wasn't a killer," Harry objected.

"We didn't know that at the time!"

"Kids!" Charlie interrupted, chuckling at the glares they all sent his way. "I can't believe I have to be the voice of reason here, but can we move on from your childhood squabbles and focus on the necklace? Yes?"

"Has he always been like this?" Hermione asked Ron, reflecting the question that had been asked about her.

"Ever since his first year at Hogwarts," Ron replied playing along.

Charlie shot a balled-up piece of paper at Ron, laughing when it hit him between the eyes. Eventually, they all got back to work, pouring over the dark arts books and trying to work out what the necklace could be. It was no help, though, and all three boys quickly became hungry and started complaining about a break. Hermione gave in and offered to make some sandwiches if they kept researching. Prompted by food, they got back to work and were soon joined by the twins.

"At least we haven't got another Horcrux on our hands," Ron stated, sitting back in his seat. "That was the worst magic I've ever seen. I don't think I could go through that again."

The room fell silent; everyone turned to open mouth gape at Ron. Even the twins, for the first time in a long time, sat in silence.

"What?" Ron asked. "Hermione, are those sandwiches done?"

Hermione dropped the plate on the bench and spun around. Her hands flew to the picture of the necklace.

"It's a Horcrux," Harry confirmed. "He made one."

"Fenrir couldn't pull off that magic," Charlie pointed out.

"Bellatrix could," Hermione told them. "For a price."

"So, they're working together?" Charlie questioned, frowning at the idea. No one liked the thought of them two working together.

"He's working for her," Hermione said, her mind going back to that day at the Manor. It had been Bellatrix's plan all along. "She's behind all of this. I was Fenrir's reward, and so was this necklace. Bellatrix gave him never-ending life, and she's the only one that could take it away. That's why he's so confident. He knew we couldn't kill him."

"Until now," Harry said, standing. "We'll destroy the Horcrux and kill him."

Ron's head hit the table; a low moan left his lips. "This can't be happening again."

"How did Ron manage to figure this out?" Fred asked, baffled.

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Hermione was pouring over text books, looking into Horcrux's with twins, when Charlie walked in the next day, late from work. He looked exhausted as he flopped down on the chair opposite Hermione and the twins.

"Late night?" Hermione asked, her feet curled up on Fred's lap.

"Had a poorly baby dragon hatch, it was touch and go for a while," Charlie told them. He leaned forward and picked up a book. "You've helped destroy half a dozen Horcruxes, what more could you need to research?"

"It helps to be prepared," Hermione countered. "I'm glad your baby Dragon is okay."

"How do you know it's okay?"

"You wouldn't be home if it wasn't."

"Got you there Charlie," Fred laughed, running his hand up Hermione's leg. He leaned back, muffling a yawn with his hand. "I'm going to get off to bed, need to get up pretty early for the shop opening. Are you still on for Friday Hermione?"

Hermione nodded and leaned forward and pressed a kiss to Fred's lips. "Definitely still up for it. Will you be home early that day?"

"I'll make sure of it," George promised. He stood as well, pressed a kiss to her lips and together, the twins left the room for their beds, leaving Hermione and Charlie behind, alone.

"Where are you two off to?" Charlie asked, moving over to take a seat beside Hermione. "A date night with just one twin? Now I'm intrigued."

"Fred and I are having a wolf-free evening," Hermione teased. "I just thought the only humans in the pack deserved some time together, away from all you hairy beasts."

"Well, sounds like a boring night if I've not been invited," Charlie joked, "Have you told him you love him yet?"

Hermione shook her head, "Not yet." She leaned forward to place the book on the table, making sure to bookmark the page she was at, then she leaned back, resting against Charlie's side. "I'm going to tell him Friday. George has sworn he never said anything about what I told him. I haven't had much chance to get Fred alone to tell him."

"You could tell him while on the toilet, and he would still be happy," Charlie told her. "It wouldn't be romantic or anything, but he still would be glad to hear the words. We all were. Plus at least that way he has a funny story to tell in the future."

"I'll keep that idea in the maybe column."

Charlie laughed, and the two snuggled together on the couch, listening to the noises of the muggle street. Then, Charlie spoke, "There is something I want to ask. Something I'm sure you think will be silly, but I want you to think about it. You can say no, just wanted to ask you about it."

Hermione nodded and waited for him to explain. Charlie grabbed her hands and opened them, showing off the white tattoos that the twins had given her during the bonding ceremony. Then he brushed the hair off her neck, his finger reaching up to trace along the bite marks she'd received from Bill and George.

"I had an idea," Charlie told her, his eye's going to hers to gauge her reaction. "Something that's just ours, like the others have shared with you."

"You want to bite me?" Hermione smiled, joking.

"My teeth are a bit too blunt for that," Charlie chuckled. "Although there are a few places I wouldn't mind sinking my teeth. Your arse in those jeans is..."

"Charlie."

"I want a tattoo, like the twins," Charlie told her. He reached into his pocket, pulling out a notepad and showed off a sketch. The dragon on the paper was moving, its skin changing color as it breathed out the fire. "It's a charmed dragon; it can change depending on your mood. I wanted one for myself, but my friend knows a spell that charm it for the other person's emotions. So, no matter how late I'm working or difficult things get, I know you're okay. I know tattoos aren't your thing, so I just wanted to suggest an idea. I want one for my own, though. Either way."

Hermione watched him and then her gaze fell to the notepad. The dragon was cute, and it looked like the dragon's she'd watched with Charlie, the night they first slept together out in the forest. She knew wizarding tattoos were different from the muggle ones and could be charmed. Hermione had never been one for tattoos.

"Can I think about it?" Hermione asked, leaning forward and into Charlie to press a kiss on his lips. "It's a nice idea, Charlie. I like the thought of knowing you're okay while you're working."

Charlie grinned and leaned into her, his hands going to her hips, "I like the thought of marking you. Does that make me a caveman?"

"Total caveman," Hermione agreed, laughing when Charlie brought his mouth to her neck and started kissing her. "Don't tell me you're affected by my heat too. Between you, Bill and George I'm going to be weak at the knees."

"Can't smell anything love, just feel pretty horny around you," Charlie told her, he chuckled then added, "More than usual. Maybe whatever part of me has a bit of wolf knows you're in heat."

"Or maybe you're just led by your hormones."

"That makes more sense. Now, hands up Hermione, I'm going to pick the spot for my dragon."

Hermione rolled her eyes, slapping her hand against his shoulder, "I said I was thinking about it."

"Still got to pick my place, so let's get these clothes off."

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Thursday afternoon Hermione returned from work, exhausted and drained from her busy day. The house was unusually silent, which was very rare for the Weasley pack house. For a few moments, she wandered around the house, checking bedrooms and bathrooms. No one was in sight. Using her wand, Hermione cast a locator spell, and it led her to the basement door. They hadn't used the basement much, but the twins and Charlie mentioned wanting to do it up for Bill during the full moon. With the wolfbane potion in him, he would be able to turn and sleep off the potion downstairs, in the basement. It was a good idea, but the place needed a lot of work.

Hermione pushed the door open and made her way door stairs. To her surprise, the boys had been busy. The black and crumbling walls were now newly plastered and painted in a cream colour. There was a fresh layer of paint on the stairs leading down to the basement and a lot more lighting. Previously the place had been dangerous, with only a lit wand to guide their travels to the bottom floor. Now, the new lights lit the place up and showed how big it was.

The four men were in the middle of the empty basement, their wands drawn. The twins were one side, facing Charlie and Bill.

"I know we don't have rules, but if you bite me I'm going to break your nose," Charlie warned, his wand pointed in George's direction. "I have enough marks from dragons; I'd have to pass that bite mark off as a love bite from Granger."

"I think you should do it just to see Mums face," Fred joked, looking over at his twin.

Hermione made her way down the rest of the stairs, alerting them the boys to her presence. They all turned and smiled at her, offering her a welcome. "Do I want to know?" Hermione asked, making her way over to Fred and George, placing a hand on their arms. They both turned and pressed a kiss to her cheek in welcome. "I'm an only child, so I can't be certain, but I'm sure siblings don't turn basements into a battle zone just to see who gets the last chocolate biscuit."

"That's already been fought and won," Bill spoke up. "This is just a bit of practice. Plus, Charlie and I have always enjoyed kicking the arse of these two. Keeps them in their place."

"No one has ever kept us in our place," George objected.

"Just ask Mum."

"Or McGonagall."

"And Ginny," Fred said, then he hesitated, "Actually, don't ask her."

Hermione rolled her eyes at the twins and focused on Bill, trying to get some sense out of him. "So instead of blowing up the furniture, you lot decided to come down here and blow up the entire house in a battle of wit?"

"We came down here to clear out the basement," Charlie answered.

Fred coughed loudly, "I think you'll find we cleared the basement." Fred gestured to his twin than himself. "These two lazy gits came and helped finish off the painting."

"Anyway," Charlie continued. "Then we realised just how big this place was, so Bill suggested we have a bit of a duel. How about you offer us a bit of incentive, Hermione? The winner gets to keep you warm tonight."

Hermione Granger was most certainly not a prize to be won, but a contender. "How about whoever wins get to face off against me?" When the boys snorted, she glanced around. "Unless you boys don't like a challenge?"

Despite the boy's uncertainty, they took up the challenge. Hermione kept out of the way as they fought. Charlie and Bill were more experienced, but the twins had their uncanny ability to know what the other was thinking. In the middle of the battle, they would change dueling partners, ultimately confusing their brothers. Hermione hadn't realised how good of a dueller the twins were, but they had taken down the Lestrage brothers, something Hermione would never forget.

Bill and Charlie had strength on their side, power, and ability. They knew far more complex spells, especially Bill and his years of traveling with work. Many times, Hermione had to duck as the walls crumbled around her. As she suspected, it wasn't the best place for a duel, especially as the walls had just been repaired. Now they would need to redo a few spots and strengthen the walls if they wanted to duel in the future.

Eventually, all the boys started to grow tired. Fred took out Charlie, but then Bill was just as strong on his own and quickly took out George when the boy was too busy gloating about winning. With it left to Fred and Bill, they fought harder than before. Bill was the stronger wizard, but Hermione felt the surge of pride that Fred was still standing for the final two. The only one amongst the brothers with no enhanced abilities.

"That stinging hexes bloody hurt," Charlie complained as he made his way over to Hermione, along with George. The three of them leaned against the wall, watching Fred use a shielding charm to fight off some of the nastier hexes from Bill. "Our alpha's pretty good with a wand, isn't he?"

"And he knows it," George agreed.

"Cocky bugger," Charlie complained, then flashed Hermione a smile. "It's good practice, especially with us all forgetting about all the Death Eaters roaming around still. We might have to make a habit of this."

Hermione glanced around the basement, "I don't think the walls agree with you," she pointed out. "It is a good idea, though. Perhaps next time we can get Harry and Ron to join, have a real battle."

"If we bring down the boy-who-no-sod-could-kill then at least we get bragging rights for the rest of the year," Charlie noted.

"The rest of our life," George corrected. "Brought down the Dark Lord, but was defeated by George's stringing hex."

"Has a nice ring to it brother."

Hermione shook her head and looked back on the duel. Bill and Fred were still fighting, but Fred was obviously growing tired. Nevertheless, instead of Bill taunting and going in for the kill, he was teaching and encouraging Fred. He called out a few spells that would weaken a werewolf, some things that Fred with his human blood could use if he ever got into a fight with Fenrir or the pack.

"Darthroute dulls the senses," Bill instructed, "You can use that spell to dull a werewolf's senses, only for a short while, but it would be enough to dull a young pup and confuse them. Don't use it around us, though, you cast that spell, and it'll work for us all."

After teaching Fred, a few more spells to help him out in battle, Bill took him out with a few simple stringing hexes. He shook hands with his younger brother after, helping him to his feet. Bill was proud of his pack and loved the opportunity to help teach and learn. Fred had no enhanced abilities like the others, so for him to outlast the other two made Bill proud of him. Technically he was the weakest in the pack, at least to Bill's senses. The alpha looked out for the weaker ones.

"Are we fighting now?" Hermione asked, stepping up with her wand drawn.

Bill gave her a cocky smile, then leaned down to scope Hermione up in his arms. "We're not doing our fighting down here witch." Then, Bill walked up the stairs with his witch in his arms, up to his room.

Chapter End Notes

Coming up! The two humans of the pack go out for evening!

Any ideas? Suspensions? What's Bellatrix up to? What about Fenrir?

Chapter 30: Chapter Thirty

Chapter Summary

Summary: In order to save her, Bill and his brothers need to mate her. Hermione joins Bill, Charlie and the twins in a pack bond, the only way she can avoid the Death Eaters clutches. Things are never that easy, especially Fenrir on the loose looking for revenge. Bill/Hermione/Charlie/Twins. No incest. Smut.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.
Beta: Thanks to the wonder Password123 for beta-ing this chapter for me super quick!

The next day George went into work on his day off so Fred could finish up early for his date. That, of course, meant Hermione had to leave her office at a reasonable hour. The Department of Magical Creatures had so much work to do; it was very rare for Hermione to get off on time. Hermione had to drag herself away from her desk, leaving a few notes behind for her assistant.

"Hermione!" A voice called as she walked towards the floo. Hermione turned just as Ron caught up with her, his cheeks flushed from jogging down the stairs to her.

"Is everything okay?" Hermione asked. Ron had on his auror robes and a red scratch running over his left cheek.

"It's fine, this is just from someone throwing a lamp at Harry and me," Ron explained, running a finger over the scratch. "We're trying to get something on Fenrir's pack. We've been interviewing pack members, the ones that aren't in that den thing. Harry wants to get some charges on them, then maybe we can find a way to lift the spell on his living quarters and raid it."

Hermione raised an eyebrow, "Having Charlie and Neville held hostage there isn't enough to get it raided?"

"It's a tough law to get something as powerful as a protection spell lifted," Ron explained. "We still need to get Charlie's statement, but I suspect if it's anything like Neville's then it'll only be Fenrir that did anything to him. We have no way to tell if Fenrir is in that village. The pack members we've interviewed swear Fenrir isn't there anymore. We need some evidence that he's still there."

"That's his pack Ron, of course, he's there," Hermione exclaimed.

Ron nodded, "I know that. We all know that, but the ministry doesn't really understand werewolves and packs. They want proof that those people along with Fenrir have been committing crimes. Then they'll lift the protection spell. They can't lift it and go against someone's wizarding rights just because we have a witness saying Fenrir is living there. It's some old law giving people the right to protection and privacy. Honestly, I can never keep up with them. It's the same reason they didn't go bursting into Malfoy Manor during the war; they had no proof Voldemort or Bellatrix were there. Harry's furious."

"I can imagine," Hermione agreed. She knew the wizarding world didn't take much notice of werewolves, but to know so little about them was terrible. Fenrir was the alpha, which meant his pack did everything he told them to. The ministry wouldn't have any of that, though; they were completely clueless about alphas and packs. "So, where are you off to now?"

Ron ran a hand through his hair, ruffling it slightly, "Actually I came to see if you wanted to get some dinner today? I know we need to talk and stuff. I wanted to get that out of the way so I could get my best friend back."

Hermione felt her heart ache; she missed Ron, things weren't the same between them since the pack started. "I would love to Ron, but I've promised to meet with Fred, he's gotten the afternoon off especially. Can we rearrange? I do think it has been long overdue that we sat down and talked. Perhaps next week? Before the wedding, we can meet for lunch?"

"That works," Ron agreed. "I still need to arrange to see Charlie. I need to get his statement. I kind of hope it wasn't just Fenrir attacking him, I know that's a bit wrong with him being my brother, but at least then we have a reason to get the protection spell lifted."

"He's only ever mentioned Fenrir to me. I know the pack chased them afterward, but only Fenrir attacked."

Ron sighed, and his shoulders slumped. "Yeah, that's what we expected. I hoped we'd find something so we could get that werewolf locked up for good. We have to find something on Fenrir; he's got too many people under his command. I'm not looking forward to telling Harry about Charlie's statement. He's already been to see Kingsley, and that didn't end on good terms, for either of them. Those laws are left over from when the Ministry was corrupt with Death Eaters."

"I'm sure you'll find something, perhaps Charlie might be able to add a few names to the list of pack members? He's good with faces; he'll probably be able to help somehow. With so many people in the pack, there must be a few illegal things they're doing to get the protection spell lifted," Hermione encouraged. "I'll let Charlie know when I see him. He's spending the night with George and Bill tonight, why don't you come over?"

Ron looked hesitant, "I'm not sure, I'll think about it."

"Well it's your choice, but they are still your brothers Ron, and they miss you. They've got a new dueling spot in the basement, with you there they'll be able to go two against two."

At those words, Ron's face lit up. He had already been a good fighter, mostly due to being around Harry for so long, but he had improved fantastically. With the auror lesson's, Ron was coming along splendidly with his wand work. Now, he finally had the chance to beat his brothers at something.

"I'll tell the boys to expect you," Hermione said to him. She waved goodbye and went on her way to the floo. Ron had a few more hours of work, so he headed back to his department.

Flooding home, Hermione jumped into the shower and then started getting ready. She was drying her hair when the door went, signaling Fred was home. He called a greeting from the corridor and then jumped into the shower himself. An hour later Hermione was ready. A quick spell had sorted her hair out, it was down, but a few pieces were magically stuck back to keep the hair out of Hermione's face. She had on a white dress, which tied around her neck and was made of silk. It was clingy, but Hermione liked the way it showed off her curves.

Fred was ready when Hermione emerged down the stairs. He was sat in the kitchen, a smirk on his face George recited a story while covered in green slime. Bill and Charlie were also home, but keeping a safe distance away from George.

"You look, beautiful love," Charlie called over. "Hope you don't mind, but Bill and I don't want to walk past this stinking git for a kiss." Charlie gestured to George, earning a frown. "I'm glad I got home early enough to see your arse in that dress though."

Fred stood from his seat and made his way over to Hermione. "You look lovely, how about we leave these smelly gits and go have a bit of fun?"

"Is that the way a man gets treated for saving a woman's life?" George questioned, a shocked expression on his face. He cracked a smile after his words, showing he was only joking.

"He jumped in front of a potion that exploded on Verity," Fred informed Hermione. "No heroics, so he's not stealing you away for the night."

"Have fun you two," Bill spoke up. "Try to stay out of trouble."

Fred nodded and held Bill's gaze, making Hermione frown.

Hermione mentioned Ron's possible arrival later, and the boys all grinned at the thought of getting to fire spells at their youngest brother. They cared for him, and Hermione knew they all wanted to work past the awkwardness with Ron.

Hermione grabbed her coat and headed towards the door, but at the last moment, Fred grabbed her hand, nodding towards the living room where the floo was situated.

"I know that we were going to go muggle tonight, but Bill's a bit on edge with Fenrir being loose still," Fred explained. "He asked me earlier to take you somewhere popular with

wizards, just to be on the safe side. Less chance of Fenrir turning up there, he's on plenty of wanted posters."

Hermione nodded, holding in her disappointment. She enjoyed the muggle towns and the small restaurants and had been hoping to take Fred to one of the Italians her parents used to visit once a year on their anniversary. "Okay, that's fine Fred," Hermione agreed and headed towards the floo with him. Fred told Hermione the name, 'Cibo Magico' and she went first.

With a flash, Hermione appeared on a small street with cobbled stones. There was a large public floo just behind her, built into the side of a small sized wizarding bank. She wasn't familiar with the small looking village, and it had an old vibe about it. All the houses around looked old and traditional. There weren't many lights on, except for a few+ coming from several windows. Fred appeared seconds later and grabbed her hand.

"I know you like traditional things, so I thought you'd like this place," Fred explained. He nodded towards a smaller building, set away from the other houses. "It's not popular, but enough magical folks will be in there to keep our huffy alpha happy. I know you're a rule breaker, so didn't think you would mind too much."

Hermione rolled her eyes at Fred. They walked towards the building, a small Italian restaurant. "I've only broken the rules when I had to. Besides, Harry and Ron would have gotten up to Merlin knows what if I hadn't been around to keep some control. You and George on the other hand just broke the rules for the sake of it."

Fred laughed and tightened his grip on her hand, tugging her to the entrance of the restaurant. It felt like any normal muggle Italian, apart from the floating candles and the empty plates that glided back to the kitchen on their own.

They were shown to a table by a young man with a thick tone to his words. According to Fred, the boy's father owned the restaurant, and they had come over to Britain a few years ago. Now that Voldemort was gone they had decided to reopen. The young man was nice and polite, leaving a notepad on the table with a pen. Hermione frowned at the notepad as the waiter disappeared.

"We write down what we want on here," Fred explained, picking up a menu from one of the holders and passing it to Hermione. "The message disappears and will go to the kitchen. Whatever you want, just write it down, including drinks. Quick service and that way you don't have to wave like a looney trying to catch someone's attention."

Hermione grabbed hold of the menu, tearing her gaze from the magical notepad. "That's good thinking," Hermione replied. "I've never been to a magical restaurant before, at least nothing like this."

A troublesome smirk spread across Fred's lips. "A virgin hmm? I'll break you in nice and slow love."

"Fred!"

"You led me right into that one; I take no blame!"

They both laughed, and Hermione's cheeks reddened, only to cause more teasing from Fred. It felt so natural to them, so easy. With all the drama surrounding the Wolves at home, it was nice to get out and pay him some attention. She worried about Fred; he was the one that kept an eye on his twin and helped the Wolves keep their head when something happened. Fred had suffered just as much during the war and rarely talked about it. Hermione was just glad they had the time and money to get away to somewhere so nice. To have time just for them.

"It's nice, just the two of us," Hermione commented. "I feel like we rarely have time together with three wolves in the house."

Fred leaned forward, his hand going on top of hers, "Did you ask me out tonight just to invite me to run away with you? I'm all for it. Where are, we going?"

"Of course, not!" Hermione replied, tapping her hand against Fred's in a reprimand. "I just worry Fred, that's all. I care for you, all of you. I know it can't be easy, especially with you looking out for your brothers and me so much. I'm glad we both got the chance to have a night away."

Fred straightened slightly, his hand going back to Hermione's to squeeze. "I'm sure things will settle down. Once everyone gets used to this, and we sort out Fenrir. George is doing better, and Bill already has a decent handle on things. We will be alright; we can manage our three little wolves for a bit longer. We're a team, right? Me and you, the only humans left."

Hermione laughed, "Yes, we'll be fine Fred. Besides, it could have been worse."

"Yes, it could have been," Fred agreed. "We could have ended up with Ron in the pack. Now that's something to send a shiver down your spine."

"Fred!" Hermione smacked his hand again. "Don't be so cruel, you know Ron's trying."

"I'm only joking love," Fred apologised. He raised her hand to his mouth and pressed a kiss to her knuckles. "We both know you love my teasing."

Hermione let out a breath, "Yes, and that's not the only thing I love."

Fred's eye's widened, and he shifted forward in his seat. "Are you saying you love me, Hermione?"

"Yes, I love you, Fred."

"I love you too Hermione."

The pair kissed, leaning across to the table as their lips to meet. Hermione had to quickly pull away with a yelp when her hair was nearly set alright by one of the floating candles. Fred's laughter filled the restaurant, but he was quickly silenced by a playful kick from his mate.

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They both had a delicious meal at the restaurant and shared a chocolate dessert. Hermione's stomach was aching with how full she felt. Fred paid, despite Hermione protest. She had tried

to convince him to half the bill, but when she pulled out her money, the waiter had refused, stating her partner had already paid for the meal when she'd gone to the bathroom.

After leaving the restaurant, they walked a few streets along for Hermione see around the town. It was located in the north of England, and it wasn't well populated like some of the other communities. It was a small magical community, four streets with a few magical shops and buildings. Despite its small size, it was old and traditional. Originally it had been exclusively for purebloods to visit, but now it was open to any and all bloodlines.

After a small tour around the streets, Fred apparated them both home, just outside Hermione's bedroom.

"M'lady," Fred joked, bring her hand to his lips and pressing a gentle kiss to her knuckles. He straightened when Hermione laughed, and he tucked a few strands of stray hairs behind her ear. "Thank you, for doing this. I think you were right, we both needed some time out of this crazy place. Next time, after all this stuff with Fenrir is over, we'll go out into the muggle town. I know you had been looking forward to it."

"Next time," Hermione nodded. She leaned forward, pressing her lips to Fred's. His arms went around her waist, holding her in place as they both deepened the kiss. Their mouths caressed each other, their tongues tasting as Hermione's arms came up to wrap around the back of Fred's neck. He took advantage of the position and lifted her off the ground, his hands firmly gripping her bum.

Hermione squealed at being lifted, but Fred quickly distracted her with his kisses as he kicked her bedroom door open and carried them both inside. Her room was large, with a big set of wardrobe doors at the end of the bed. She had the largest room, despite her protests that it should have gone to the twins who had offered to share. The real reason was they were thinking of the future. When she had children the bedroom was big enough for the child to be close, when they were young.

Fred carried Hermione to the bed and gently laid her on it. Hermione unlinked her arms from his neck, and he used the opportunity to trail down her body, lips pressing against her exposed skin. His fingers made quick work of the dress's tie behind her neck, undoing it in a few moments with skilled fingers. The top of the dress fell away to reveal a strapless bra.

"Beautiful," Fred muttered, trailing his lips down her body. Hermione's hand went to his hair, holding him close to her as her hand reached between them, her fingers trying to undo the buttons on his shirt. Fred chuckled at her attempts; then he lifted his head, "Peribit."

All the clothes between them disappeared, leaving them both exposed. Hermione's eyes widened for a fraction of a second before she pulled Fred up and met his lips with more heat, more hunger. His body pressed against her, his hardening length growing against her stomach. "Is that your wand in your pocket or are you just pleased to see me?" Hermione joked.

Fred pulled back, his eyes wide. "Did you just crack a joke? You? Hermione Granger?"

"If you tell the other's I'll deny it."

"Merlin, I love you," Fred stated. His hand trailed down her body, feeling the wetness between her legs. "So ready for me without me barely touching you. Is this for me Hermione? Do you want me?"

"I want you, Fred," Hermione said. Her eyes were closed, just feeling as Fred's fingers pushed inside her heat. He moved them, teasing her and making her wetness increase. She squeezed herself around his fingers, earning a curse and then a chuckle from Fred. "That's for teasing."

Fred pulled his fingers out and brought them to his lips, tasting her. When Fred's eye's opened, they instantly met Hermione's. "So hot," Fred muttered. He ran his hand over her bum, pinching her and earning a squeak from Hermione. "George and I feel a bit put out that our brothers got to take you here and we still haven't had the pleasure." Fred used his wand to create some lube and pushed just the tip of his finger inside her arse. She was tight and nervous at the intrusion, so he didn't go too far in.

"If you stop teasing me then I promise to consider it," Hermione told him, pressing back against his finger. The tension in her eased and allowed him to push in further. She relaxed her body, taking calming breaths to allow Fred to push his finger inside her bum the rest of the way. "Okay," Hermione breathed out. He was curling his finger inside her, stretching her just enough to feel the burn. It was a blur of the pain and pleasure, and it made her toes curl. "Okay, I've considered it. Yes. I want to feel you both one day, now quit teasing me you git and get on with it."

Fred let out a throaty chuckle, "So romantic Hermione, I've never heard such sweet words before." He withdrew his finger and pressed a kiss to her throat.

Hermione hit his chest in warning. She felt too aroused to handle any more teasing from the wizard.

"Okay love, let's try something different," Fred said, moving over her. He lifted her legs, holding them high to see how flexible his witch was. Luckily and unbeknown to the Weasley boys just yet, Hermione kept up with her yoga and had done some gymnastics at school That meant Hermione was flexible, enjoyably so. With a strain on her muscles from it being too long since she last worked out, Hermione raised her legs and placed them on both of Fred's shoulders. He was leaning over her, and it opened her up just nicely for the trouble-making twin.

"It might be a struggle to walk in the morning," Hermione admitted, smiling at Fred to show him she was teasing.

"You struggling to walk in the morning will be the ultimate stroke to my manhood, especially in front of the other three," Fred teased back. "Let me know if you need them down, love."

With a nod from Hermione, Fred slowly eased into her. The position made her incredibly tight, so much so that Fred had to thrust a bit to get himself fully within her pussy. They both moaned when he was inside. The position put a strain on Hermione's legs, but it meant Fred was able to rock into her gently and smoothly. Their faces were close, and they felt so connected with every inch pressed together.

Fred moved a finger to her clit and rubbed as he rocked into her body. His movements sped up as she grew wetter and her pussy began to tighten around him.

His thrusts became quicker and deeper as Hermione got close. She had her eye's closed, feeling him move in her body. After a few deep thrusts, Hermione felt her body begin to tighten, and an orgasm rocked through her. The legs on Fred's shoulder shook as Hermione's head fell back, and she let out a cry of Fred's name. Hermione's orgasm sent Fred into his own, and he came, spilling his seed deep inside her.

After a moment, Fred careful lowered Hermione's stiff legs from his shoulders and gently rolled her over on her side. He slid behind, spooning the woman he loved. Within moments they both fell into a sound sleep.

Chapter 31: Chapter Thirty One

Chapter Notes

I've been away for a while due to family problems/deaths etc... but things have finally settled. I feel in a better place so I'm going to finish the story. Sorry for the wait. This fic is finished. There are 39 chapters, so not much more to go.

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Beta: Thanks for the wonderful help from my betas Lmthomas05 and Netsirkelocin.

Note: I put a note on the chapters asking for help beta-ing. Thanks to everyone that offered! I must still have 30+ messages in my inbox from people offering to help. I'm sorted now, but it was really kind of everyone to offer.

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

The day of the wedding for Neville and Hannah came around rather quickly. The Weasley pack were forced out of their beds rather early by Hermione, who set off some blaring loud alarms throughout the house. The wedding was set for 11 o'clock and that meant the pack had to be up early and ready for the arrival of the rest of the Weasleys.

Thankfully, after a few calls and threats from Hermione, all four boys were out of their beds and ready. Hermione had been up earlier than the boys, wrapping the wedding presents and getting herself ready. After a touch up on her makeup, she was finally done. She made her way downstairs, suspicious of how quiet it seemed.

"So you've finally decided to grace us with your presence, huh?" Charlie joked when Hermione entered the kitchen. Her pack was already there, drinking their coffees along with Harry, Ron, and Neville. "You should have seen the effort we went through to get sleepy head here out of bed. I'd withdraw my invite if I was you, Neville."

"He's lying," Hermione said quickly, making her way over to the coffee pot. "It took me most of my morning to drag the four of them out of bed." She turned to narrow her eyes at Charlie. He winked at her before raising his cup for a drink. Hermione rolled her eyes, moving to sit beside Neville. He was nervous, his hands shaking so Hermione placed a hand on top of his, trying to calm him down. "Are you feeling okay, Neville?"

"Yes and no," Neville confessed. "I'm feeling a bit nervous. I can't wait to marry her, but I'm still worried about something going wrong."

"She'll turn up," Ron promised, which only seemed to make Neville worry even more. Clearly, the bride not turning up hadn't crossed his mind. Bill was quick to lean over and smack his youngest brother over the head for making things worse.

"Ginny will be driving her mad, making sure everything is in place," Hermione joked. "I'm going over in a minute, do you want me to tell her anything?"

Neville shook his head, lifting his hands to wrap them around his cup.

"Nev," Harry encouraged, elbowing his friend. "Remember?"

"Oh!" Neville went searching through his pockets and finally came up with a box. He placed it on the table and then opening it up for everyone to see. It was a silver necklace with a heart hanging from it. The heart opened up and was charmed to display different images over time. "She lost her family, so I just wanted a way to show her that they'd be there in spirit if nothing else. Would you give her it? So she can wear it while we get married?"

Hermione closed the lid and picked the box up, "That's a lovely thought, Neville. Of course I will."

Neville nodded and Hermione pressed a quick kiss to his cheek.

"I better go try and save Hannah from Ginny's makeup charms. I'll see you boys at the wedding," Hermione called. She looked at each of her pack mates, giving them a small smile before she made her way over to Harry. He raised an eyebrow at her as she lowered her lips to his ear. "I know the boys will all be having a drink before the wedding, so I'm leaving it up to you to make sure a sober Neville shows up to the wedding. Don't let the twins pour Neville anything to drink either, they're up to something."

Harry straightened in his seat, a smile on his lips, "Will do, Hermione. I'll get him there safe and sound."

"How come the eldest two aren't the ones you're whispering things to?" Charlie asked. Hermione raised an eyebrow, wondering how he'd heard, then George, Bill and Charlie all tapped their ears to remind her about their increased senses. It was a real pain living with werewolves, sometimes.

"I give up. I'm off. Be good, all of you and don't let Ron pour any drinks either," Hermione called, making her way to the floo.

She went to Hannah's house to join the girls in preparing the bride. Ginny, Luna, and Susan Bones were all there. Hannah had her dress on, it was a muggle wedding dress and Ginny was lacing up the back.

"That's beautiful, Hannah," Hermione smiled, making her way into the living room. She sat on a couch and turned her attention the wedding dress. Hannah's dress was white, lacey and very traditional. "Where did you find it?"

"It was my mother's," Hannah explained, stroking a hand down the material. "Her mother was muggleborn so when she married my father she wanted something traditional. I found it the other week when I was distracting myself with cleaning. I always knew I wanted to wear it for my wedding. I hope Neville likes it."

"Neville will love it," Ginny promised. She patted a hand on the laces, announcing she was finished. Hannah smiled and then twirled very slowly and carefully in her dress. The girls smiled and they all complimented on how good Hannah looked. Ginny had done the makeup very traditional and natural.

"I better go put the bridesmaid dress on," Susan said, standing. She passed by Hannah, a hand on her shoulder as she went and made her way upstairs to change.

"Hermione, Ginny, I know we've never been close," Hannah started, "But I hope we can become close. Neville thinks a lot about you two and I really want us to hang out together more and really get to know each other. These last few weeks without Neville were horrible. I never want to suffer that pain again. I want a good marriage with some good friends around me."

"I think we have enough space for one more friend, wouldn't you say, Hermione?" Ginny asked, looking over at Hermione.

"Oh I'm sure we do."

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The wedding began an hour later and the girls were right on time. Thankfully, Harry had stuck to his word and kept all the boys sober enough to walk down the aisle. Neville was waiting at the bottom of the aisle with Harry and Ron by his side. Neville had grown close to Seamus over the years, but as his best friend was dead, he'd asked Harry and Ron to be his best men. The boys had happily agreed and promised to raise their glasses to Seamus at the end of the night.

Everyone was in place, except Hannah and Susan who were outside the church, waiting for their cue to start walking down the aisle. There weren't many people there, just twenty friends. There were also two medi-witches, both sat with Neville's parents. They didn't seem to understand what was going on, but thankfully they were settled and waiting to see what was going to happen.

Hermione made her way over to the pack, who had taken the second off front row on the groom's side. Hermione sat on the end, besides George. They all glanced her way, a smile on their faces. "Have you all been good?" Hermione asked with a smile.

"Never," George teased. Then he leaned down and pressed a light kiss on Hermione's lips. "You look good, Hermione, beautiful."

"Thank you," Hermione smiled back, grabbing George's hand. She laughed when she heard Charlie cough out a 'suck up' at George.

The wedding felt very muggle-like, with the church and the wedding dress, but there were elements of magic too. Candles were floating down the aisles, Neville and the boys had traditional wizarding robes on that were made specially for wizard weddings. They had agreed on a church because it was probably one of the least likely places the media would think to look for the couple. Neville had been in the papers the last few weeks since his rescue and many were writing horrible things. Somehow, the media had heard about Neville being bitten by Fenrir. Neville wasn't a wolf, but a half-wolf like Bill. He felt it, especially around the full moon. It was a hard price to pay, but at the very least Neville had gotten away with his life.

When the music began, everyone fell silent. The church doors opened and Hannah walked in, followed by Susan. The girls slowly walked down the aisle and everyone could see the love shared by Hannah and Neville. They couldn't take their eyes off each other. Even during the ceremony, they both only had eyes for each other. When it was Hannah's turn for the vows, she got a bit tearful but managed to make it through and get all the words out. After a marital vow, there was a combining of magic, and finally, they kissed. Hermione had gripped tightly to George's hand the entire time the ceremony had gone on, emotional at seeing how much the couple loved each other. She was so glad to see her friend happy. Neville had been through so much and he'd grown into such a strong person. He deserved to be happy.

Afterwards, they all made their way back to the Burrow. Mrs Weasley had been kind enough to offer her garden for the wedding tent to be set up. There was a protection spell up which meant no one uninvited could enter the grounds. This was one of the main reasons the newly married Longbottom couple had taken Mrs Weasley up on her offer.

"He's unbelievable," Neville was saying to Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Charlie. "He kept me laughing the entire time. I was pretty on edge by the time Charlie arrived. I'd given up. Next thing I know I'm woken up in the middle of the night by Charlie spitting and hissing out curse words to Fenrir. Kept calling him a chihuahua, which you can guess made Fenrir furious."

Hermione cast Charlie a dirty look, he had put himself in danger by teasing and attack the werewolf. He should have known better. "Oh, I can quite imagine."

"I wasn't going down without a fight, love," Charlie defended. "Besides, I handle dragons. I shouldn't have let my defence down in the first place."

Hermione stroked a hand on Charlie's arm, soothing his wounded ego. "Let's change the conversation, I don't think your wife will be too happy to hear us talk about this, Neville."

"Yes, you're probably right," Neville agreed. Then he smiled at the term 'wife'. It would take some getting used to. "Anyone hear the quidditch scores?"

"I did," Ron said, looking miserable.

"Okay, I think that's my cue," Hermione said, turning. She only made it a few steps before someone grabbed her arm and she turned to see a smiling Charlie. Without a word, he took her hand and led her on the dance floor. The music was fast and happy to start, but after only a few minutes on the floor, the music changed to a slow number. Hermione moved closer to Charlie, wrapping her arms around his neck while his hands held her waist.

"Do you ever think about this?" Charlie said, glancing around. "Do you want all of this?"

"I can live without it," Hermione said. "I don't need it."

"That wasn't my question, love," Charlie pointed out. "I know with the four of us it would be hard for a wedding, but if you ever want that, we could work it out. Maybe we could draw straws or something. Or you could just have four wedding nights. Actually, that sounds better."

"Get your mind out of the gutter," Hermione said, nudging him. "If we did get to that point and I wanted it, I think I would need my parents to be there. With everything going on there hasn't been a right time to get them back here. I'm not sure what I'll find, I might not be able to reverse the spell. If I get them back, I just hope they understand the choices I made and still love me. I couldn't get married without my father walking me down the aisle."

"When he walks you down the aisle," Charlie corrected. "You made the right choices, the ones you had to make. You saved generations of muggleborn witches and wizards in the war. Hiding your parents was the only way to keep them alive. when this is all over, when Fenrir is long gone, we'll find them and bring them home. I'll come with you, I promise."

Hermione blinked back tears. She didn't like talking about her parents because it hurt too much. "Thank you, Charlie."

A few hours later a lot of the guests were drunk, including Ron and Fred. They had been drinking with the pack, and they couldn't keep up with their werewolves. The two drunk red heads were sat beside each other, cat calling some of the guests and causing trouble. Mrs Weasley had already told them off, but it hadn't done any good.

"You two look like a right pair, sitting there with such mischief on your faces," Hermione told them. They were seated at the head table, their wands in hand as they played tricks and pranks on each other. "Where's George?"

"Couldn't keep up with us," Ron stated. "Can't handle his drink, that brother of mine."

"Weak," Fred agreed. "Always said I was the best twin see, always said I was the strongest. That right, 'Mione?"

"Ugh, no talk like that in front of me," Ron waved off.

Fred glared at Ron, but it didn't last long because very quickly the boys were laughing and giggling like school girls. Hermione had no idea what they were laughing at, they were too drunk to make any sense of. After a few more whispered words, Fred stood up on shaking legs and walked the short distance to Hermione.

"What are you up to now?" Hermione asked. She placed a hand on his shoulder, steadying him as he wobbled about in his drunken state. "How did the boys get you this drunk?"

"Drinkin' game," Fred informed her. "Now, let's go, I'm having my wicked way with you."

Hermione laughed at his words. He looked so serious but could barely stand up, never mind anything else. Fred frowned at her giggle, and he looked like he was trying to weigh up how offended he was.

"How about we get you home and you can have a nice warm..."

"Now that's more like it," Fred brightened up, a finger pointing at Hermione's chest. "A nice warm, dirty..."

"Bath."

"That doesn't sound right."

During the argument, the rest of the pack had made their way over and were too busy laughing at Fred and Hermione to bother helping. Hermione saw them and glared. That made them spring into action.

"How about we get you home, Freddie?" George asked.

"Can I ask you a question, mate?" Fred asked his twin.

"Course you can, brother."

"We triplets now?"

"Not last time I checked."

"I can see two of you," Fred explained. Then, he placed his head in his hands, feeling queasy with all the alcohol in his body. Hermione turned to glare at the three sober looking pack members. George was the first to put his hands up in defence.

"Usually I'm right there with him, I kept trying but I couldn't get drunk. Freddie didn't seem to have that problem," George told her. "I've got to admit, it's not as fun being on this side of things"

Hermione turned to Bill, tapping his chest, "You're supposed to take care of these three and keep them in line. What's your excuse?"

"Revenge," Bill grinned, tipping his head to Charlie. "Fred's looking a green, or would you say a little blue, Charlie?"

"It's going to be a killer in the morning when he finds out I accidentally spilt all that sober up potion," Charlie agreed.

George smirked, "So that's what this is about? The blue hair prank?"

"It sure is, brother, and you're still on my list," Charlie warned George. "If you buy him any sober up potion on the way home, I'll have your name down on my list twice instead of going after Fred again."

"Right pack, it's time to get to bed," Bill announced. He moved to Fred and with very little effort he picked him up and threw the drunk over his shoulder. Bill heaved a sigh at his weight but didn't complain. "Hermione, just want to point out that I never gave him a drink. Remember that when you're picking a bed mate tonight." Bill winked and then carried Fred off towards the floo.

"Crafty wolf," Charlie muttered, heading towards Ron. Charlie had a brief argument with his little brother, who was convinced that Charlie had stolen his drunk and troublesome mate, Fred. Charlie quickly pointed out that it had been Bill that carried Fred off home, but Ron was having none of it. After a few more attempts at trying to calm Ron down, Charlie gave up. He copied Bill, throwing Ron over his shoulder and then he headed towards the front door of the Burrow to tuck Ron up in bed. He ignored the calls from Ron on his shoulder. Even Mrs Weasley didn't come to the rescue, instead she bid Ron good night and went to find her husband.

"What's the excuse for Ron then?" Hermione asked George. She took his hand and they both walked towards the newly married Mr and Mrs Longbottom to say their goodbyes.

"That was just for the fun of it," George grinned. "He's the younger brother, it's only right to put him in his place every now and then."

Hermione rolled her eyes at George but managed to laugh a little at his antics. They were still full of trouble, but it was nice to see them getting along with Ron again, even if it was just to get him drunk out of his mind. Together with George, she made her way over to Neville and Hannah, bidding them a good night and the best luck in the world. She promised to meet with them soon. After a few more goodbyes, George and Hermione headed towards the floo to go home.

"It feels different tonight," George said as they stood together, beside the floo. He reached up and stroked a hand down her cheek. "Can you feel it? It's like it was before. Back when a battle was brewing."

"Yes, I can," Hermione agreed. "I think it's only a matter of days before Fenrir surfaces, he's been too quiet for too long."

"Unless we act first," George pointed out.

"Yes, I think its time."

Chapter End Notes

Up next: They prepare for a battle. The wolves act strangely, Remus and Bill come to an agreement.

Chapter 32: Chapter Thirty Two

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Beta: Thanks for the wonderful help from my betas Netsirkelocin.

It was exactly three weeks after Hermione's birthday, which had been the most wonderful night of her life. For her birthday, the boys had spent the night with her, all of them. It had been kinkier than anything Hermione had ever done before and she enjoyed every moment of it. They had a beautiful and passionate night, which had left her deliciously sore the next morning. In addition to a night filled with passion, the boys had bought Hermione a heart-shaped locket which contained images of her parents.. Her final gift had been open-ended plane tickets to Australia. It was a promise that they would find her parents once everything was over and the pack would be going with her. It was very thoughtful of the pack and it just made Hermione love them more.

Hermione was cooking a rather large breakfast today because Harry, Ron, and Remus were all coming over to talk with the pack and discuss what to do next regarding Fenrir. In the last few weeks, people had gone missing and the aurors were blaming it on Fenrir and his pack. Harry had managed to get permission to search Fenrir's pack den, but so far they hadn't been able to break into it. No matter the spell they used, it wouldn't work. Even Bill had used his skills as a curse breaker to try, but he didn't have any luck. There were talks that someone within the Ministry was tipping off Fenrir. Harry was starting to suspect there was a traitor in his department. That was one of the main reasons they had decided to gather at the Weasley pack house. They had to meet without involving the aurors if they wanted to bring Fenrir down.

George was the first to appear in the kitchen, rubbing his sleepy eyes as he headed straight over to Hermione and pressed a kiss to her cheek. He was just pulling back when he froze, and his nose went to her neck. He smelt her, sniffing several times before a low growl escaped. Instead of losing control, George stuck his nose further against her throat, and his position relaxed against her.

"Am I fertile again? I shouldn't be for a few more days," Hermione asked, looking at George. He was reacting quite strongly, more than normal. It was getting close to the full moon and over the last few months, her fertile time was starting to match up with the full moon. Hermione was pretty sure it was a pack thing because it was far too ironic to just be a happy accident. "I took my potion today."

"No, you must just be getting close. It always catches me off guard," George told her, drawing back. Instead of moving away, he stuck close to her, hovering around her as

Hermione finished breakfast. After a little while it was starting to get on Hermione's nerves, so she put him to work cooking the bacon and making the toast.

Finally, with the smell of food in the air, the rest of the pack came down stairs. Bill pressed himself into Hermione, his hands going either side of her waist as he nibbled lightly on her neck. "I don't know what I want to eat first, you or the food."

"Well," Charlie butted in. "As there are guests arriving soon we should probably eat the food on the table and leave eating Hermione for tonight. Don't want to be bad hosts and all that. You're alpha though. Show off your alpha pride if you want to, big guy."

"Let's vote him out the pack," Bill suggested, biting against Hermione's neck. He nibbled at the bite mark on her neck, the one he'd put there.

"Come on," Hermione said, pushing a hand against Bill's chest. He didn't move, his hard chest making him able to stand firm against her pushes. "I'm serious, come and sit. The rest will be here in a moment, and I don't want them to see you all over me when they get here. Move it."

"You're mine. I can show them who you belong to," Bill growled out. He seemed to catch himself after a moment, a look crossing his face, but whatever he'd thought, was gone in an instant as he backed up and released his hold on Hermione. "Sorry love, the wolf gets a bit grumpy around this time of the month. It probably because of Remus coming. I don't like him coming this close to you when you'll probably become really fertile in a day or two."

"Remus isn't like that," Hermione scoffed. She made her way to the table, taking a seat beside Fred. At least he was one of the pack boys that wasn't going to hover and growl at her this morning. "He respects the pack and your status. I'm not stroking your male ego; I know that's what you're after."

"She'll stroke it when we're all alone," Charlie joked.

The pack sat down and started having some toast as they waited for the rest to arrive. Fred was more than excited to announce to the pack what he'd been up to with Hermione and his twin the last few weeks. He pulled out a book and placed it in front of him, on the kitchen table. It used to be Sirius', a dark and forbidden book that described how to become an Animagus. They hadn't mentioned to Bill and Charlie about their research because it had taken a lot of time to figure out if it was even possible.

Hermione had been to see Professor McGonagall, and she had confirmed that if indeed George's Animagus was a wolf, he would be able to transform and keep his mind. If he wasn't, he'd get stuck. Luckily, to begin the process the person had to find out what form their animal took by lots of meditation. At the very least, George could try and see if he was able to turn. His wolf wouldn't be like Bill's, he wouldn't be a werewolf, but instead a more domesticated wolf. An account in a journal from someone who had in fact gone down that route as a half wolf confirmed it was possible and described how freeing it was. His wolf didn't feel trapped, despite it taking on a more domestic wolf form. The man had more control in his human skin. When he got stressed he transformed and went out to run in the woods as the wolf.

"I don't think I like the look of that," Bill stated, his eyes on the book. "I can imagine you three want to help, but I don't think this is the right way. George especially, wolves can't become Animagus."

It took half an hour to explain it all, but eventually, Hermione had explained everything to Bill and Charlie. They were amazed that it was even possible and Charlie became rather intrigued by the idea of turning into a wolf to help his brother. He had to hope for a wolf if he started meditating, or else he would get trapped if he went any further.

"Fine," Bill reluctantly agreed. "But you three can explain to Remus after today and only if he agrees it's safe. You either get him or McGonagall to help. If neither of them will, you don't do it. That's an order. I won't have one of you getting stuck."

"That's a perfect idea, and I completely agree, Bill," Hermione nodded.

"You're doing it too?" Bill asked Hermione, his face going tense. "No. Let them do it first, then afterwards we can discuss it. I won't let you take the risk with these two. They take risks every day, you can't."

"Bill, It's perfectly safe and I want to..."

"Hermione," Bill growled back.

"Let's discuss this later, shall we?" Charlie offered. "I just heard the floo. Our guests are here. We can have a pack meeting later, perhaps after the full moon, so Mr. Grumpy here doesn't get his knickers in a bunch."

"His knickers are the only ones he's getting close to anytime soon," Hermione grumbled.

The twins laughed but quickly fell silent when Bill's glare was turned on them. Hermione was leaning over the counter, grabbing more plates for the spelled food that would stay hot for hours.

"Bill," Charlie said a low voice, just as the guests were making their way to the kitchen. "I know you're experiencing PMS with the full moon soon, but calm it down, okay? We get it. Hermione belongs to the pack, you're the big bad alpha, and we're your humble servants, just take a break will you?"

"I'll explain later," Bill replied in a rough voice, clearly annoyed with something. Hermione turned and ignored him, knowing his mood would pass in a day or two. She beamed a smile at Remus, Harry, and Ron as they made their way into the kitchen. Ron looked tired and made a beeline for the food.

Harry rolled his eyes at his best mate and took a seat beside Charlie. The two men put their heads together and started discussing updates from the auror office. Remus moved towards Hermione with a smile on his face. He was halfway towards her when he froze, his eyes locked with hers.

"Oh, I didn't..."

Remus never got a chance to finish his sentence because in a flash Bill was up on his feet, a growl on his lips as he faced the older wolf. "Keep back," Bill said, his control on edge.

"Keep your head, pup," Remus warned him, but his voice was calm. "I get it. I won't be coming near her, not today."

Bill's chest was still heaving and the other boys in the pack were watching their Alpha with concern. He was normally a lot more controlled than that. Without another word, Remus turned and headed towards the door of the kitchen, he paused, holding the door open with his eyes' locked on Bill's. It took a moment, but after a hesitation, Bill headed towards the door and followed Remus out of the room.

"Well, let's hope he doesn't get blood on that new carpet," Charlie offered up, breaking the tension, then he leaned over and grabbed a piece of bacon. "Hungry, Potter?"

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It was an hour of awkward conversations as everyone waited for the two alpha wolves to come back. Harry had volunteered to go and check on them when the twins and Charlie started making bets of which wolf had killed the other. He'd barely been out the door before the two alpha wolves had shouted at him leave them alone. Their voices had been deep and very loud, sending a shocked Harry blasting back into the room. Eventually, though, they returned.

Happy, friendly and hugging each other. Well, Remus had an arm around Bill, saying something in a low voice which was making the younger wolf smile. Hermione had seen some bizarre things over the years, but seeing Remus and Bill being friendly was the most startling.

"Did you put something in their tea?" George asked, raising his own cup up and giving it a sniff.

"Of course I didn't!" Hermione defended.

"We came to an understanding," Remus told them on. He took a seat next to Hermione, his hand going to her shoulder to give it a squeeze. Everyone looked at Bill to see his reaction, but he just smiled at the older wolf and turned back to everyone else on the table. "I'm not a threat. We talked it all out, and Bill got to see that I truly mean no harm or threat to his status. I'm sure he'll discuss it at another time. We all want what's best. Bill and I have made an agreement. Now, let's get on with this, shall we? It's been put off long enough."

Everyone was silent for a moment before Hermione cleared her throat and started them off. "Yes, right, I've just been talking to Harry and Ron, they got back into Hogwarts and have borrowed the Gryffindor sword, so we'll have something to defeat the Horcrux once we get it from Fenrir. The only problem we have is it's around his neck, and it's making him stronger. Or we think it is. We don't have the numbers to go against Fenrir's pack. Or the strength of the wards they have up. We can't even get them down."

"We've been talking about that," George spoke up. "Freddie and I might have invented something to help us out with that pack protection spell the aurors have been struggling with."

"Yeah," Fred continued. "And if we take the protection down the aurors can get in first and take out some of the people on their most wanted list. We take them by surprise first, before the main battle starts."

"We suspect there's about twenty at least that are on our wanted list," Ron agreed. "I don't know how the soddin' hell it didn't get passed for us to break in there a long time ago."

"Spies in the ministry," Harry shrugged. "Kingsley thinks there's someone in the law office turning down bills and that's the reason all our evidence got turned away for stupid reasons. Now though, we gathered too much evidence against them for us to be turned down. If we can break in, we can get all our manpower to get in and investigate."

"After that, we call the Order in for one last mission," Remus told them. "I'm sure there are a few old classmates that would quite happily have a go at Fenrir and his pack for revenge too."

"Lavender had a lot of friends," Ron supplied. "And I'm sure Neville will want to be there. I'll send them an owl."

"We still don't know how we're going to get the Horcrux from around his neck," Hermione pointed out. "He will probably have some strong magic on there to keep it on. It's going to be a dark curse that makes it really hard to remove."

"Good job we have a decent curse breaker then," Bill countered. "Remus is going to take him on, I'll help just enough that I can get a feel for what he has on the medal protecting it then I'll take a step back and do my best to break it."

Hermione didn't like that plan. "What makes you think Remus can handle that any more than last time?"

"He has more reason to this time."

"Like what?"

Remus sighed, "He tried to break into the Tonks house last night and take Teddy. Thankfully, he didn't get past Andy's protection spells. I was out visiting some of the graves and laying some flowers down. He's got Andy mad now and she wants in on the fight. But more than that, he has my wolf furious. I can't let him live, Hermione, not when he's threatened my child twice now. He threatened him to my face last time. I need to kill him. I can feel it in my veins. In my blood. The wolf needs him gone too. I'll be ready for him this time and so will Bill. He's a full wolf now. That's going to be a lot more powerful than before."

They also had the pack, which was one of the strongest Remus had ever encountered. They had more power than they knew about. Hopefully, with everything combined, they would be able to do it. The most important thing would be gathering numbers up so they could keep the rest of Fenrir's pack at bay. Some of them wouldn't fight. There were a lot of children. That

would still leave about twenty or thirty pack members that the Order, the Weasley pack and some Gryffindor's would have to take on. They had to keep Fenrir's pack at bay while the two alphas took on Fenrir and overpower him. If they did that, one of them could take over the pack and release them from his hold. Then, it would be down to the two men to kill Fenrir before the aurors reached him. They all knew it had to end in his death. Fenrir would manage a way to get out of Azkaban, especially with all his spies in and out of the ministry.

"It always comes down to a big fight, doesn't it?" Ron pointed out. He didn't look disappointed though, he was happy to be included in the little get together that day. He was well on his way to fixing things with his brothers. "So, are we going to take a vote on who gets to tell mum this idea or we leave it to the eldest?"

"I vote George," Charlie said quite quickly. He looked over at Bill and grinned.

"I agree," Bill flashed the dragon trainer a smile. "George can do it."

"You're all bloody idiots," George grumbled. "She's going to skin me alive when she finds out her children are heading into another fight."

"There aren't highly skilled wizards though," Remus told him. "Most of them didn't go to Hogwarts, they had homeschooling with their pack family and didn't get the best of education. They shouldn't be too much of a big deal. We can knock as many out as we can, we don't want to kill them."

"I might polyjuice myself," Charlie groaned. "You don't think they'll remember me telling some of them to go put their balls in a blender?"

"I'm sure it was the stuff about their mother that most of them will remember," Fred grinned. Hermione rolled her eyes. After Neville had told a few stories about Charlie's bad language and behavior in the pack during his kidnapping, the stories had quickly gotten around, much to the amusement of the twins. They had been very proud of their older brother. "Or when you told them you would shove a..."

"Can we please not go through this again," Hermione said, standing. She wobbled slightly on her feet, and Remus' arm was there instantly to catch her and keep her steady. Bill got up from his seat to tell the other boys in his pack to stay where they were. "Sorry, I just went a bit dzz."

"How about a lie-down, pet?" Bill suggested. He pressed a kiss to her head and ushered her out the door, despite her protests that she was fine. Once she was gone, Bill quietly shut the door and turned to the rest. "Now, we have quite a bit to discuss before she comes back. I don't want her knowing quite yet."

"So this is the real plan?" Charlie asked, frowning. "Why are we keeping it from her?"

"I'll explain that to my pack later," Bill promised. "It's for a good reason. Now, I'm going to challenge Fenrir..."

Chapter 33: Chapter Thirty-Three

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Beta: Thanks for the wonderful help from my betas Netsirkelocin.

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took two weeks to get out, I've been away on holiday and just got back. Next few chapters already beta'd so update soon!

Hermione clung to the toilet bowl, her stomach aching from heaving for over an hour. In her head she was cursing George, thinking up the most painful spells to get back at him and his undercooked chicken. He had offered to cook, and Fred had warned them against it. George had never been a good cook. Hermione had been so tired, and George looked so confident, she'd taken him up on the offer. Hermione hated being sick. She hadn't been this sick since she was a little girl.

Bill appeared in the doorway a few minutes later in a pair of gray boxers and nothing else. He moved closer and crouched down beside Hermione, stroking down her hair and rubbing her back. "Get it all up, love, then we'll get you back to bed to rest," Bill encouraged. He pressed a kiss to the back of her head. Hermione leaned back into his touch. "You're okay, pet."

"I'm dying," Hermione protested in a broken voice.

Bill chuckled, the git, "Not quite, love." He was silent for a moment, then let out a sigh. "You know I hate keeping secrets, don't you? I don't like keeping you in the dark unless it's for a good reason. If I had to do something, for the good of the pack and for us, would you be able to search in your heart to let it go? To give me time and let me explain it to you after?"

"Are you seriously asking me that?" Hermione replied, turning and raising an eyebrow at Bill. He should have known better. Hermione questioned everything.

"Hermione," Bill sighed. "You're the most challenging and stubborn witch I know. I love you, the pack loves you. I've never known such a robust and powerful fighter like you. But, love, I can't let you come with us. You can't be at the battle."

Hermione's face quickly darkened, "Don't you dare try and stop me, Bill, I mean it. I know you're overprotective, but this is too much. It won't be like last time. We'll be prepared."

Bill's hand slipped down to cover her stomach, resting on the lower half, "It's not just you I need to protect," Bill told her.

No.

No. No. No.

Hermione's heart thudded against her chest as she took in his words. He couldn't possibly mean that. She had been taking her potions. The ones that Remus had helped brew following his old books. The pack had all been careful to avoid the days she was most fertile. It was always risky, but they had done everything to minimise that risk as best they could. She couldn't be pregnant. Could she? Bill had a good nose though, and she knew he wouldn't lie to her.

"Bill," Hermione said, her voice croaky. "I can't be."

"You can be, love," Bill said, his tone still soft and gentle like he was speaking to a child. "I know this isn't what you wanted it. I know that. At a guess I think you're about three weeks, I started smelling something a week ago, but I never put it all together until the other day."

"Yesterday morning, when the twins were explaining about being animagus' and I said I was going to do it too, you got really grumpy about it. You knew then, didn't you?"

"Yes, love, I did. I could smell it on you then. I think even George noticed something yesterday with the way he kept eyeing you. I never told you because we didn't get the chance. I haven't told the other boys yet, that's for you to tell them. They know something is wrong. We talked about you not coming to the final battle next week, and the others got quite upset about it. I told them you could explain later. I didn't want to take that from you."

Hermione hid her face in Bill's chest, her body shaking from the shock of the information. If she was three weeks pregnant, it was from her birthday night. With work stress lately, she had been too busy for sex. . That meant any of the boys in the pack could be the father, not that it really mattered to any of them.

Finally, Hermione lifted her head. "Remus knew, didn't he? The instant he walked into that kitchen. Is that why you two talked?"

"I didn't want him blurting it out in front of everyone. Although, I don't think he would have. We talked and he calmed me down. He got through to me what was important in all this. You and the baby are my priority. I get that now. Remus has his child whom he loves more than anything. He doesn't want a pack, he wants to love and protect his child. He's not a threat to us. I get that. Remus and I talked about Teddy and then about Fenrir before we came to an agreement."

"What kind of agreement?" Hermione questioned.

"In the end, Remus gets to kill Fenrir. He gets the final blow. Fenrir bit him as a child, then went back and killed his parents when he got older. Fenrir came back and threatened his child. Remus deserves the final blow," Bill explained. "Remus wants us to call Fenrir out. A death match. If we challenge his status, he'll come."

"You can't! What about the horcrux?"

"I have a few ideas on how to break the protection spell. Once we get it off his neck I'm sure Harry and Ron can take care of the horcrux. Then, Remus and I challenge Fenrir, and his pack can't join in. They can't come to his defence because it's an honor thing."

"That means none of us can help you and Remus," Hermione pointed out. "What if he refuses to take you both on? He could just challenge one of you."

"If he does, then whoever gets picked steps up and fights him. We just hope we don't need the other person to be the backup plan."

Hermione shook her head. "I don't like this plan, Bill. You can't ask me to keep away from this battle when it sounds like you're willing to sacrifice yourself so you two can finally kill him. I can't wait at home knowing that's going to happen."

"I'll always come back to you, love, always."

Bill pressed another kiss to her hair and then placed an arm firmly under her bum. With little effort, he stood up with Hermione in his arms. Silently, he carried her through the house and to his room. They curled up together under the covers of his bed, one of his hands resting on her flat stomach as they slept. Bill's sleep was restless, the wolf wanted to hunt Fenrir to protect his mate and the pack's pup. Nothing could happen to her, nothing.

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The next morning Hermione was woken by a green looking Charlie crawling into bed beside her. Bill was on the other side, snoring away. Charlie's eyes found hers and his hand reached out to tuck a strand of hair behind her ear. Hermione smiled and shuffled closer to lay across his chest, careful not to wake Bill.

"Are you okay, Charlie?" Hermione asked, her hand stroking his bare chest. "You look a little..."

"I've been up most the night. I'm never eating George's cooking again," Charlie muttered. Hermione's hand paused at the knowledge. So the vomiting hadn't just been just her. It was rather early for morning sickness, but everyone was different. Bill had a good nose, he wouldn't lie to her.

"Me too," Hermione replied. Her voice was quiet as she got lost in thought. Perhaps she needed a pregnancy test, just to be sure. Remus and Bill couldn't both be wrong. Even George had acted strangely the previous morning, the way he'd stuck his nose in her throat and paid too much attention to her.

"I think it's passing now," Charlie said, his hand moving to play with her hair. "I see our big bad alpha doesn't appear to have much of a stomach ache. Bloody wolf DNA. It probably makes them impossible to get sick. If George hasn't spent the night throwing up, I'm going to set his eyebrows on fire."

"He probably hasn't," Hermione said with a sigh. She buried her face in Charlie's chest, trying to hide her worry as her mind overworked,

Charlie frowned down at Hermione, his hand went to her chin to tilt her head up. He pressed the palm of his hand on her forehead, worried etched on his face. "Do you want us to take you to see a medi-witch?"

Hermione pressed a kiss to Charlie's chest, then she pushed up and climbed out of bed. Charlie followed after her, out of Bill's room and into the bathroom. Hermione stopped him in the doorway, holding up two fingers to indicate to wait there for a moment. When Hermione went inside, a confused Charlie waited outside, glancing around confused.

After a moment, Hermione pulled the door open and left it open.

"Err... Hermione?" Charlie said, slowly stepping inside the bathroom.

"We've got to wait two minutes," Hermione said. She was sitting on the toilet seat, her legs crossed, with a white pregnancy stick just behind her, resting on the toilet basin. Hermione's hands were shaking with nerves. She knew Bill wouldn't be lying to her, but she had to see proof.

Charlie walked closer, his shocked gaze going from her to the pregnancy stick. "Why do you think you're pregnant? I was sick last night as well."

"Bill thought it was just me last night. He said I'm pregnant," Hermione told Charlie, her voice low. "I know his nose can't be wrong, but I just..."

"Need to see it for yourself." Charlie finished. He walked over to her and knelt down, his hands settling on her legs. "You know everything will be okay, don't you? We've got a plan for Fenrir, he's not going to be a problem much longer. The aurors will catch Bellatrix, and everything else will work out."

"I've just taken over my department," Hermione pointed out. "I can't leave them in the lurch. There is so much work to do."

"I'll take some time out and help you," Charlie offered. "I've got a magical creatures qualification from the ministry. I'm sure Remus would love to help with the department. He'll be good at it too; he loves to work. You won't need help for a while. Once the baby is here we'll all take turns and you can go back to work when you're ready. I know we talked about this, Hermione, but you do have a choice, no one in this pack will judge you if you decide to wait a little longer for children."

"I don't want to get rid of it... the baby," Hermione said, her voice soft with emotion. "It's a shock. I'm being silly, I know. Remus said if the alpha really wanted me pregnant, it would happen anyway. Part of the potion to stop me getting pregnant needed Bill to want that too. Do you think Bill..."

Charlie sighed, his eyes searching for hers. He brought her hand to his lips and pressed a kiss to her knuckles. "I think Bill is happier than he has ever been. He loves you, he loves the pack and perhaps he's just been wishing for that final piece of the puzzle," Charlie said. "Bill wouldn't have done it on purpose. He loves you, Hermione, we all do. It's not the best time, but everyone in this pack will be there for you."

Hermione nodded and glanced towards the pregnancy test. It had been over two minutes, and the results would be ready. With a sigh, she stood up and reached for the test. "Pregnant," Hermione said. "Bill's nose was right, two to three weeks, my birthday night."

Charlie chuckled, "I would have been more surprised if we hadn't knocked you up that night. Christ, everything we did... Our beautiful little mate." Charlie moved closer and hugged a tearful Hermione. His hand stroked down her back in comfort. "Oh Hermione, it's going to be okay. You don't always have to be strong. Have a good cry if you need to."

"I don't even know who the father is," Hermione sniffled. "That night... it was the first time we'd been together for a little while, with work and everything..."

"You don't think that matters, do you?" Charlie pressed, pulling her back from him and staring into her eyes. "You don't think for a moment we care whose sperm knocked you up, do you? Hermione, we're a pack. It doesn't matter. Either way, we're all going to be related to the baby. We don't need to know. We're all going to be raising the baby, and we'll all love him or her. It's going to be the most loved child that's ever existed."

"You always say the sweetest things," Hermione joked. "You're romantic, caring and so lovable. How come someone didn't snap you up years ago?"

"Sometimes it takes people a few years to find their soul mate," Charlie told her. "I've found mine. Now, let's go back to bed before Bill wakes up and thinks you've been stolen. Mr. Grumpy will definitely have his knickers in a twist now that you're knocked up."

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The pack slept in a little longer than normal that morning to make up for the disturbed sleep throughout the night. George was the only one up and looking rather fresh the next morning. Fred looked just as bad as Charlie, in fact, he was worse. Thankfully, George had spent his morning brewing some anti-sickness potion as an apology.

"No," Hermione said, dismissing the potion and moving towards the toaster. "I'm fine, really. I'm just going to have some toast to help settle my stomach."

"This works just fine," George promised, moving over to her. He placed a hand on her back, his body going close to hers. "The potions fine, honestly. I'm sorry about the food last night. I can't get the hang of my extra senses. I like raw food. It smelled fine to me, but perhaps that's why it was a little underdone."

The other three boys were already in the kitchen and Hermione could feel their gazes on the pair, intrigued by what was going to happen. They expected Hermione to curse George for poisoning her food, but she knew he never meant to do it. He was just a terrible cook. Plus, Bill had been there to help her throughout the night. It had given Bill the opportunity to tell talk Hermione about the pregnancy and his plan for Fenrir.

"I'm okay, it's passed now," Hermione promised.

George didn't look so sure. Hermione was certain something in the bond was telling him she was keeping a secret, but he didn't press the matter.

The rest of the morning was spent planning. The pack went over all the ways they could destroy the horcrux, and they wanted a backup plan in case they had any problems finding the Gryffindor Sword. Harry and Ron had gone to get it from McGonagall, but it had gone missing from the headmistress's office.

"The snake's body is still in the chamber of secrets," Hermione suggested. "Ron went and got a tooth from there during the battle to destroy the horcruxes. We could go down and get another tooth."

"Who would have taken the sword?" Bill pressed. "I don't like this. Something's going on, and I feel like we're missing something."

"Fenrir couldn't have sneaked past McGonagall, not many could," Charlie agreed. "One of the kids could have done it, but it's doubtful. This is all a bit suspicious, isn't it?"

"Didn't you promise it to that Goblin?" Fred asked. "I thought you promised it to him for getting them into the bank."

"No, I stopped them, and they made another deal," Hermione said. "The Goblins did think we'd stolen it. They might have returned it to Bellatrix's vault. If she'd scared them enough, they could have."

"I don't know why she would need the sword, but I can go back to the bank and find out," Bill said. "I still have connections there. If they took it. I'll get to the bottom of it."

"I'll come," Charlie offered. "I want to switch my money into the pack vault anyway."

Bill and Charlie stood to leave, both of them giving Hermione a kiss as they passed on their way to the floo. Bill and Charlie left and Hermione could hear them whispering together as soon as the kitchen door was closed.

The twins were frowning, confused. They knew something was up. Charlie had lied, he had already sorted his money and put it into the pack vault. He wanted to talk with Bill, but about what, the twins didn't know.

Hermione got up, passing George as she went to do the dishes, but he caught her hand and stopped her. He stood from his chair, his face frowning as he tried to work something out.

"George, mate?" Fred asked, standing from his chair too. He gave his brother an anxious glance and moved around the table. "Are you okay?"

"Something is different," George said. "I just can't work it out."

He moved closer to Hermione, and she watched him and pulled her bottom lip into her mouth to nibble on it, covering her nerves. She knew they could feel how nervous she was.

"Use your nose," Hermione encouraged. He was learning and had been doing so well with his lessons from Bill. He was gaining more control. It was time he used the wolf to help him. "Close

your eyes and use your nose. Your wolf knows, embrace him."

Fred grinned and moved to sit on the table edge, he had no idea what was going on, but he was happy to watch his twin at ease with the wolf.

George gave Hermione a questioning look, but he did as instructed. He pressed his nose to her hair, take a deep inhale and then burying his nose in her neck. His lips moved across her skin, and it sent shivers down Hermione's spine as he tasted her skin. George growled, "It's too weak. My nose isn't as good as Bill's."

"Keep smelling," Hermione encouraged. "How about a deal? If you work it out, the three of us can spend a lazy afternoon in bed. If you can't, I'll tell you, and then the three of us will do some studying, and you can both help me write up some of my department acts. Deal?"

"Careful George, it could be a trick," Fred warned, but he gave her a smile to show he was only teasing.

George nodded his head, wanting his prize. He went back to work, smelling every inch of her, his nose trailed down her body, over her neck, breasts, arms and then her stomach. He paused at her stomach and Hermione could see the flicker of understanding cross Fred's face. He knew. George pressed his face against her stomach, his hands going around Hermione's waist to hold her in place.

"Merlin," George muttered, pulling her shirt up. He pressed a kiss to her stomach, his face still pressed against it. "I can smell it, the baby. That's what's been driving me mad the last day or two. It's why the wolf has been on edge, he knew, didn't he?"

"Bill thinks his wolf has known for a little while too," Hermione agreed. "He's closer to his wolf, and you didn't know what to smell for. It's a first with your new nose." Hermione glanced between the two boys, nervous. "Bill told me last night. I took a test with Charlie to check. It was positive."

"Oh Hermione," George said, standing. He hugged her, his lips pressing against her hair. Fred moved over and pulled her into his arms too. Both of the boys smiled, and they both placed a

hand over her stomach.

"Perfect," the twins said together

Chapter 34: Chapter Thirty Four

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay, work and exams have been crazy.

After the revelation of her pregnancy, Hermione had spent a lot of time thinking about her future. Since the age of eleven, she had been fighting alongside everyone else. Now that the final battle with Fenrir was approaching, she couldn't see herself sitting on the sidelines. Bill was adamant that Hermione was to stay at home and wait for them to return. Hermione didn't intend to put herself at risk, but Bill just wouldn't listen to her.

"I can deal with the horcrux," Hermione defended. "I've done it before. I was on the run with Harry and Ron for weeks, and I've done more research than those two combined. Once you and Remus get the necklace from Fenrir, I can destroy it. I can't wait at home, Bill. I'm not waiting at home for my boys to come back to me. If I'm not there you'll do something heroic and stupid."

"She has a good point," Charlie defended, pointing towards his older brother. "That does sound like you."

"You're not getting hurt," Bill refused. He leaned across the kitchen table, glaring at Hermione. "I don't think it's worth the risk of you getting hurt. I just can't let you do that."

"Let me?"

"Oh bloody hell," Charlie muttered, casting the twins a worried glance. They were sat around the kitchen table eating breakfast, but so far, the food had gone untouched. "These two either need a good fight or a good..."

"Charlie!" Hermione interrupted, smacking his arm.

He held his hands up, "I'm just saying, the sexual tension is starting to affect me. Do you two mind toning it down? How about we speak as a pack? Instead of just you two throwing your own ideas around. The twins and I do occasionally have a good idea."

"Fine," Bill rolled his eyes, then he sent the twins a warning look. "No stupid ideas. Remember your mates pregnant."

"You can't use that as an excuse every time, William," Hermione said. "I'm well aware; I'm just saying I don't want to sit here doing nothing. Let me go there and watch at least or do something. I can't wait around."

Bill sighed and stood up, his chair scraping along the floor as he moved away from the table. He walked to the sink, bracing his hands on either side of it. Bill was mad. They could all feel it in the pack bond. His wolf was on overdrive with Hermione being pregnant. His job in the pack was to look out for them all, to help protect them. It was hard for a new wolf, especially one that had just started turning on a full moon.

"I will need to concentrate. I won't be able to if you're there, Hermione," Bill warned her. "I won't be able to stop myself checking on you every five minutes. Fenrir will kill me the first chance he gets. After that, it's down to the twins, Charlie, and Remus. I don't want anything to happen to my pack. This is the way it has to be, Hermione."

Bill ran a hand through his hair, frustrated and angry. His blood was pumping through his veins so fast he felt a ringing in his ears. The full moon was only an hour away, and the argument wasn't helping things. "I'm going downstairs," Bill said, marching out of the room before anyone had a chance to comment.

The room fell silent, and Hermione leaned forward with her elbows on the table. She was frustrated with herself for upsetting Bill so close to the full moon. She should have known better. He was already struggling with control.

"He's just worried about you," Fred offered. "We all are. I know you want to be there. I understand that, but if you come... It's a big risk, and I don't think we should take it."

"None of us will be able to concentrate," George agreed. "If someone curses you it could mean something terrible."

"I'm not going to put myself or the baby's life on the line," Hermione defended. "I'm asking to help. I should be there to use my powers with the pack to balance things out. I can send power through the pack bond to those that need it."

"Bill won't go for it," Charlie said with a shake of his head. "None of us think it's worth the risk."

A few hours passed and Hermione couldn't stop rethinking the scene in the kitchen with Bill. The last few days had been an emotional rollercoaster. She was still trying to get her head around the pregnancy. She had just found out at the beginning of the week. Now she was ruled out of all the plans they had spent so much time making.

After another hour of attempting to sleep, Hermione threw the covers off and crept downstairs. Bill was locked away in the cellar, it was a big space, and he was taking his potion to keep his mind during the full moon. Bill had banned the others from going down into the cellar during his change, just to be safe. Hermione knew the wolf would never hurt her. The potion had worked every month without any problems.

Hermione opened the cellar door, undoing all the spells and locks before she stepped inside. It was pitch black and very quiet. Hermione could see his bright amber eyes watching her from his locked cage. He growled at her in warning to leave him alone. Hermione wasn't afraid. He wasn't her first werewolf she'd seen. She could tell from the wolf's demeanor

that the potion had worked. Her alpha was calm, watching her with a growl that had no real malice behind it

Hermione ignored Bill's noises and made his way over to the cage. She undid the locks and ignored the flash of teeth Bill sent her way. He was trying to scare her.

"Stop it," Hermione told him. "I know it's you in there. I heard Charlie creeping down here earlier. I know he stayed with you for a while. Stop trying to scare me because it won't work."

The wolf stopped growling and sat back; his eye's watching her with interest. He was a dark bay colour with his chest tipped ginger. It made Hermione smile; it was so obvious that it was Bill under that fur. The wolf didn't look very happy. Bill was just as mad at Hermione in wolf form as he was in human.

Hermione made her way inside the cage and sat down at the back. He couldn't reach her because he was chained to the wall inside and his chains were short.

The wolf didn't look too bothered by her presence and seemed rather at ease. Bill had banned her from the cellar because he was worried about his self-control. He was a liar; he had perfect self-control.

"If I release you, I'll never hear the end of it in the morning, will I?" Hermione questioned. The wolf laid down and placed his head on his front paws. The chain was stretched as far as it could, just a meter from Hermione. "I'm going out tomorrow and getting you a bed, a comfy one and I'm getting some lights in here. You have no reason to lock yourself up. You silly old wolf."

The wolf growled, but its head never moved. Hermione smiled and pulled her wand out her back pocket. With a wave of her wand, the chains around Bill's neck fell away, and he was released. The wolf stood, its amber eyes locked on Hermione. She could feel Bill's presence through the bond, felt his ease and love.

Slowly, the wolf moved closer until his face was inches from Hermione. His nose inhaled as he drew in her scent and then his snout dropped to her stomach.

"You're so cute like this," Hermione told him, laughing as he released a soft growl. She reached up and scratched behind his ear. The wolf curled beside her, his head resting on her stomach. Still so protective. "I'll stay here, away from the fight. I won't risk the baby. I just want to help. I won't be able to forgive myself if anything happened to you and I'm sat at home doing nothing."

The wolf turned its head to her and nudged her stomach. "I know, not useless, but it's how I feel. I don't regret this baby; I just wish he waited a few more weeks. I wish it had happened after the battle when we could all have been more prepared."

The wolf pressed his nose against her stomach, sniffing and then he pressed his snout under her shirt. Hermione let out a shout as his cold nose hit her warm skin and it caused them both to jump. The wolf's eyes turned to Hermione. "You're not funny Bill." She ran a hand down his soft fur. "Promise you me you will come home to me and you won't do anything stupid."

We need you, Bill. I'll stay at home if you promise to come back to me and the pack. We love you."

The wolf's head lifted one more time to look at her, then he settled down and slept, his head gently on her stomach.

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The next day the pack finally agreed to a plan for Fenrir. Hermione would remain at home, but Bill wouldn't take on Fenrir by himself. Everyone would fight Fenrir's pack instead of Bill asking for an honor challenge. It was putting more people at risk, but that way, Fenrir would have to fight Bill and Remus. An honor challenge was too risky. Hermione made them all promise to come home to her.

With the plan in place, everyone was busy preparing. The twins went to visit the snake at Hogwarts to retrieve one of the fangs. The twins had jumped at the chance to see the giant snake and were excited about their adventure. Hermione wasn't allowed to go. All of the boys had objected to her climbing down there, and Hermione hadn't pushed things. She knew she had to take a step back, but it was hard to adjust.

Harry had decided against sending his auror team in to search because the moment they broke the barrier things would have turned into a bloodbath. Instead, they got to work making a list of people Remus knew were part of the pack and Harry ran them against known Ministry employees. Many of Fenrir's pack were working inside the ministry and were going by false identities. It explained why so much inside information was getting leaked to the pack. They managed to arrest some of the ministry pack members that had helped Lestrangle escape a few weeks ago. All the pack members working at the Ministry with crimes were detained and charged. There was also an employee search one day that caught out a few more pack members. The auror department hadn't arrested that many people, but it was helping to reduce the number of Fenrir's pack for the final battle.

Everyone was doing their bit to prepare for the fight. Hermione couldn't physically take part, but she was doing her best to help the auror department link Fenrir known pack members and ministry workers.

"Bernard gave us twenty more names after his interview this morning," Harry stated, placing a piece of paper on the table with names. Next to them was a crime number. A few of the arrested pack members had given up more names and information in exchange for an easier sentence. "We know about half of these already, so we need to find out if any of the others are going by code names because I can't find them in the system."

"At least we have some of the pack members locked up," Ron spoke up, placing his coffee down on the table. They were at the 12 Grimmauld Place for their meeting. Along with Hermione, Neville, and, Luna to go over some of the information. It was slow going.

"Yeah, the figures are getting pretty good," Harry agreed. "I think once we get in there and take down Fenrir, we'll be able to do a proper search and review of things. I suspect over half of our open cases are down to Fenrir's pack."

"Just as long as you don't kill them before the cases are closed," Neville pointed out. "A lot of them are pretty loyal to Fenrir. If he commands them, they don't have much of choice."

Hermione nibbled her lip, "You know, I was thinking about some of the innocent pack members. They won't want to go against the Ministry. Perhaps we could get aurors surrounding the den; they could offer up shelter and support. If they give themselves up without fighting, we could give them a pass if they haven't committed any dangerous crimes."

"The innocent and young children should be given a chance to escape without a fight," Harry agreed. "I'm going to get some of the aurors posted near the back of the den. Once the twins break the protection spell, aurors can start offering amnesty. We can have a building cordoned off, and Kingsley could be there. His team will assess them, and if they're not on the wanted list, we'll provide them with shelter and food."

Luna looked around, "It must be horrible being ruled by someone so evil. The war never really ended for them."

Hermione looked over at Luna, a soft smile on her face as she took in the strange witch. She was odd at times, but she did have good ideas and an honest opinion. Luna was never afraid to point out the things everyone else was thinking. The poor people in Fenrir's pack probably never any relief from Voldemort's demise.

Hermione and her friends weren't silly and naïve about this having a happy ending. They all knew that a good portion would follow Fenrir's views and would be willing to fight for their alpha. A lot of Fenrir's pack were wanted for murder and assaults from Voldemort's reign. That was one of the main reasons the aurors, the Order, and so many other people were coming forward for the fight.

"We're going to save the ones we can," Hermione promised Luna. Hermione moved the papers on the desk around, grabbing a sheet that had the image of the necklace Fenrir wore. "Once we get rid of this, we can kill Fenrir and save them."

"I thought getting rid of Voldemort would have given us years of peace," Harry sighed. "The list of wanted witches and wizards just grows by the day. The more cases we close, the more crimes we find."

"It's a shame to destroy it," Luna said, indicating the necklace. "My father made me one of sapphire just like this when I was younger."

"It's a horcrux, Luna," Neville told her. "We need to get rid of that, or we won't be able to kill Fenrir."

"Oh, that's a shame," Luna commented. She picked up the picture and looked at it. "Sapphire isn't the best material anyway. Father bought me a necklace when I started Hogwarts." Luna pulled out a chain and showed them her necklace that had a chipped centerpiece. "When I dropped it during my second year, dad made me a ring from the broken piece."

"This is diamond," Neville told her. Then he hesitated, "I think."

"Oh really?" Luna asked, surprised. "Sapphire is easier to manipulate with spells. My father always suspected most of the pureblood jewelry was Sapphire. That's how they put so many curses on them. And it's cheaper than real diamonds."

"That's probably true," Ron said with a shrug. "The wealthy families wouldn't have wanted to spend too much money on jewelry if the fake stuff looked just as good."

"The spell on diamonds doesn't hold as long," Luna informed them. They had no idea if any of this was true, like most of the things Luna came up with on a daily basis. Hermione hadn't heard of diamonds being less durable for spells. Then again, it wasn't like she had magical heirlooms that were passed down through generations.

"Apart from gold," Neville pointed out. "I have quite a lot from my parents. I've got a lot of heirlooms from both sides of my family, and most of it is gold. I never really thought of it before. All my mother's jewelry is diamonds, but it doesn't carry as well as the gold. The Elves do yearly maintenance of the heirlooms in the vault."

After looking in Bellatrix's vault, Hermione highly doubted the Blacks and Malfoy family had anything other than the real thing. Some of the other families probably had the cheaper material just to make themselves look wealthy.

"Anyway," Hermione said, trying to refocus the group. "Once the twins get back with the snake tooth, we are going to use that to destroy the horcrux. Once that's destroyed, Remus and Bill can finally get rid of Fenrir."

"For good," Ron agreed.

Chapter 35: Chapter Thirty Five

Chapter Notes

I know it has been a while. I had a lot of rude/nasty comments that started taking things a little too far and personal. I took a step back, but decided not to let the bullies win. So, I'm back and ready to finish this. All the chapters are finished and ready to post so I'll be getting them out every other day so this fic is finished. The sequel is a possibility in the future, but after taking such a long break, I'm getting myself into the swing of things and finishing my other stories first.

Thanks for the wonderful help from my betas Netsirkelocin.

"We're going!" Bill called, walking into Hermione's bedroom. He was alone; the other pack members were downstairs. After two weeks of planning, they were ready to fight Fenrir. They had all gone over the plan a dozen times; nothing could go wrong. After a lot of waiting, the battle was finally happening.

Hermione turned to Bill and launched herself at him, wrapping her arms around his waist in a tight hug. Hermione and Bill had argued a fair bit in the last two weeks, but they always made up afterward. They loved each other and their pack, but sometimes the tension in the house got too much.

"Please come home to me," Hermione whispered, her voice full of concern. She pulled back to meet his gaze. "I need you to promise to come back to me. Remember what we agreed, if you can't get the necklace from Fenrir, you will back out. We can regroup and find another way. You can't win with that thing around his neck. Do you have the tooth?"

"It's safely packed away with Charlie," Bill promised. He took her hand and led her downstairs to the rest of the pack. They were all sat around the kitchen table; their wands on the table as they got ready to leave. Harry, Ron, Ginny, and Luna were there as well, going over last minute details.

"Everyone else is at the Burrow, and they're all ready to go," Harry told Hermione. He moved closer to her, his eyes full of concern. Hermione knew her best friend was concerned about her absence from the battle. Over the years, Hermione had never turned down a fight. Earlier in the day, Bill had told the Order that Hermione had decided not to join the fight. No one outside the pack knew the real reason Hermione was missing the right.

"I'm glad you're staying here. Fenrir is obsessed with you. He would go after you just to anger the pack," Harry said. Hermione felt the tension in the room. All eyes were on her, full of wonder. They probably thought Bill had put his foot down or some nonsense like that. As if Hermione would allow Bill to stop her going to a battle.

Luna apparently, didn't have any doubts about the real reason, "You're going to make an excellent mother," Luna announced, standing up and moving to Ron's side. "It makes sense when you think about it. You were always motherly towards Ron and Harry." Luna grabbed Ron's hand, and the youngest Weasley boy turned to Luna, then his head swirled back to Hermione in shock.

"I didn't realise you two were going out," Hermione commented, trying to redirect the conversation.

"We went on a date last night," Ron confessed, his cheeks bright red. "You're pregnant?"

"Pregnant?" Ginny repeated, moving towards Hermione. Her eyes were wide as she threw herself at Hermione. "I thought Bill was being overprotective. It all makes sense now. I'm glad you're not coming. Keep my niece safe."

"I'm sorry to break up this tender moment, but we need to go," Charlie told them. He moved over to Hermione and his sister. When Ginny pulled back, Charlie hugged his mate and pressed a deep kiss to her lips. The twins did the same, whispering words of love in her ear. Then, Bill grabbed Hermione's hand and twirled her around. His lips claimed hers in a hungry kiss.

"I'll come back; I'll make sure we all come back to you," Bill promised. "No matter what you feel, you need to stay here. Please, Hermione."

Hermione raised her hand and stroked his cheek. "I love you."

"I love you too, pet. There's a charm on the house. Stay inside."

The pack moved to leave, and Hermione turned to Harry. He had a soft smile on his face, and Hermione rolled her eyes and threw herself forward for a hug. She couldn't help it; she always feared the worst when he was heading into a battle. Harry was always in trouble.

"Be careful," Hermione told him, then she turned to Ron. She knew Harry and Ron would have a certain witch on their mind during this fight. "Harry, Ron, I mean it. Bellatrix is strong. If she's there, try to be careful."

"We will. So stop worrying. So, er... pregnant, huh?" Harry asked, spoiling the moment.

"Yes, now get out of here and be careful," Hermione told him, hitting his shoulder. "We'll talk about it when you get back."

The pack turned, and they all came back, pulling her into a hug one more time before they all went and left by the floo. They were meeting with a lot of people, including Order Members, aurors and old Hogwarts students who were willing to help in the fight. Kingsley was leading a team of people to review anyone that gave themselves up and didn't want to escape Fenrir. The rest of the pack members would be sent to trial if they fired their wands during the battle. They had to determine if Fenrir had full control of their actions or not. It was going to be a busy few months for Kingsley and the court.

Back at the pack house, Hermione spent her time trying to distract herself. It was hard to think when her boys were off in a battle she couldn't join. After half an hour, Hermione went back into the kitchen and spent some time over the research. It was silly because now there wasn't anything she could do. The battle was probably just about to begin; the twins should have broken through the barrier by now.

Hermione picked up the picture of the necklace and frowned. She had done some research and Luna had been right about curses being stronger on gold and Sapphire, rather than diamonds. A Horcrux curse would last on anything. However, she couldn't help feeling like she was missing something.

'When I dropped it during my second year, dad made me a ring from the broken piece.'

The necklace wasn't just any necklace, it had some kind of power for werewolves. It had a meaning. Fenrir was a werewolf with a bigger pack than anyone had ever known. This necklace was part of a set, the other half of Bill's ring.

They were a set.

Hermione couldn't shake the uneasy feeling, and she jumped to her feet. Grabbing the drawing of the necklace, she raced towards the floo. With a handful of floo powder, Hermione vanished. Something was very wrong, she could feel it. Her connection with the pack was screaming at her. They were in trouble. Something wasn't going right.

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Things had gone to plan at the beginning. Fred and George had taken down Fenrir's barrier with ease. The twins wouldn't reveal their secret device, except to their older brothers. The aurors had been very interested, but the twins wouldn't budge.

With the barrier broken, some aurors had gotten a lot of the pack members out to safety. The rest were standing ready to fight along Fenrir's side.

Fenrir's pack had been ready for them. Somehow, despite keeping things quiet, Fenrir had been warned about the aurors and Order members coming.

Fenrir had stood in front of his pack, ready for a fight with his wand drawn. And a fight was exactly what he'd gotten. Bill hadn't offered an honor match, he'd promised Hermione. Instead, he fought against Fenrir alongside Remus. One look at the necklace and Bill knew the spell to counteract it. The spell was a powerful sticking charm that would hurt anyone that touched it other than the owner. It had taken a lot of energy out of the Bill to break the charm, but he had eventually done it. Remus had kept Fenrir distracted while Bill worked

Now though, now they needed to get the necklace from the wolf, and he didn't seem all that concerned that they'd broken the charm. He wasn't worried like the Weasley pack had expected. They had missed something; Bill could feel it. Fenrir was grinning at Bill, flashing his yellow teeth as if he didn't have a care in the world.

"Such a clever pair," Fenrir taunted "But you both still have so much to learn from me. You always underestimate your elders. No matter. Once we're done here, I'll go and eat your pup, Remus, then I might find myself mated to that mudblood." Fenrir had moved closer, his wand down like he wasn't worried about any spell hurting him.

Bill lunged at the wolf, his anger spurring him on. Remus went at the same time as Bill, and they both fought the wolf hand-to-hand. It was instinct and their anger and need to protect their families fuelling them on.

Fenrir punched Bill in the jaw, snapping the young alphas head back, but that gave Remus the chase to get behind Fenrir. In the blink of the eye, Remus had his hands around Fenrir's necklace, and he pulled it off, throwing it as far away as he could.

"Get it!" Remus shouted, wrapping an arm around Fenrir's neck to stop the older wolf's lung towards the necklace.

Bill scrambled, kicking out as another wolf came running over to aid Fenrir. The helper had been weak though and very inexperienced. With a sharp kick the man's leg, he fell to his knees and screamed over the possible broken kneecap Bill had just given him.

Bill grabbed the necklace, his eye's turning to the battle. So many people were fighting, "Harry? Ron?" Bill called, his eye's narrowed as he saw the flash of black hair in the crowd. The two boys were too far away.

"Bill!" Charlie called, running over to his brother. "I'll get it to them. Kill Fenrir."

Both boys turned to look at Fenrir, who was still fighting with Remus. The ex-Hogwarts teacher had Fenrir pinned to the floor on his back, a wand pressed against his throat.

Fenrir started laughing.

"We've missed something," Charlie whispered, his eye's wide. "He's got another maybe, or something else. We were wrong."

"This is a Horcrux," Bill said lifting the necklace. He could feel the dark magic of the necklace. The black shaped jewel was heavy, full of dark magic and Bill could feel the anger rising in him from just touching the jewelry. "Whatever we've missed, we have to work out what before the end of the night. He can't escape again."

"Don't," Charlie pleaded, looking at his brother. "I know what you're thinking and don't do it."

"I can't let him walk away again."

Fenrir used his strength to push against Remus, throwing the last marauder in the air towards a tree. He hit it hard, falling unconscious. Then, Fenrir turned and set his sights on Bill. A wicked gleam in his eyes. He wasn't afraid of them having the necklace. He looked rather happy about it.

They had missed something.

"Ready to show me your skills, Pup?" Fenrir asked. "Ready to stop this fight and save these useless blood traitors? Or do you not care about your family? Your pack?"

"You call off your pack, and I'll agree to honor match with you. Just you and me," Bill told the wolf, then he glanced at the unconscious form of Remus. "It's fair now. Your necklace is going to be destroyed; you can't stop us doing that. Then, it will be just the two of us."

"Until death," Fenrir agreed, flashing his yellow teeth.

"Damn it," Charlie cursed. He turned and fled to find Harry and Ron. Fenrir howled out a warning to his pack, and almost instantly, they all stopped in their battle and turned towards their alpha.

Aurors and Order members froze, confused and shocked at the pack's apparent surrender.

"Don't," Bill warned an Order member that stepped forward to grab the pack member he'd been fighting. "If you do that, the battle will start again. If I win, Fenrir's pack will be under a new leader. Until our fight is over, the pack won't hurt any of you as long as you don't touch them."

"Afterwards," Fenrir said stepping forward. "After I kill you, I'm going to send every single one of them to go and hunt down your mate. She'll be in my bed by the end of the night, Pup."

"You won't get near her; I won't let you," Bill growled.

"If I win, I'll be her new alpha," Fenrir grinned. "Don't you know that, Puppy? Don't you know the rules? You can't take my pack unless you're offering up your own in the fight."

Now it was Bill's time to smile. He glanced at the crowd until he spotted George and smirked. "Oh, didn't you know, Fenrir? I'm not their alpha tonight."

Fenrir's smile dropped.

They had prepared for this, just in case. Hermione hadn't been told. She would never have approved. Earlier that day Bill had fought with George downstairs, it was a play fight, practice. When George had the upper hand, Bill had dropped to his knees and submitted to the wolf. He could have beaten George of course, but in doing so, he gave up alpha command to George. For tonight, George was the alpha, so Fenrir wouldn't be able to take the pack command if he beat Bill.

If Bill lasted the night, he'd be able to challenge George for his alpha status back.

If he survived the night.

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Hermione floo'd to the Malfoy Manor. It was the only way she could get the answers she needed. The manor was eerie, and she hadn't been there since Bellatrix tortured her in the dining room floor. Just the thought of it sent a chill up Hermione's spine.

"Miss Granger," An elf said, popping out of nowhere. "Master Malfoy didn't expect guests, and my mistress is in France, shopping. Do you want me to find her and tell her you're here?"

"No," Hermione said, straightening. "No, thank you. I'm here to see Draco Malfoy if he's around. It's crucial."

The elf bowed, ignoring Hermione's insistence that he didn't need to do that. With a click of the elf's long fingers, he was gone.

Hermione had only seen a small portion of the manor during her short time during the war. The room wasn't familiar. It was small, the floo was in the center, and a few paintings were hung around the room. The one above the floo was Draco, Lucius, and Narcissa. The rest were of wizards Hermione didn't recognise, but they all had the Malfoy bright blond hair.

After a moment the door opened and Draco Malfoy stepped inside. He didn't look happy, and he strode in, quickly shutting the door behind him. "I might not be your enemy anymore, Granger, but that doesn't mean I'm happy with you just turning up in my home. Some of us have things to do, potions to make. If you don't mind, get lost so I can close the floo."

"Malfoy," Hermione said, stepping forward with the drawing in her hand. She held it up for Malfoy to view. "This is important. That ring you gave me, was it part of a set?"

Draco frowned and then reached over for the drawing. He took it from Hermione's hand and stared at it for several moments. "Yes, my father had them in some of the vaults. What does it matter to you? I'm not some jeweler; I'm not going to give you the matching necklace to go with the ring. Is that it? Please leave."

"Fenrir used that necklace to make a Horcrux," Hermione told him. "Which vault did you get the ring from?"

Draco sighed and then moved across the room, he was pacing as he tried to think back. "The Lestrage vault, I think. Mother and I have rights to it now that Bellatrix has been marked as clinically insane. We're legally allowed to use it as we would like to. Mother suggested the ring, she never mentioned the necklace, and it wasn't there when I went to get it."

"Who suggested the ring to your mother?" Hermione pressed. "Has she been visiting your father?" Draco's father was in Azkaban for the crimes he'd committed during the war. He didn't have a long sentence, but it was still a hard enough time to pay off his involvement. People were getting justice at least.

Draco didn't seem to like the line of question and pursed his lips. "Yes, I haven't been, but that is her husband. She has every right to go there, Granger."

"Bellatrix has been working with Fenrir and the Lestrage brothers. One of them got arrested during all of this and went to the same prison as your father. Are you telling me they didn't force your father's hand? They didn't make him suggest the ring to your mother? Who really got you to give the ring to me? I don't buy it Draco."

"What the hell does all this matter anyway?"

"They've gone to kill Fenrir tonight. They're going to get the necklace and destroy it, then Bill is going to kill him," Hermione said, her voice starting to rise. "Something's not right; I can just feel it through the pack. The charm for the werewolf strength for the ring isn't on the jewel, is it? Real diamonds are hard to keep enchanted, and that ring is very old. It's on the gold, isn't it?"

"What difference does that make?"

"Unless the jewels fake, the gold is the thing cursed with the magic, and your family can get quite easier swap out the jewel inside the ring as it got damaged over the years. They probably have each time it's been chipped. So no matter what the centerpiece looks like, the charm is always there on the good."

Draco cursed and slammed his hand against one of the wall fixtures. He'd finally caught onto Hermione's line of thinking. "That evil little git. They set my mother and I up, didn't they? They used a jewel as a Horcrux, broke it and then used it to replace the jewels in the necklace and ring."

"So that means Fenrir's soul is the ring and the necklace, they both need to be destroyed to kill Fenrir."

"And only a few things can truly destroy horcruxes, yes, I've done my research, Granger." Draco moved closer, holding out the piece of paper with the drawing on it. "We didn't know. My mother didn't know about this or she wouldn't have gone along with it. She wouldn't risk prison now; you can't get her arrested for this. She truly thought the charm on the ring would help your pack. She wanted to make peace with your lot."

"I have to let them know Draco; I have to tell the aurors the involvement you and your mother played, after all of this is over," Hermione said, sadly. She knew it hadn't been their intention, but they had played a part in it. "I'll speak up for you, but not your father. I don't doubt for a moment your father knew the truth."

Draco gave a stiff nod, and then he strode out of the room, slamming the door as he went.

The crafty wolf Fenrir had set it up from the start. Not only had Bill changed into a full wolf with the powerful curse from the gold on the ring, but the jewel inside carried part of Fenrir's soul. That was why Bill had been grumpier over the last few months, since the incident with Charlie. He was always overprotective, but recently he'd been struggling with control, especially with things involving Remus and Hermione. The soul was putting him in a foul mood all the time. Like the necklace had done to Ron, Harry, and Hermione during their Horcrux hunt.

She grabbed a handful of floo powder and just hoped she would make it in time to warn them. If they didn't destroy the other piece of Fenrir's Horcrux, he wouldn't die.

Chapter 36: Chapter Thirty Six

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Beta: Thanks for the wonderful help from my betas Netsirkelocin.

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Hermione appeared in the forest with a pop from the apparation. She was quite far from Fenrir's pack, in the middle of a dense woodland. It was as close to Fenrir's territory that Hermione dared to apparate. It wasn't worth the risk landing in the middle of a fight. People would get injured and Hermione had to be careful now. It wasn't just her anymore. Her stomach turned at the quick movements, but she had to warn the boys. They had to know about the trap Fenrir had set them. The pack didn't stand a chance against Fenrir if they didn't finish off the destruction of the horcrux. They had to destroy Bill's ring.

Hermione's hand flew to her stomach as she took some deep breaths. Nausea from the apparation wore off after a few minutes. In a few weeks, she wouldn't be able to apparate according to the book Bill had bought. For now, though, it carried a small risk, but she didn't have much of choice. She had to get to the pack and warn them.

Taking a deep breath, Hermione raced through the forest. It was a few miles before she finally arrived at Fenrir's den. Aurors were stood at the entrance, assessing various members from Fenrir's pack, most of which were children and women. The aurors were sending them to the Ministry of magic for his team to carry out background checks before they got their pardon.

Hermione didn't stop for the aurors, and they didn't get in her way. Most of the aurors knew Hermione Granger from the war, part of the golden trio. She ran as fast as she could, spotting a group of people crowded around something and her heart dropped. Bill had promised. Hermione could feel his pain and his suffering.. Bill had challenged Fenrir; there was no doubt, not with the crowd gathered around.

The twins and Charlie were easy to spot. Hermione pushed her way through the crowd. Most of the people stepped aside. Some of Fenrir's wolves snarled but didn't go for her. In fact, no one was fighting.

"Fred! George!" Hermione shouted, shoving her way past. The twins turned, their shocked faces taking her in as she neared them. "I need to tell you something."

"What the bloody hell are you doing here?" Charlie asked, pushing some people aside to help Hermione to the front. He stood by her protectively, and the twins closed in around her to keep the wolves away from her. "You promised, Hermione."

Hermione wasn't looking at Charlie or the twins though. She was looking at Bill, who was on the floor, bleeding. He had a hand on his side, his forehead was bleeding, and Fenrir was standing above him with a snarl on his face. Bill was going to lose.

"I need his ring," Hermione told them, her voice dropping so only they could hear. "It's part of the horcrux, they charmed one diamond, and then they put it in the necklace and ring. Bill is carrying the other part of Fenrir's horcrux."

Remus had limped over, catching the end of the conversations. "Bill's ring?" he asked, his gaze going to Bill.

"How could you let him do this?" Hermione accused them. "He swore to me he wouldn't! He's such an idiot."

"He submitted to George this morning," Remus explained. "George didn't technically win his status, but it doesn't matter in a pack. Bill gave the alpha status for this pack to George, just in case this happened. He didn't want to take the risk. He didn't want Fenrir winning and then getting to take over as alpha of your pack."

"He can do that?"

"In honor matches, they can," Remus confirmed. "I was knocked out for a few moments; I wasn't there when Bill stood up and offered."

"Fenrir baited him," George offered, trying to reason with Hermione. "He didn't get much of choice. There's nothing we can do; we can't step in and help. Can't you feel it?"

Hermione could feel it, the magical barrier keeping her out of the way. It felt like a protection spell had been drawn around the circle where Fenrir and Bill were fighting. Her gaze went back to Bill, the man they all looked to as their leader, He was standing now, but he looked weak and was clearly struggling. Fenrir was strong, too strong with the Horcrux draining Bill.

"Fenrir!" Hermione shouted. Bill and Fenrir froze mid-fight, their wands still raised towards each other as turned to the caller. Bill looked furious in his weakened state, while Fenrir gave a smile with his yellow teeth.

"Hermione!" Fred warned, but she ignored him.

Hermione turned to Remus, "You wanted to kill him? You and Bill were going to do it together, right?"

"He won't let me in there; he won't change the honor match now that Bill's weak. Fenrir is desperate to kill him," Remus whispered.

Hermione stood her ground, turning back to the two wolves that were watching her. "If you allow Remus to step inside the honor match, Bill will claim his alpha status back," Hermione offered. She knew what she was offering. It was a considerable risk. Bill taking the alpha status back meant that Fenrir could become the alpha for the Weasley pack. Fenrir thought no

one knew about the ring; he thought he had the upper hand. It was the Weasley Packs chance to end this, finally. Hermione was going to help stop the wretched wolf once and for all.

"Until the death?" Fenrir grinned.

"No!" Bill said, his face angry and shocked. "Hermione, get out of here. You swore."

"Bill," Remus interrupted her. He had faith in her "Listen to her."

"Deal," Fenrir said. He lowered his wand, and he moved away to talk with one of his pack members.

Bill looked furious as he marched over, ignoring the pain to his wounds. The moment he reached Hermione, his hand went to her shoulder pushing her back. He wasn't hurting her, but his hands were shaking as he touched her.

"Do you have any idea what you've just done? What you have just offered?" Bill growled.

The twins placed a hand on each shoulder of Bill, holding him in place in case his anger got the better of him. "Listen to her," George encouraged, squeezing Bill's shoulder.

Hermione kept her gaze on Bill as she reached for his hand, the one with the ring on. She slid it off his finger, turning away as Bill tried to stop her. "It's part of the horcrux," Hermione informed him. "It was a trick. They split the stone after Fenrir used it as a horcrux. Part of it went into the necklace, and the other part replaced the diamond on this ring. That's why he's so confident, and that's why he's getting the better of you. The horcrux on your finger is part of his soul and it's weakening you. It's been making you emotional and angry over the last few months."

Bill stared in shock and horror. His eyes went to the ring, and he felt himself relax, his anger instantly disappearing. He already felt better with the ring gone. Whatever power the ring had brought the pack, had been weakened by the dark curse on the stone.

"Destroy it," Bill nodded. His shoulders relaxed, and he moved forward to press a kiss against Hermione's forehead. "Forgive me?"

"Remember your promise," Hermione reminded him. Their foreheads touched, their eyes focused on each other. "You'll survive this and come back to me, to us. We need you, Bill."

"I'm sorry for the last few weeks," Bill said, his voice raw. "I didn't even notice; I should have known. I'm a curse breaker, and I couldn't see that the ring was marked with a horcrux."

"You've had a lot going on, and that ring did make your start turning every month," Hermione said. "It has a lot of dark magic on it. Horcruxes are hard to find. No one knew Harry was a horcrux, even after years of being around him."

Bill drew back after a final kiss to Hermione's forehead. "Go destroy the ring. Remus and I need to get in there and accept the challenge before he realises what you're doing." Bill turned to George and growled deep and powerful; the twin dropped to his knees in submission. Bill was getting his alpha status back, and then he was going to kill Fenrir.

Charlie stepped forward and led Hermione away to Harry and Ron. The boys were surprised to see her, but they pulled her to their sides as she explained what she had found out. Harry didn't seem surprised, and he grabbed hold of the ring, weighing it in his hand.

"Who wants to do it?" Harry asked, glancing at Charlie and Hermione.

"Ron did the necklace, think it's fair I get a turn," Charlie stated. Ron offered up the snake tooth, and Charlie clutched it tightly in his hand.

"Step back," Hermione called. She placed the ring on a stone on the floor and held her hands out to make some people behind her move back and away from what they were doing. Several people had turned to watch, but there weren't any of Fenrir pack members insight.

Charlie clutched the snake tooth, his throat moving as he swallowed a lump in his throat. His hands were shaking. They could remember the effect destroying a horcrux had on them in the past. It could make you see your worst fears, feel things that weren't real. Charlie's hands shook, but he didn't move to destroy the ring.

"Whatever it's saying or making you feel isn't real," Hermione encouraged. "It's a trick. It's trying to survive. Those thoughts you're having aren't yours. Destroy it, or Bill and Remus won't be able to kill Fenrir, and they'll both die."

"It's trying to mess with your head," Ron said. "Don't let it, Charlie."

Charlie's face went blank, and he closed his eyes as he stepped closer to the ring and his arms came down. The tooth hit the ring, and an ear-splitting scream came out of it, throwing Charlie onto the ground. A howl filled the air, but this wasn't from the ring. It was from Fenrir, who had just found out exactly what Hermione had been up to.

"He's mad," Hermione said, tense. "Bill..."

"Come on," Ron called, moving back towards the circle of people to see the fight. Hermione grabbed the ring, shoving it in her pocket and she followed after Ron. There was shouting from the pack members, encouraging their alpha Fenrir on. He had years of experience, and he had been so cocky and confident. Fenrir never imagined the Weasley pack would work out his trick; the fight had been easy in his eyes.

"Look what my mate did," Bill growled at the wolf, crouched beside Remus. Bill held up his empty hand, showing his missing ring to Fenrir. Remus had a smirk on his face, the feeling of victory was under all their skins. They had finally outsmarted Fenrir. With the dark magic gone, there was nothing in their way.

Hermione did her best to send power from the pack to Bill. It helped, his strength was back, and his wounds were recovering quicker than before. He seemed faster, agiler and like his old self with the horcrux off his finger. Hermione could remember how drained she'd felt when she had the necklace around her neck during the horcrux hunt with Harry and Ron. It had to have been affecting Bill for months.

A furious Fenrir turned to the two wolves and growled, angry at the trick, and then he lunged at them both. He knocked Remus to his feet, but Bill was stronger with his pack behind him and threw his weight into his shoulder, keeping upright. They weren't using their wands. Fenrir liked to fight with his hands and used his sharp nails to scratch through Bill's shirt and into the side of his chest, leaving deep wounds. Bill groaned in pain but used his strength to push the wolf off and away from him.

Fenrir stumbled back, tripping on a stone on the floor. Both wolves took advantage of his mistake and lunged. Remus had a hand against the wolf's throat, his grip tight as he held him down on the floor. Bill moved closer, his eyes amber as he took in the wolf.

"You forgot a few important things, Greyback," Bill said, his voice harsh and filled with hatred. "I'm mated to the smartest witch within a generation. A mate that will go to any lengths to save the ones she loves. And, one of the most important things you've missed." Bill crouched down. "I'm a curse breaker, who knows how weak a person is after their Horcruxes are gone."

"Even weakened I'm stronger than both of you," Fenrir growled. He threw off Remus' hand and scrambled to his feet. "You think that was my only hold over you two? You think that's it? I have years of experience and a pack far stronger than you can imagine. I have numbers, and I have the strength of my pack behind me. Your little pack is nothing compared to the power of mine. I have over seventy in my pack, all under my control. Voldemort couldn't wipe us out and neither can you. After I kill you both, I'm going to take down your order and then your aurors."

Harry glanced around, assessing his aurors and the order members. Everyone was here, watching and waiting to see what would happen. If Remus and Bill won, the pack would have a new alpha, and they would be under their command. That was the other wolves weren't fighting, their commands and orders lay in the hands of whoever won.

"Neville and Gin got a lot of the pack members out," Harry said in a low voice to Hermione. "We've already taken in a lot of the others that we got the upper hand on."

"Several casualties on thier side," Ron went on. "Only had two deaths and a few injuries for our side. We couldn't find Bellatrix anywhere."

"It won't come to a fight," Charlie told them.

"Bill will win this," Hermione agreed. Drawing on the strength of the pack, she sent him all the power and support she could muster.

"I think you've overlooked one thing," Remus spoke up. He had his wand raised as he moved around Fenrir.

"And what's that?" Fenrir asked, turning to Remus.

"Me," Remus growled. All the pain he had suffered, all the things he'd gone through in his childhood because of the curse came to the surface. With his wand raised, he shot a spell at Fenrir and sent him flying across the floor.

Bill took the opportunity to race over to Fenrir, grabbing him by the back the neck and slamming him down on the floor. "You have more people, but none them are giving up their strength for you," Bill growled. Fenrir pushed, trying to shift Bill, but this time he didn't have the strength, Bill was stronger. "I only have a few people in my pack, but every one of them is loyal to me. Everyone in my pack would risk their lives for me. My mate gives us our strength; They're weakening themselves to give me strength."

Remus moved closer, but he didn't interfere.

"Numbers don't make a pack," Bill growled. "It's the people in it and their respect for you. Strong leaders come from strong people. Your people haven't got the strength left in them after your abuse. That's why half of them have given themselves up."

"You're lying," Fenrir hissed. He had both hands on the hand Bill had wrapped around his throat. Bill tightened his grip.

"Why do you think the Minister of Magic is missing?" Bill said softly. "Kingsley wouldn't miss a fight unless it was to save more lives. You're done, Fenrir. Your people don't want you to win. They fear you. Fear doesn't make a leader."

"You're a coward," Remus spoke up. "You go after the weak because you can't risk a real challenge. You always lay out traps, so you have the advantage. You took my life away, a normal life."

"I made you!" Fenrir growled.

"My friends made me!" Remus shouted. Then, Remus turned to Bill and his expression softened. "He's mine."

Bill hesitated for a second, his grip tightening on the wolf's neck. He wasn't a killer and with a nod, he released Fenrir and stood back.

Fenrir jumped to his feet, his eyes bloodshot and focused on Remus.

Both of the wolves drew out of their wards, and the battle started. Fenrir was weakened, but he still tried to put up a good fight. Hand to hand combats he had the power, but when it came to spells, he had nothing on Remus. The last marauder had practiced with his friends as a teen, he'd been through two wars and lived to tell the tale. Even without a pack, Remus was the best at fighting with a wand.

Remus shot spell after spell at Fenrir, his power and anger showing. He was quick, like lightning, fuelled on by all his anger and his loss. This was the moment he waited for. He'd longed to get his revenge on the wolf that destroyed his childhood.

Fenrir put up a decent fight, but after only a few moments a hex sent him to his knees. Remus sent the man's wand flying, and then he lunged at him, his hand going to his neck to pin him to the floor. "I wanted the last face you ever saw to be mine," Remus hissed in his ear.

"You want to know why Bellatrix helped me with the horcruxes?" Fenrir growled, his voice wasn't as loud as before though. He was weak. "I helped her in the battle; I helped her kill your mate. I promised to help her kill you, but you got away before we had the chance. My horcrux was a reward for distracting your mate, while Bella killed her."

"Remus," Bill called, his eye's wide. He stepped forward, about to offer to kill the wolf instead, but he never got the chance. Remus' hand tightened on Fenrir's neck, and the light left his eyes.

"Remus," Bill tried again. The older wolf stood, his hands trembling as he released the body from his grip and moved closer to Bill.

"As the new alpha," Remus said, his amber eyes moving to look at his new pack. They were all frozen in shock. Slowly, the remaining members of Fenrir's pack dropped to their knees, for their new alpha. "I release you all from your servitude. Every one of you will go to see Kingsley. He will decide your fate. You will have no alpha, after that."

Then, Remus moved silently through the crowd and into the distance. He needed time alone, to recover and heal his physical and emotional wounds. After, he would return to his son. He didn't need strangers for a pack. He needed his family, the only family he had left.

With Remus gone, Harry, Ron and the rest of the aurors started directing the pack members in the direction of the floo to go to the ministry. The alpha command from Remus meant they had no choice but to go to the ministry. Most of them would be released, but those that had committed crimes in the past or fought willingly would be arrested. The innocent would finally be set free after being forced to fight.

They were free, thanks to Remus.

Hermione pushed through the moving crowd and threw herself at Bill the moment she got near him. His arms wrapped around her, holding her close as she cried in relief. The rest of their family and pack moved closer. Mr. and Mrs. Weasley were by Bill's side, and after Hermione released him, they both pulled him in for a hug.

They had done it. Fenrir was dead. It was over.

"What about Bellatrix?" Charlie asked, glancing at the twins and Hermione.

"The aurors will catch her," Hermione said, firm. "She has nowhere else to hide."

"Kingsley's going to wet himself," Fred joked. "Half their open cases in the auror department will be getting closed today. There have to be over a dozen people in that pack that were death eaters."

"And my department will support the ones that weren't," Hermione said firmly. "The ones that were trapped and forced to obey Fenrir will be given support and help."

The twins pulled Hermione to their side, both of them pressed a kiss to her cheek. "I think we all deserve an early night after all of this going on," Fred smiled.

"Brilliant idea, Freddie," George agreed.

"This celebration feels just as important as your birthday," Charlie pointed out. "Want to reenact that night?"

"Do you mind?" Ginny said, pushing Charlie out the way so she could get to Bill. Charlie cringed, having not noticed his sister approach.

"Well done, Bill," Ginny told him. "I knew you'd kick his butt eventually."

"Yeah, after some help," Bill smiled, glancing at Hermione. He was back to his old self; the angry, frustrated alpha was gone. Their Bill was finally back.

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter, then the epilogue. Anyone want another chapter tonight? :)

Chapter 37: Chapter Thirty Seven

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter Hedwig and Fred would never have died.

Beta: Thanks for the wonderful help from my beta PotterizeMe.

As promised, another chapter :)

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Hermione placed her hand over her mouth, trying to hold back a laugh. Sometimes living with the Weasley twins had its amusing moments; they always lightened the mood. After a lot of research, Fred and George were on their way to becoming Animagi. Remus had written down some instructions a few weeks ago when Hermione had owled him with questions. Professor McGonagall had also helped the boys in their quest to keep Bill company on a full moon. After several potions and digesting a few questionable things, the twins were ready to find out what form their Animagus took. She'd never seen the twins so peaceful and quiet; it was very unsettling.

For the twins to find out their forms, they had to find their inner selves. That was proving the most difficult part. They had been meditating for three weeks since the death of Fenrir, but they hadn't been able to do it. They had very poor attention spans and kept laughing at each other's attempts to relax. They were finally getting better at it now though, but still nothing was happening. They needed George's form to be a wolf, or else he could end up trapped in a part Animagus form if he continued his journey to be with Bill on the full moon. George was part wolf and part of a pack, so his chances of being a wolf were very high. Fred was so connected to his twin and the pack that Hermione had her money on him being a wolf too.

"What's your form?" Charlie asked, glancing at Hermione as they sat on the couch, watching the twins. Hermione had been doing some meditation to prepare herself for becoming an Animagus. She had also filled out the application form and gained her license to practice. She wouldn't be able to go any further than the meditation until after the baby was born. It was too risky, and Hermione couldn't take some of the potions required.

Hermione wanted to be able to change and transform, eventually. She wanted to have that closeness with Bill during the full moon when the boys were busy or needed a decent night's rest. Bill had hesitated about Hermione transforming, but he knew better than to try and stop her doing something. Once her mind was set, it was final.

"I'm not telling," Hermione smiled, glancing at Charlie. "You will all have to wait and find out together."

"Fine, give me a clue. Do you have a beak? Wings? Fur? Snout?"

"I'm not telling."

Charlie rolled his eyes and playfully nudged Hermione, "I know what I'm going to put my money on, I bet the twins have a betting pool going for your Animagus form." Charlie glanced at the twins, who were still trying to concentrate. Now and then one of them would open one eye, peer around and then go back to 'try' and focus. "Their attention span is far too short for this. Maybe we need to separate them and put them in dark rooms."

"I wonder what they'll see."

"Hopefully a wolf for George and I've got no idea for Fred. It might be a bit weird seeing the twins not identical for a change."

"He's pack; he could still be a wolf."

Charlie nodded, "Merlin, can you imagine them two as wolfs destroying the house?"

"We wouldn't dare," The twins spoke together, after being silent for longer than normal.

"You're both supposed to be concentrating, so stop talking and work on what the books said," Hermione told the twins firmly. It was going to take a while to get them relaxed enough to see their animagus forms. "They won't be like Bill during the moon, will they?" she asked Charlie.

"No, I think they'll be more like domestic wolves with smaller features," Charlie replied. The Dragon tamer had gone on the journey with the twins, but after some meditation, he'd seen smoke, fire and eventually a dragon. So, despite how small a chance it was for Charlie to be stuck, he couldn't risk being trapped in a half form. Charlie had been disappointed at first, but then he'd come around. He had been interested in dragons from a young age, so it was no surprise if he was being honest with himself. Having a dragon form as an animagus was also a pretty big deal. It was very rare-a sign of power, protectiveness, and strength. Hermione thought it was the perfect form for Charlie.

"So, pretty much like Sirius was?" Hermione replied in a low voice. "His size? I don't want a wolf Bill getting upset with more wolves in his territory."

"They're pack," Charlie shrugged. "I don't think Bill would attack any of us, even without the potions he takes. He's just too cautious and overprotective; he wouldn't risk it." Charlie glanced Hermione's way with a smile on his face. "Unless of course you're his mate and you sneak into his cage in the middle of the full moon."

"He told you about that?"

"No, I caught him strengthening the bars of his cage and adding a few anti-witch spells to the cellar the next morning of the full moon."

Hermione leaned her head against Charlie's shoulder. He smiled down at her, then shifted to wrap an arm around her, pulling her close to his side. "I'm sorry you couldn't join the boys during the full moon. At least I get to have you at my side while the other three play down in the cellar." "I'm not too bothered by it anymore," Charlie admitted. "I was expecting a dragon as my form. I could still try, but it's not worth the risk. Besides, who's going to help you with all the children if all four fathers are downstairs playing every full moon?"

"Children?"

"You caught that, huh?"

Hermione shook her head and turned to watch the twins. Nothing was happening; the twins looked like they were about to fall asleep more than anything else. Charlie had tried to help them, but it was no use. The twins couldn't relax; they couldn't block everything out like they were supposed to. Their minds were always on the go, thinking and planning the next big product for the shop, thinking something up for Hermione or the pack. It's what made them brilliant wizards and pack members, but it made them terrible at relaxing.

"I'm going to get that tattoo," Hermione said after half an hour of silence. She moved off Charlie, shifting to look at his reaction. "The dragon, the one that changes with mood depending on how the other person feels. I want to get It, for you. I have the twins names on my fingers, Bill and George's bites. I want something that's just us. I've never been very keen on the idea of tattoo's, but this will be more than a picture on my body. It'll be a representation of you. Of what we have together, outside of the pack."

"Hermione, you don't have to," Charlie protested. "It was silly really, I shouldn't have asked. I'm going to get it, but I don't want you doing something that can't be erased. If you did this, you couldn't take it back."

"I'm doing this because I want to," Hermione told him. She was certain. After a few weeks to think it over, she had decided she wanted to do it. Hermione wanted the dragon, a way to connect the final member of the pack to her. She wouldn't get a marriage like the other witches in her generation. She couldn't think of a way to marry four pack members. People wouldn't understand and besides that, marriage wasn't on the boy's minds. This was what she wanted, a connection to them all, a commitment. It didn't matter that no one but the five of them knew about the commitments, only the pack.

"I love you," Charlie smiled down at her. He leaned in and pressed a kiss to her lips. "Do I get to pick where you get it?"

"No," Hermione said with a push to his chest. "And I'm not getting it until after the baby's here. I don't want to get a tattoo only to have the pregnancy stretch it out."

"Plus you know how overprotective our alpha is at the moment. We don't want to finish him off by getting a needle too close to you."

"Can you two sod off and talk somewhere else?" Fred spoke up. "We're relaxing here."

Hermione and Charlie both smothered a laugh. Of course, the twins blamed them. It didn't have anything to do with them opening their eyes every five minutes to see if the other had made any progress.

Hermione grabbed Charlie's hand, and they left the room.

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"I want 'Dad'," George argued amongst the pack.

"Alpha should get the first choice," Bill protested. "There's plenty of names to go around."

"I've got a few suggestions for you three," Charlie grumbled.

Hermione shook her head and took a sip of her green leaf tea. The four pack boys had been arguing for the last ten minutes about what the baby was going to call them. Hermione had voiced her concerns, asking about the situation seeing as they had decided not to find out who the dad was DNA wise. They were all the father; they would bring the baby up together. Four fathers were bound to be confusing to a child though. Charlie had been the most sensible. He had said that the child wouldn't know anything different. They would grow up thinking a big family was the norm, which it was, for wolves.

The baby was going to be the most loved child ever. He or she was going to have four fathers and a mother that would do anything for them. The boys would love the baby; they would do anything for their child. Fighting over the names the child would call them was rather petty, with all things considered.

"Children have a wonderful talent for seeing things in very different ways," Hermione told the boys, sick of their silly argument. "In the end, I'm sure he or she will think of something to call you all. They'll probably just call you dad unless more than one of you are in the room."

Fred smiled, "Our clever little mate, let's hope the baby gets your brain."

"And not Bill's," George joked.

"I got twice as many OWLs as you two combined," Bill shot back.

"Yeah, but we only went to three of the exams each, that's all we needed," Fred said. "We didn't feel the need to show off like everyone else in this room."

Hermione shook her head and smiled at the pack's behavior. She was having a baby, but at times it already felt like she had four kids. Especially when they were teasing each other, something the four brothers always seemed to do. A sudden wave of sickness hit Hermione, and she swallowed, glancing away from the pack to keep her breakfast. Morning sickness had been hitting her rather hard over the last few days, and it wasn't just in the morning. Whoever had named the term 'morning sickness' must have been a man. It was all times of the day, most especially during important work events. Hermione had very nearly vomited on

Kingsley's shoes the other day when he'd started talking about the budgeting for the Magical Creature's Department.

"Are you okay?" Fred asked, moving his hand to her back and rubbing a soothing hand down her spine. "Want to go lie down?"

"I'm all right," Hermione promised, now four sets of eyes were focused her way. "Just nauseous. Distract me, talking about something else."

Fred thought for a moment, "Did you know your fingers swell during pregnancy?"

"Feet too," George offered, leaning across the table with a smirk on his face. "Might have to get some extra-large gloves ordered for the winter because you won't be able to get those big fingers into a normal pair."

Hermione scowled at the twins, but she knew they were only teasing. It was surprising that they had been researching into the pregnancy. Bill had brought a few books on pregnancy for Hermione shortly after finding out. She'd read through them all rather quickly, leaving them out for the boys to read if they took up any interest.

"Merlin, if her feet get any bigger we'll have to enlarge the doorways," Charlie grimaced, "I can't count the number of times I've slipped on her work shoes."

Hermione whipped out her wand, and turned in her seat to face Charlie, who was sat on her left side, "I would think you boys would know better than to mess with a witch whose hormones are all over the place. Especially one that's taken defense classes. There's nothing wrong with my feet; I take after my father." Hermione's voice caught slight at the mention of her dad, and she turned away, the jokes stopped.

Hermione hadn't seen her parents in so long. After the battle of Hogwarts, it still hadn't been safe for Hermione to search for her parents. There had been too many Death Eaters wondering and looking for some way to get revenge on the Order. Hermione left her parents hidden in Australia until things were safe. Now that everything had settled, Hermione was starting to plan a way to find them and bring them back. She didn't want to be internationally traveling with the pregnancy, so had decided to wait until after the birth. The boys had been supportive, and Bill had spent some time helping Hermione work out a plan for next year when they were going to go together and look for her parents. There were no guarantees Hermione's parents would be okay, plus they couldn't be sure it was even possible to reverse the memory spell. The four boys had promised to help; they were all going to research and investigating it for Hermione. The thought of having a child when Hermione's parents weren't there was truly heartbreaking, as Hermione always imagined discussing pregnancy and child raising with her mother. Hermione had Mrs. Weasley for advice and support, but it wasn't the same as having her mother there.

"I'm joking," Charlie said, reaching for her hand. He obviously thought his joke had caused her silence. "You have very nice feet, very sexy feet in fact. Sign of intelligence, or so I've heard to have feet a little too big..."

"Charlie," Bill cut off with a roll of his eyes. "Not helping." The alpha leaned across the table and grabbed Hermione's other hand, seeing the hurt in her eyes. "We'll find them and bring them back. One day, they'll understand and accept us. I know you miss them and I can't wait to see you reunited with them again. I swear to you Hermione, we'll find your parents once the baby's here."

"How about this?" Charlie spoke up, "The twins are going away for business in a few weeks. Once they get back, we'll start investigating a bit more. We'll take turns and do a couple of nights away, preparing for when it's time for you to go and bring your parents back. It's going to take some time to find them and find a way to get their memories back. We'll start getting things ready for after the baby's here."

Hermione nodded, leaning over into Charlie's chest, "That would be wonderful, thank you. I know none of you like being away from the pack, so I really appreciate it." Hermione lifted her head from Charlie's chest and regained her composure. Charlie wrapped an arm around her waist, keeping her close to him.

For the rest of the evening, the four men spoke about work and friends, distracting Hermione from her worries and emotions. They were always good at distraction, especially with the twins cracking jokes and cheering everyone up.

It was so easy to be open with the pack. Hermione knew they didn't judge her; they didn't see her emotions as a sign of weakness. She was strong and was treated as an equal. Her opinions mattered, and they always sat down as a pack when someone wanted to discuss something.

The twins had held a meeting the week before, stating they were thinking of traveling to a few different countries to consider opening a new business. They had the funds and customer interest, and it would make a lot of money for the pack, especially if they ventured out into America. The twins asked for ideas and opinions. They took it all in and booked accommodation to travel in several weeks' time. They were going to be away for a while and had no return date. It made Hermione a little nervous, for the pack to be split but it was what Fred and George wanted to do. She wasn't going to try and change their minds; they were good businessmen.

"If you two come back from this trip with no idea what you're Animagus form is, I'm going to string you both up," Charlie threatened, looking between Fred and George. "Remus has the patience of a saint to be working with you two. He said this parts meant to be quick."

"He did work with Pettigrew," Bill pointed out. "Probably learned his patience from his teen years."

"This prat makes noises when he's concentrating," Fred said, pointing an accusing finger at George. "How can I sit and focus when he's making humming noises?"

"Remus said it could help!" George objected. "Besides, at least I saw some ears last time, more than you've seen."

Hermione laughed, "I'm going to make sure you two stay separated next time Remus comes over to help. Perhaps he can work with one of you and McGonagall might help the other."

Then you two might be a bit less distracted when you're trying to concentrate."

Bill laughed out loud, "I can't wait to see her face when you ask her to work with one of the twins."

Hermione grimaced, "She agreed to help with the potions, she worked with me and helped me find my form."

"You're a swot though," Fred pointed out. "She never wants to see either of us two in a classroom ever again."

Hermione scowled and went to slap Fred's thigh, but he was too quick and grabbed her hand and leaned forward to press a quick kiss to her lips.

"Stop distracting me," Hermione smiled, pulling back from the kiss. Fred smirked, then tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. "I'm going to miss you both so much. I still can't believe you're going to be away for so long."

"I know," George sighed. "Sorry you have to put up with the two ugly pack members for a few months Hermione, but we'll write and fire call."

"Prat," Charlie muttered playfully.

"We'll be back," Fred promised, pressing a kiss to the tip of her nose. "Look after that baby, and we'll be back well before its time for the birth. We just have to do this Hermione; you know we wouldn't be leaving if we didn't think it was important."

"I know, just come back to me soon."

"We will," Fred and George spoke together.

Chapter End Notes

Final chapter to go. It's finished and ready to be posted, so I'll add it soon.

Also, just so everyone knows. I'm currently finishing up a Charlie/Hermione fic that will be posted around Christmas. It's about 10-11 parts. Chapters are longer than my normal fics and I'm so excited to share it! It's currently getting beta'd so that will be coming soon. It won't be posted until everything is finished and ready to go.

End Notes

Thank you for reading, please let me know your thoughts below!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!